WEEK ENDING JAN. 7, 1928

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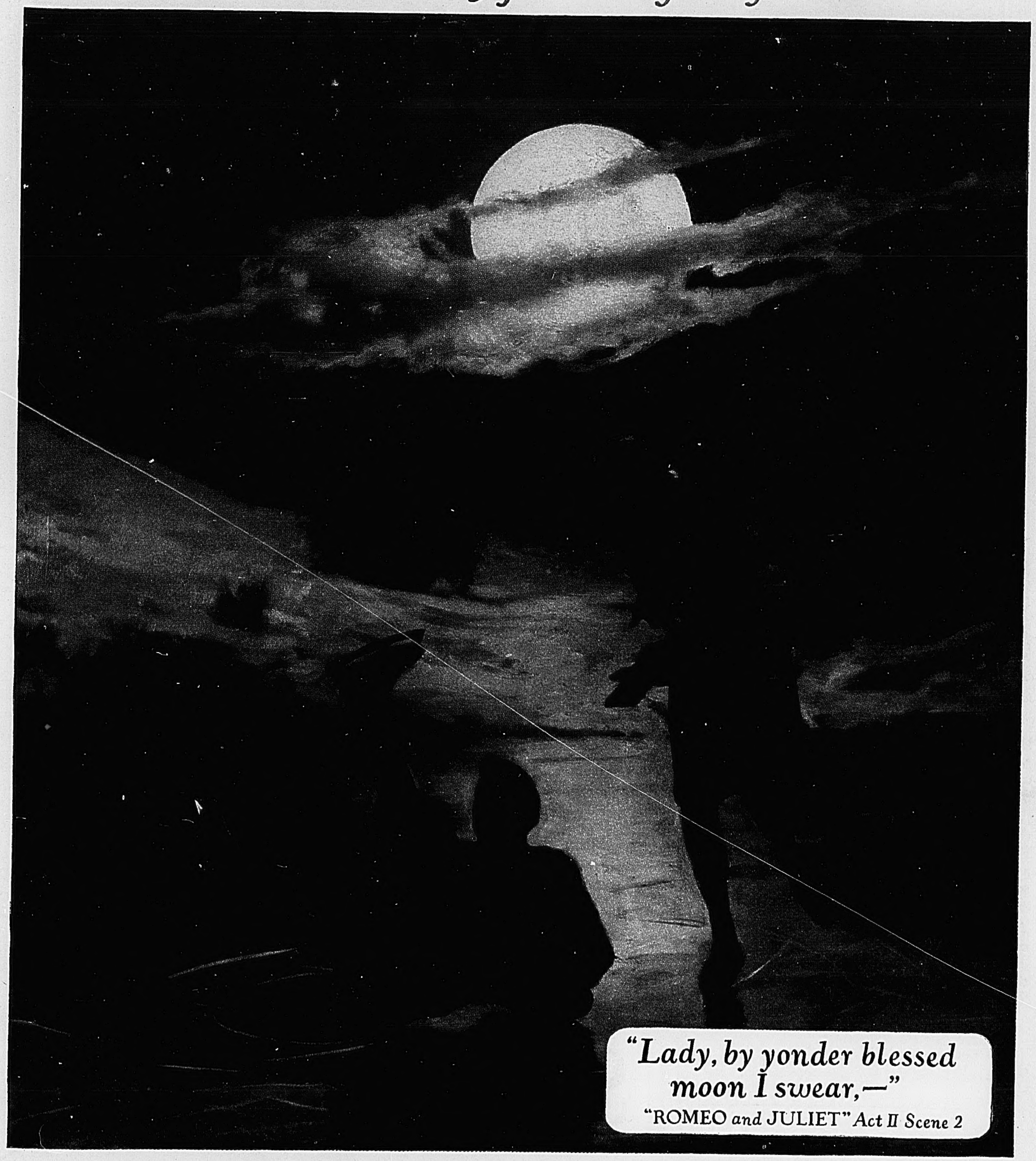
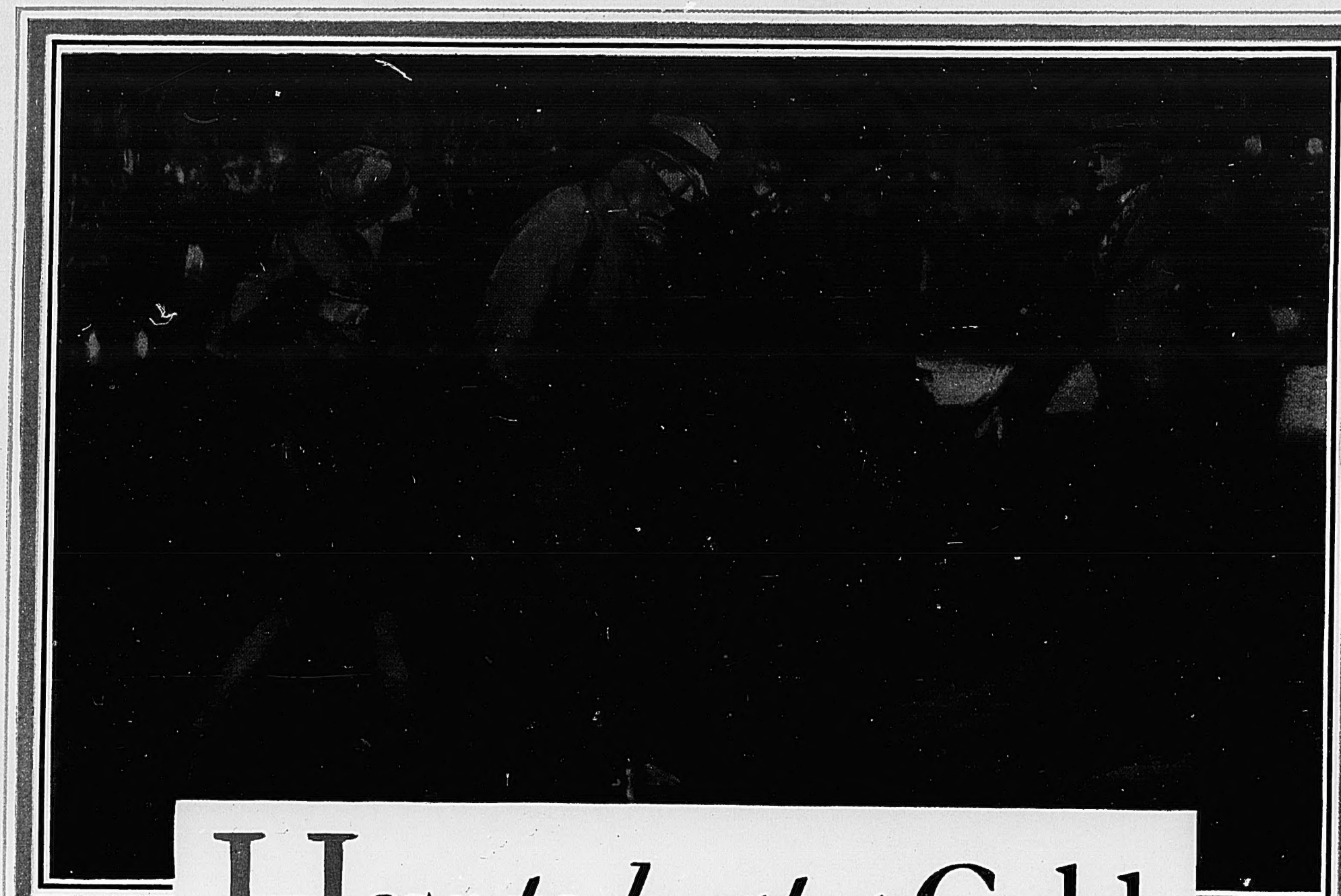
Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody



"Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,—"
"ROMEO *and* JULIET" *Act II Scene 2*

In this Issue **RIO** *by* **RUDYARD KIPLING** *also stories by* **ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS** **WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF**



How to beat a Cold

ON the average, colds bother every American 23.3 days a year. Much of this suffering can be avoided. For attacked in time and at its source, a cold is not a trouble difficult to defeat.

• • •

Is there anything that makes you feel so utterly wretched as a cold! You don't look yourself—you can't work right—you make people around you miserable, too.

Of all diseases to which flesh is heir, colds are the most costly in lost time and impaired health! Few of us get through the winter without having a cold or a siege of grippe. For these ailments seem to be a heritage of mankind.

A GREAT deal of the misery caused by colds is altogether needless. For a cold can be nipped in the bud—if you get at the cause of the trouble.

Local soothing measures may help to ease a cold—but the first and most important thing to do is to clear the system of the poisons of congestion by taking one or two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a large glass of water.

Don't go around feeling "stuffed up." At the first sneeze, take Sal Hepatica which clears out intestinal wastes and poisons promptly—*usually within a half hour*—and so prevents a cold from hanging on for days and days.

SAL HEPATICA sweeps away intestinal congestion by stimulating the release of the natural secretion of water in the intestines. Its use helps to keep the body in perfect condition to battle the germs of colds and grippe.

Sal Hepatica is a delicately balanced combination of several salines, effervescent, pleasant to take and gentle in action. The health-giving salines it contains are the same as those found in the natural waters of the famous European spas.

And like these famous waters Sal Hepatica is widely used in the treatment not only of colds, but neuralgia, rheumatism, stomach disorders, headaches, auto-intoxication and many other troubles due to the poisons set up when waste products are retained too long in the intestinal tract.

KEEP well this winter. Avoid colds and other ills by keeping yourself internally clean with Sal Hepatica.

You may take Sal Hepatica at any time, but for the most prompt action it should be taken half an hour before any meal, preferably before breakfast. In treating colds continue the use of Sal Hepatica each morning until every sign of congestion is gone.

Send for our booklet that tells you more fully how to relieve colds and other ills. © 1928

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A18,
71 West Street, New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains fully the causes and the effects of Auto-Intoxication (self-poisoning).

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Sal Hepatica

If every married woman sent for a copy of this frankly written booklet

NATURAL enough for the woman of refined tastes to feel a reserve about certain intimate matters. Her whole upbringing has been surrounded by silence, even secrecy. As time goes on she hesitates more and more to inquire of other women. To her former timidity is now added the fear of seeming ignorant. She builds around herself a wall of self-consciousness.

True, she is aware of many of the vital facts of life, but she is not *sure* of her knowledge. How convenient then to have the real truth, the *modern* truth, the frank, scientific truth about feminine hygiene. That is what this valuable booklet gives; that is why every married woman should send for a copy.

Truths known to every physician and trained nurse

The truth about the use of poisonous antiseptics is something every physician knows, and every trained nurse. They have seen the havoc wrought among innocent women who, in their desire for complete surgical cleanliness have unwisely committed themselves to the use of bichloride of mercury. Well-meaning women, but ignorant of the risks they run of mercurial poisoning.

Physicians and nurses know also of the hazards of carbolic acid and its various compounds sold under the deadly label of the skull-and-crossbones. Usually mixed with soapy ingredients, these carbolic-acid preparations always contain the threat of injury to delicate membranes. With continued use their burning, caustic action ultimately produces hardened areas of scar-tissue.

New discovery does away with women's risks

Startling as these scientific statements are, there is another scientific fact which is a welcome reassurance. It is this: there *has* been discovered a powerful antiseptic which is *absolutely non-poisonous*. Its name is Zonite and it may well be called a marvel. It is over 40 times as strong as peroxide of hydrogen. It is harmless to human tissue. It gives complete surgical cleanliness and produces a soothing and healing effect.

Then compare the power of carbolic acid itself with the power of this great new antiseptic Zonite, which has been well called "the gentle giant". It is a fact that Zonite is *far more powerful* than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body. Yet what a difference in safety! Carbolic acid is a deadly poison—so caustic that it produces a burning and searing wherever it comes in contact with tissues and membranes.

Zonite, on the contrary, is just as *harmless* to human beings as it is *fatal* to germs. It will not harden delicate tissues, nor render them dull and insensitive. Then too, a bottle of Zonite can never lead to accidental poisoning. It is safe on the shelf, safe in the dark, safe in the hands of a child.

No wonder the discovery of Zonite has been welcomed by physicians and nurses and women of refinement everywhere who realize the importance of personal hygiene to their lasting health and happiness. Zonite is an assurance of daintiness, charm and freedom from worry.

You can buy Zonite at any drug store in the country

Zonite has quickly swept over the country; word of its power has passed from mouth to mouth. Already practically every drug store in America has it in stock. Zonite is a powerful deodorant and leaves no odor of its own after the first few minutes. Full directions with every bottle.

Send today for the special free booklet entitled "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene". It is frankly written and authentic in every statement. Read it. Then pass it to other women in your circle. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In bottles: 30c, 60c and $1.

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Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
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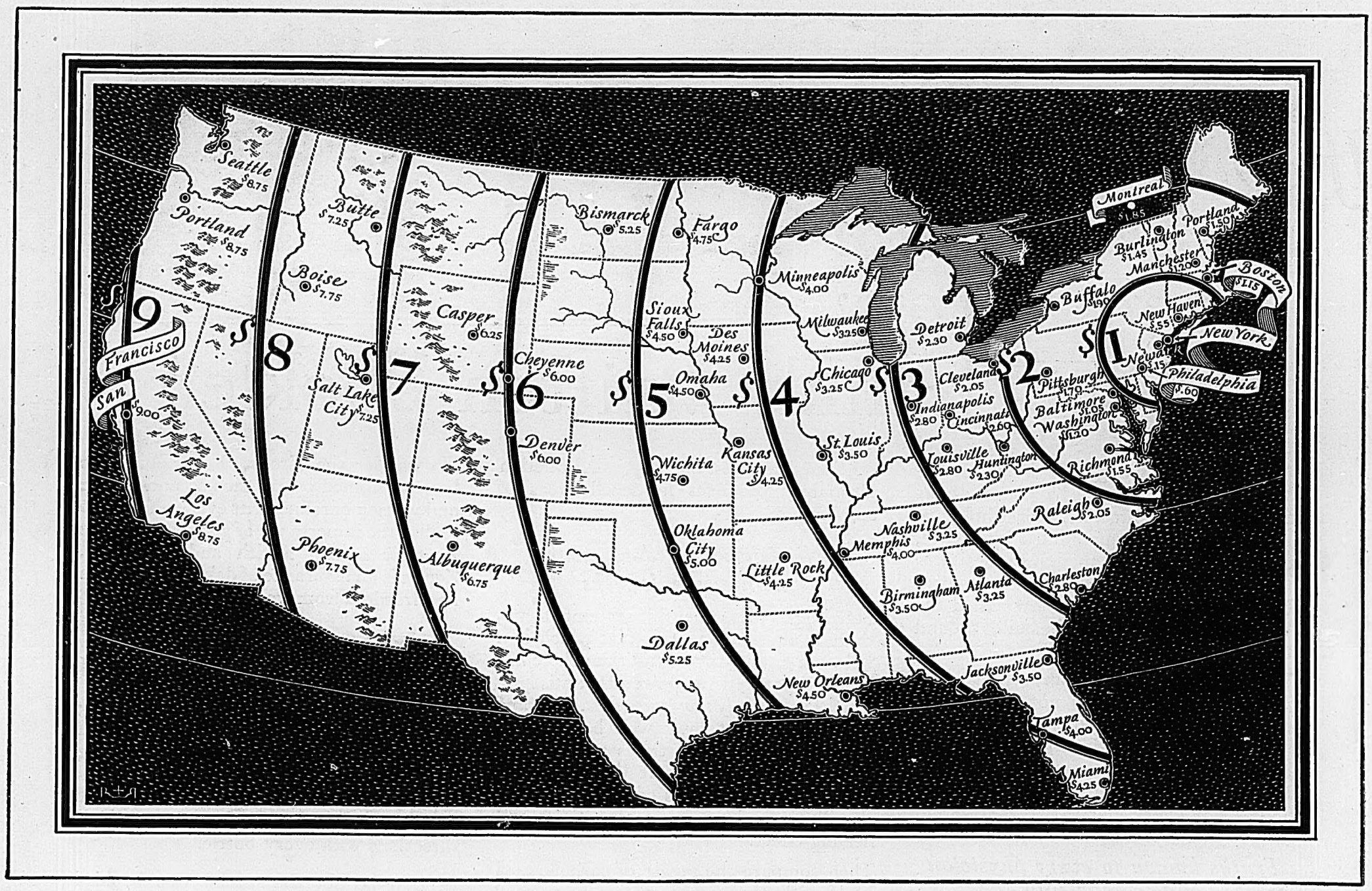

An Advertisement for Bell Long Distance Telephone Service

On December 1, 1927, telephone rates on calls to points 390 miles or more away were again substantially reduced. The day station to station rate from coast to coast is now only $9. Other typical station to station day rates are: Baltimore to Los Angeles, $8.25. Seattle to Chicago, $6.50. Denver to New York, $6.00. Atlanta to San Francisco, $7.75. Cleveland to Omaha, $3.25. Minneapolis to St. Louis, $2.30. Night rates—less.

The greater the distance, the greater the saving by these new rates—in long trips, time and expense.

Says a large fruit, vegetable and produce house, "All of our buying is done by Long Distance."

An automobile manufacturer, "It reduces distance to nothing, and gives us an opportunity to talk with our dealers . . . just as though they were at the plant."

A large paper company, "Telephone selling has become a necessity. Hours are saved this way. Selling cost reduced."

What distant call now would make a needed appointment, close a pending purchase or make a sale? Calling by number takes less time. . . . . *Number, please?*

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES — BELL SYSTEM

JAN. 7, 1928

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 5 No. 1

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

GOOD RESOLUTIONS

This is the season when a good many of us swear off things, make vows, and plan generally to turn over a new leaf.

It is an old joke that people make resolutions and don't keep them. As a matter of fact, lots of people make them and do keep them.

One of the best possible resolutions for the new year would be to keep one's mouth shut and one's bowels open. We believe that candor of speech has reached a point where we can say that in print without giving offense. If we are wrong, we apologize. But we still think the resolution a good one.

Half our troubles come from talking too much. Half our sickness is caused by the fact that our lives are not more active.

In the old days, before prohibition, jovial gentlemen used to swear off liquor on the first of January. Not so many do it now, but we think more ought to, because the stuff is not so good.

If you have children, the best resolution is to be a good example to them.

If you must have vices, have them in secret. Don't throw the soup at mother unless daughter is out dancing. Don't bawl out your wife when the children are at home.

Pay your bills when you can afford it.

And incidentally—this is not of high moral value, but it is practical—dress a little better if you can. Have the old suit pressed and it will add 5 per cent to your stature.

Polonius' advice to *Laertes* in Hamlet was about right:

> Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
> But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
> For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

The rest of that speech is worth pondering too:

> Give thy thoughts no tongue. . . .
> Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
> The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
> Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel. . . .
> Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
> Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
> Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
> Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
> . . . . . .
> Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
> And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
> This above all: to thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Some scholars say that Shakespeare was kidding the advice-givers when he wrote that—that he simply strung together a lot of platitudes, with his tongue in his cheek.

We doubt it, but it doesn't matter. Platitudes usually make sound rules of conduct, anyway.

But you know what good advice is, and where it is to be found. We don't need to restate it.

Read that passage from Shakespeare again. Read Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son. Read the Book of Proverbs.

Then go along as far as you can. If you have an iron will you may last till St. Valentine's Day.

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THEY called him incorrigible, but he died an incredibly heroic death. He loved children, but had the fighting heart to down five enemy aircraft in seven minutes. Such is a part of the astounding, almost unbelievable, but true story of America's second ace told in THE BALLOON BUSTER OF ARIZONA, by NORMAN S. HALL.

J. P. MCEVOY, famous humorist and dramatist, has excelled any of his previous laugh provokers in SHOW GIRL, a riotous, romantic comedy set in actual back-stage and supper-club scenes along New York's Great White Way.

WHY ISN'T GENE TUNNEY POPULAR? by SIDNEY SUTHERLAND, is the diagnosis of a hero whom the public apparently believes is too good to be true.

KATHERINE MAYO is a name which has been bandied about, criticized, and complimented since its bearer wrote a startling word picture of Hindu-dom. Now, in INDIA, she tells for the first time of the motives that impelled her to publish her sensational book, Mother India.

THE TRAP, by CLINTON DANGERFIELD, is a thrilling short story of the solution of a romance and a feud that were irreconcilable.

"PARIS? NEVER HEARD OF IT," by HENRY WALES, is a front-line correspondent's report of the gay, rollicking second invasion of *La Belle France* by 25,000 Legionnaires.

DAY OUT OF DARK, a short story by NORVAL RICHARDSON, concerns a romance born in two despairing souls who had dragged themselves to the brink of death.

January 7, 1928 LIBERTY Vol. 5, No. 1
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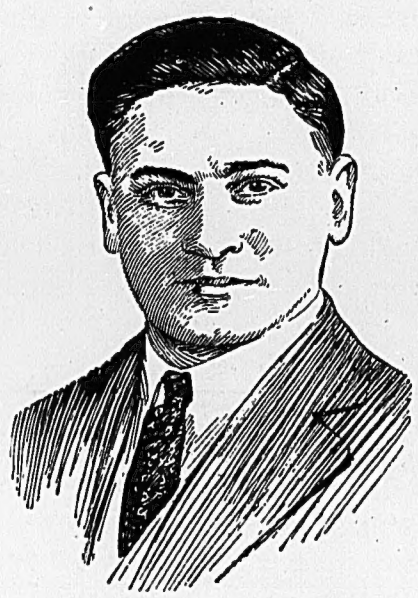

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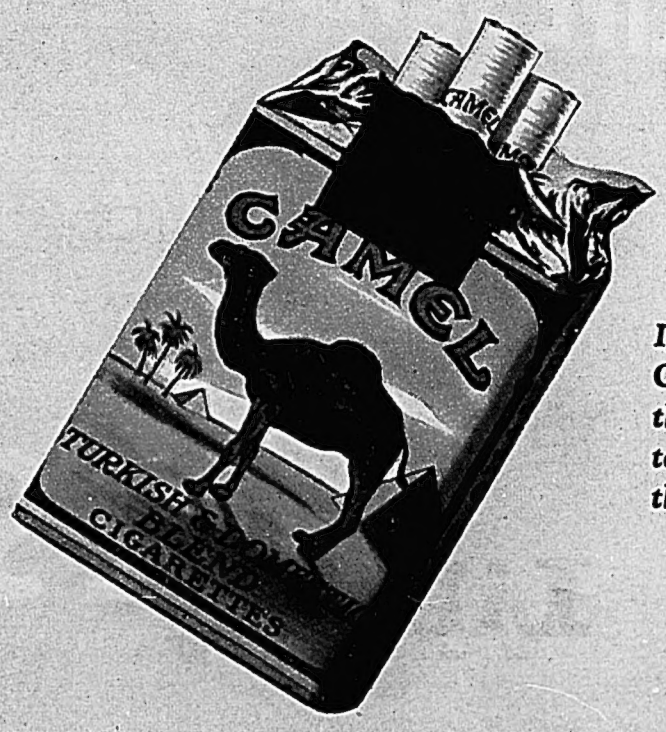

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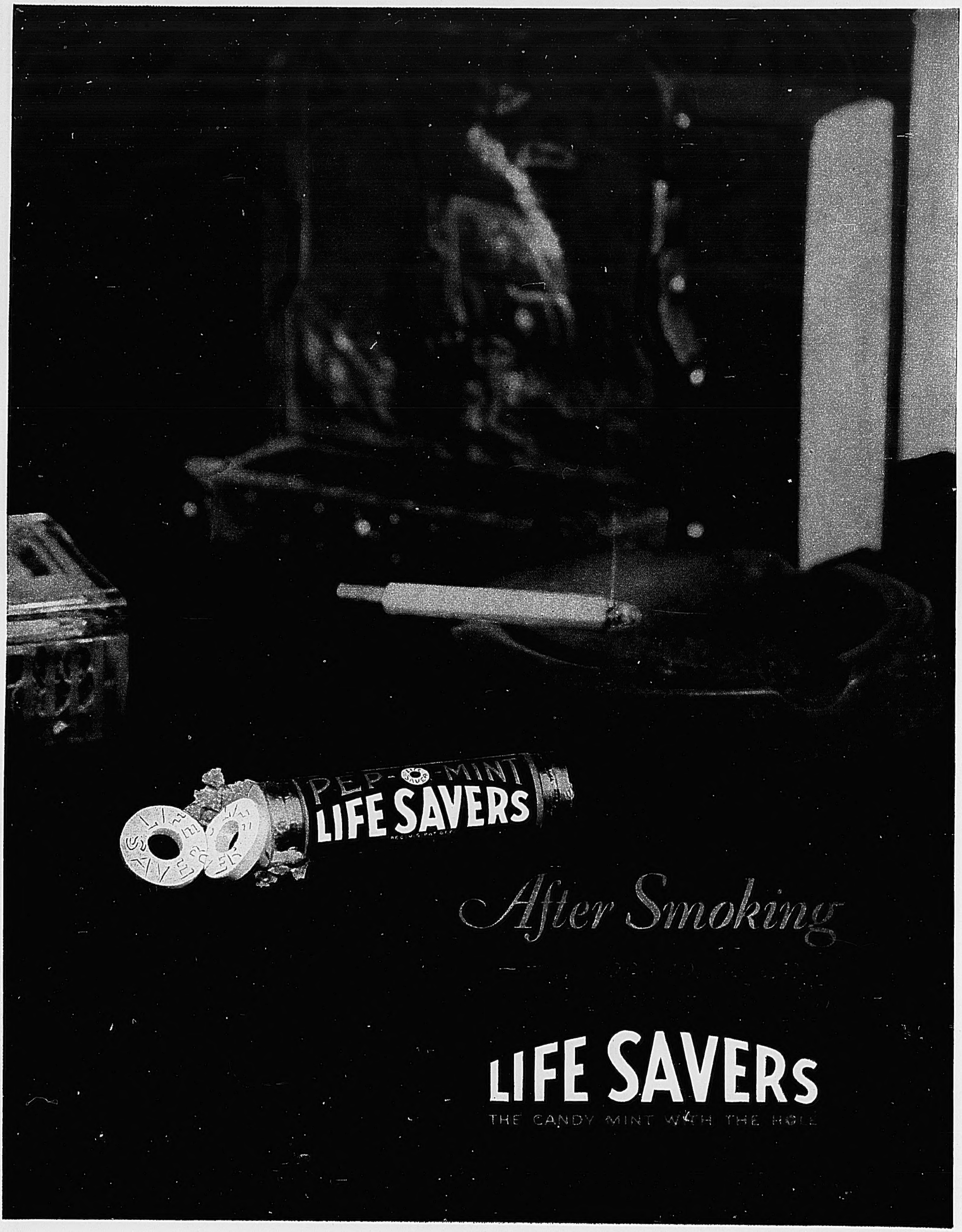
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The End of EILEEN Grant

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The Story of a Prodigal Lover and an Interrupted Romance

By

WILLIAM ALMON WOLFF

IT was he who drove the car homeward. She leaned against him, sleeping.

(Reading time: 17 minutes 10 seconds.)

"STEVE CHARLTON!" said Anne Fraser. She had just seen him—the tall, spare man who'd been a boy when she had seen him last, before she'd become Anne Fraser.

"Anne!" Steve Charlton's eyes lighted up at the sound of her voice, the sight of her, as he turned. He took both her hands; held them close for a moment. "What luck! I hoped you'd be here. Where's Jack? I heard about it—I was so glad—"

"Oh, Jack's around!" You would have known—something not to be defined or described in Anne's voice would have told you—how, once, she had felt about Steve. "Does it please you to know I'm very happy, Steve?"

"You know it does," he said. "My Lord, why not? You and old Jack ought to bring it off—I don't know any two people who've got more stuff than you two."

And now something in the tone of Anne's answer would have told you something more—that, for all the way she'd felt, once, about Steve Charlton, the happiness she talked of was a real thing, and that, as women do, she wanted him to know it. For happy women do not, in spite of what anyone says, try to hold with invisible bonds the men who once loved them.

"I don't know—" she said. She looked at him. "Yes—I do, too, Steve. We are going to bring it off. I—I think we have brought it off."

They were standing in the darkness, on the clubhouse porch. Inside the listless music still went on, the listless dancers moved. Far away thunder sounded. Anne laughed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE END OF EILEEN GRANT]
Continued from Page Eleven

"You would bring thunder with you, Steve!" she said. "There were always storms about you in the old days—"

"Would you like to dance?" he asked her.

"Oh, no!" she said quickly. "Let's stay out here. I don't think it's any cooler, but there is something about just being out of doors—"

THE summer night was dull with a damp and sodden heat. No life at all was in the air; not a breath of wind stirred in the branches of the trees that shaded the long, wide porch. Anne and Steve could look out across rolling country to the Sound.

On the horizon a dark bank of cloud was massing; it was from this that the lightning flashes came. But the hot, red moon was still to be seen, faintly, through the gathering haze.

"Let's sit down," said Anne. "I want to talk to you, Steve! Three years! And, after all—!"

"It's been a long time," he said. "I—I think I've grown up, Anne."

"I thought that the minute I saw you. I've—well, I've grown up myself. Steve—why did you run away, three years ago?"

"What makes you think I did?" he asked.

"Why else should you have gone?"

"Well—there was one pretty good reason, you know. When a chap's grown up thinking he was going to be rich, and he finds out he's not—well — you don't want to stay around and start on a new basis where you've always lived."

"But, Steve — was it as bad as all that? I knew things were involved when your father died—but—I don't think any of us thought you were going to be penniless."

"I'm not — it wouldn't have come to that, in any case," he said. "I rather thought it would then. It looked pretty bad. But it's turned out better than it seemed likely to. I'm getting a pretty good break on a lot of investments that didn't seem to be anything but rather gaudy wall paper at first—now that I don't need it!"

"Did you go West and make a fortune, Steve?" Anne asked, with a little laugh.

"Something like that," he said. "Near enough. I wouldn't have done it here. And—it's pretty good to find out you can bring something off when you really want to."

"I know," said Anne. "But—Steve — I don't think that's why you went away. I mean, I don't think it's the only reason. You'd have done well here. With your friends—"

"I didn't want help from my friends! I didn't want help from anyone!"

Anne shook her head doggedly.

"I don't care what you say," she said. "I knew you were running away from something, Steve. I—I was frightfully in love with you once, you know. I never did quite get over it till Jack came along."

"You darling, Anne—" he said. His voice wasn't quite steady. "My Lord—when I think of what I used to be in those days! I wasn't worth any girl's loving—"

"Oh, when it comes to what we're worth!" said Anne, with a laugh. "If people only got loved when they deserved to be! I think we were all tarred with the same brush, Steve. We were pretty young and selfish and ruthless. You were—I know I was. We didn't stop to think much of what might happen to anyone else, so long as we were getting what we wanted, or what we thought we wanted.

"AND, still—we all seem to have worked out. Here we were, a lot of us girls, giving you no peace. But you go away and we all turn out pretty well—I, and Molly Chester, and Betty Moulton, and Eileen Grant. We find men we love, and marry them, and we're all making a go of marriage—"

She couldn't see the way Steve winced, but she heard the catch of his breath.

"Eileen Grant?" he said, singling out her name.

"I—I hadn't heard that she was married."

"Oh!" said Anne. And, quickly: "But—no, she isn't. Not Eileen. She's the only one of us who isn't, poor darling. Steve—do you mean—was it because of Eileen you went away?"

He didn't answer.

"I never thought—Steve, you don't know how often I've thought and thought about those last weeks you were here! I knew Eileen was mad about you. We used to laugh about it—heavens, how cruel we all were! We used to joke about the absurdity of Eileen having a crush on you—Eileen with her dowdy dresses and her hair every which way—and thinking of you—"

SHE reached her hand to his, and led him from the car into the young woods that climbed the hill.

"She wasn't dowdy," he said. "I—I think she was worth all the rest of us put together."

"Steve—dear!" said Anne. Her hand went out to his, held it for a moment. "Steve—I wish you'd tell me about it. I've wanted so to know since—well, since I've had understanding enough to know how little I did know about anything in those days."

"There's so little to tell, Anne," he said. "Just—oh, I don't know! You're right, of course. I did run away. But it was from myself—"

"Oh, of course!" Anne said, almost scornfully. "It's always from ourselves we run away—or, maybe, sometimes, from something somebody knows about us that we can't bear to know is true."

"IT—no, I don't think it was that, with me," he said. "I—oh, I'd like to tell you, if I can, Anne. You know how I'd been—the great lover! But I'd never thought about Eileen. I know what you meant when you said she was dowdy, of course. Anne—why was she like that? What was the matter with her?"

"I think I can guess," said Anne. "You've got to remember how rich Mr. Grant was, and how it set him and Eileen apart here, somehow. This isn't like a place where millionaires are commonplace, you see. They had that marvelous place, and lots of cars, and everything like that. And I suppose Eileen got to feeling that the only reason anyone noticed her at all or wanted her was because of the money.

"Don't you think that might explain the way she dressed, and let herself go—that she really wanted to be unattractive, so that if anyone did care for her, she'd know it was for something that was really hers, something the money hadn't got for her? Do you think that's frightfully fantastic?"

"No—no, I don't," he said, after a moment's thought. "It would explain a lot, wouldn't it? You don't mean she knew that herself—that she deliberately worked it out?"

"Good heavens, no!" said Anne. "If that's why she was doing it, it was a subconscious reason. But I do think it's plausible."

"So do I," said Steve. "Well, anyway, whether it was the way she looked, or why it was, I never did give Eileen a thought. Until, one time, a little while before my father died, I got a queer flash, when I'd been dancing with her and we'd got to talking.

"I don't know—it was as if I got a picture of her, of her as she really was, and it wasn't like what she'd always seemed to be at all. And after that I thought about her a lot, and saw her a lot, and I got all mixed up about her.

"I knew I wasn't in love with her, the way I'd been with you and Betty and half a dozen other girls. But I knew there was something—and I was afraid of it. I—I don't know—as if I felt that if I ever gave in to it I'd never get away—"

"I know," said Anne. "That's the way I felt about Jack at first, before it all got to be so clear and—oh, Steve—so lovely, so beautiful—"

Again she heard that quick catch of his breath.

"It can be lovely, it can be beautiful," he said. "I do know that, Anne. I guess I knew it even then. But—oh, Lord, the things that clutter up our lives! I was groping toward something, and I think I was awfully near to finding it. And then my father died. And, you see, Eileen was the only one who knew how bad things were. Mr. Grant and Dad had been pretty close, you see.

"And Eileen—well, anyway, she came to me. And she did the most marvelous thing anyone ever did. She—oh, I can't make it sound the way it was—she let me know that she'd marry me if I wanted her."

"She would do that," said Anne. "She is marvelous, Steve. I've found that out."

"But—I couldn't, Anne! I couldn't—and I had to tell her so. I—I wanted to, frightfully. I did love her. But then—I was thinking about all the reasons for doing it, too—the easy solution it would be—the safety there was in it for me. And I loathed myself for thinking of that.

"I—can you understand this, Anne?—I adored her for what she'd done, and I hated her for it, too, because she was offering to take a responsibility of mine away from me—to assume it herself—"

"Men are always doing that for women," said Anne.

"That's different. It's a man's job."

"It's not!" Anne said fiercely. "Women hate it, too—they do, Steve, they do! Every human being's got to stand on his own feet, women as well as men. The most anyone can do is to share things with someone else, the bad as well as the good."

"Yes—" he said slowly. "Yes—I—you're right, Anne. You can't make one law for men and another for women about that, either."

"That's it," said Anne. "Oh, Steve—I'm glad you told me! You didn't run away, after all, did you? But, Steve—now—?"

THE heavy air was astir at last. A wind sighed across the open space before the porch. Clouds had come up to hide the moon. The storm was coming swiftly, on the wide wings of the rising wind. It filled the heavens with light, and all at once there was a sound of rushing water, as the rain swept toward them across the fields.

From the parked cars about the driveway men and girls came running toward shelter, laughing as they came.

"Now?" said Steve. "Oh, Anne—I don't know!"

"You will!" she said, and laughed as at some secret knowledge that she held and would not share with him. She rose. "Let's go in. It's cooler now. If you still want to dance, I'd love to."

There was no listlessness inside now. The wet wind came through the open windows cool and fresh. The rain had come; it beat against the walls, the roof. There was a new note in the music, as if the driving rain, the roaring thunder, were spurring the players on.

There was eagerness in the dancers now; they would not let the music stop. The light flickered, came back, went out finally. But there was no darkness, only a ceaseless coming and going of the lightning, so that the room was blue with its light, with dancers moving like figures in some fantasy, while ghostly servants went about with candles, lighting them.

Not for a moment, now, did the dance stop. Steve danced with Anne. As man after man offered to cut in, she shook her head. Till, suddenly, capriciously, she nodded to a passing youth, and let him bear her off, leaving Steve standing near the wide door at the end of the room, smiling as he looked after her. Then—something made him turn.

The lightning showed him a girl standing in the doorway. She must have just come in, flying through the storm. She had let a dripping raincoat fall from her shoulders, and a pool of water spread around it on the polished floor.

He saw her, black and white in that blinding glare of light. Black dress, white arms and

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE END OF EILEEN GRANT
Continued from Page Thirteen]

shoulders, face white as chalk. He saw her, and he knew her, for all the miracle of change three years had wrought in her.

This—Eileen Grant? This the girl Anne had called dowdy? Save for the reality of her, she might have been standing as a model in the studio of some great dressmaker of Paris. No girl, no woman in that room, could bear comparison with her on any point of beauty or of dress.

For a moment he stood still, staring at her, until his eyes drew hers to him, and he saw the catch of her breath, and the swift movement of her hand to her breast, and the way the color came into her pale, white cheeks. And then he was before her.

"Eileen!" he said. "I—oh, I was afraid you wouldn't come— When the storm came I was sure—"

"The storm!" She laughed. "I—I don't think anything in this world could have kept me from coming here tonight!"

THEY were still for a moment, no speech between them, except for the words their eyes cried out.

"Will you dance with me, Eileen?" he asked.

"Of course," she said. And he took her in his arms, and they began to dance. But she was cold and still and lifeless in his arms at first; it was as if he were dancing with some inert doll. Until the rhythm of the music came to be the rhythm of the pulsing blood that flowed through her, and she yielded more and more to the pressure of his arms, to the force that was in him, that moved him, urged him on.

And then at last the music ceased, and they stood apart to look at each other. Their breath came fast; he could feel the throbbing of his pulses and guess how hers kept time with his. And only now was he seeing how greatly she was changed.

He saw her head, dark hair cut close and clinging to it, like a boy's. He saw her body, slim and straight, all its beauty revealed at last; the marvelous whiteness of arms and shoulders; the sheer perfection of her black dress.

"Eileen!" he said. "Oh, Eileen!"

It was as if his voice steadied her, stilled the wild beating of her heart, subdued the turbulent rise and fall of her white bosom above the black line of her dress.

"I—I am glad to see you, Steve," she said.

"Are you?" he said. "Are you indeed, Eileen? Eileen—you're lovelier tonight than I ever dreamed that anyone could be!"

"Am I?" she said. And was still, looking at him.

"Eileen—" His voice was strange in his own ears. "We've got to talk—"

"Yes," she said.

They went outside. The moon shone again through flying clouds. The storm had cooled the air. From trees and eaves water still dripped. Eileen went straight to the end of the porch, stepped down.

"Don't—" Steve said sharply. "The grass is soaking—"

"Do you think I care for that? Come—"

She led the way to a car standing apart from the rest, a small, closed car. She opened a door, she lowered the windows, and he got in beside her. But, now that they were alone, he was speechless as he looked at her.

"Well, Steve?" she said. And there was triumph in her voice.

"All this!" he said. "I—Eileen—I'm so bewildered! I've thought a thousand times of seeing you again; but—this—"

"I know," she said. "It isn't as I'd planned that it would be."

"You—you planned?" he said. "Eileen, I didn't think you'd want ever to see me again."

"Oh, I didn't, at first," she said. "It—it hurt too much, Steve. You hurt everything in me that could be hurt. My pride, and my love and—oh, everything. Steve—what a fool you must have thought me!"

"Don't talk like that!" he said savagely.

"Why not? It's true. I wanted you. I didn't care how I got you. I—I knew you cared—a little bit—in some way. I thought it would be enough. But it wasn't, and you knew it, of course."

"Stop it, Eileen!" he said. "Listen to me. You're talking rot—I know it if you don't. I loved you all the time. But I—I couldn't tell you I loved you that last time. Not with—oh, you know—with all the business about the money mixed up with everything!

"I—I suppose I didn't know how much I loved you. I wouldn't let myself know, because if I had—well, I wouldn't have gone. And I had to go. I hated myself and I hated you. Not really—you know that. What I hated was what life was doing to me—to us. But—you can't just hate life. You—I don't know—you always seem to have to pick somebody out to hate, as if it were their fault!"

"Yes—" she said. "And—oh, I hated you, of course, afterward. How I hated you! I used to pray for the chance to hurt you the way that you'd hurt me."

"Did you?" he said. "Do you still want to, Eileen? Because you can—"

"They used to say you were spoiled," she said. "Spoiled by having everyone love you. But—I was spoiled, too, Steve, spoiled by my pride, and because of the money my father had. I was too proud to make myself look—oh—nice. I was so proud that I wanted people to care for me in spite of everything. That's what I've found out about myself."

HE looked at her. Anne had been right. But—Eileen knew it—now.

"I thought when you went away that I'd never be proud again. But pride was all there was of me. I began to change then, Steve. I wanted to be beautiful. I wanted to be beautiful when you saw me again, so that—"

"Eileen—!" He caught her hands, interrupted her. "Eileen—I love you. I've loved you all the time. I—if you knew the way I've had to force myself to wait till I could come back and not feel like a worm! Eileen—"

Something in the tense stillness of her stopped him, something in the throbbing of her hands that he held crushed in his.

"I've always loved you, Steve," she said. "I always will."

The passion that the years had dammed swept them before it now; they were caught up in its flood tide as their lips met. Then, as it ebbed, they fell to talking, breathlessly, each crying out to interrupt the other's speech.

They stirred the dead embers of their old quarrel into life, and laughed as they died out again. In eager, panting give-and-take of talk and laughter breaking into sobs, they told each other of the empty, lonely years between their parting and their meeting. And always, as the talk died, love flamed again between

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them, drew them together, lips pressed to lips, trembling bodies close.

They heard the music, soft and distant, for a while, and then the stirring of cars about them. White beams of headlights touched them and passed on. At last Steve stirred, looked out; turned to her with a laugh.

"Look!" he said. "Darling—we're here alone! They're gone—all of them. And look—out there, across the Sound. It's beginning to be light."

Close beside him she shivered.

"Morning!" she said. "Oh, lover—I don't want it to come, ever—ever! I want this night to last always, like this, with you—"

"I don't!" he said. He laughed at her somber eyes. "I want tomorrow and tomorrow—all the days there are before us. This is our day that's coming now, Eileen—"

"No—" she said. "No—nothing is ours but this—now—tonight—"

She slipped from his arms, sat up behind the wheel. Her cheeks were wet with tears. She started the motor suddenly. The car moved slowly, then with gathering speed. They came to the end of the drive, and it was to the west that she turned.

"Eileen," he said. "Darling—you must go home—"

"No!" she said. "Oh, lover—tonight is ours—what's left of it. I want it all—with you—every hour—every minute. Come—I know a place where tomorrow will come last of all."

WESTWARD she drove, and silenced, wondering, he sat beside her. Behind them the dawn stole on across the Sound and followed them. They came to a narrow road where the wide branches of trees met and were intertwined above them. The fresh sweetness of the last hour of night was all about them.

And then it was no longer a road that they followed, but only a track of wheels in a grassy lane. And then their movement ceased, and she sprang down and reached her hand to his, and led him from the car and into the young woods that climbed the hill behind them.

The world still lay under a blue and starry dusk as they came to a shelf on that hillside. Now they looked to the west, and behind them the wooded hill stood between them and the rising sun.

"This is the place that I remembered," she said. "Morning's there behind the hill, but it will come slowly here, lover! Here it's still night, our night. Oh, lover—thank God you came tonight, before it was too late!"

"Too late?" he repeated, wondering. He was afraid; something in her voice made him afraid. "But—Eileen—we've all our lives before us now—"

"No—no!" she cried. "You don't know—you can't know. We've only this hour we've stolen from tomorrow to be sure of—"

It was he who drove the little car eastward, homeward, into the bright light of the risen sun. She was beside him, all the fire within her gone, but infinitely, newly, dear. She leaned against him, sleeping; the weight of her was on his shoulder.

Only when, at last, he turned into the driveway of her home, she stirred and roused herself. She looked at him, and he smiled as he saw her eyes.

"Eileen—" he said. "Dearest—"

He stopped. Something about this house was strange. Was it the door, that stood wide open? Then he saw two cars that stood in the driveway: queer cars, shabby cars, to be before this house; cars fitter for the trade entrance at the back. And there was a man at the door, and Steve stared at him and at the task he was about, of fastening a paper to the house.

THE lightning showed him a girl. He knew her, for all the miracle of change three years had wrought.

"Eileen—?" he said. "What—?"

"I know," she said. "And you shall know."

She got out. She went swiftly up the steps. Puzzled, disturbed, frightened, he followed her. Inside the house all was strange, confused. He saw the man who had been busy at the door, and he wondered how it was that he was standing in that house with his hat on. And he saw Mr. Grant, looking old, and gray, and trembling as he met Eileen.

"Eileen?" Mr. Grant asked, in a querulous, questioning voice. "Where have you been? They say you haven't been in your room. I—I've been alarmed about you. And Mr. Brown—they—they want your car—"

"It's outside," she said. "Father dear, I'm quite all right. I—please—if I can have five minutes—"

She turned and went to the stairs, and started up without a word, without a glance for Steve. Mr. Grant looked at him dully, not knowing him. He passed his hand before his eyes in the weak, helpless gesture of a beaten man.

AND suddenly Steve came to life, to some flash of amazed and incredulous understanding. He began to run up the stairs; he caught Eileen as her hand reached the handle of her door; took her, almost roughly, by the shoulders.

"Eileen!" he cried. "What—what does this mean?"

"The end!" she said. "The end of Eileen Grant, and all her pride, and all her money—all I ever had or ever was! It means tomorrow's here—the tomorrow that I ran away from in the night—"

"But — Eileen — I didn't dream that anything like this—"

"Nor I!" she cried. "Do you think it could have happened if I'd known? He was proud, too—my father. Like me—like you. I must have this—I must have that! And so, when things turned against him, he gambled all the more—and he lost—and now the end has come. They say—they say he wasn't dishonest—only foolish—and weak—"

Her voice broke in a sob.

"Eileen!" His arms reached out for her, but she shrank from them.

"No!" she cried. "Oh, won't you understand? Don't you see, now, why I thanked God you came last night, while there was still time? Before the end? Why, all this time since I heard that you were coming, I've counted the hours and the minutes and prayed that the end wouldn't come before you came?"

"Eileen!" he said again. "My dear, my dear! Do you think I care—that I will give you up?"

"No! No!" she cried. "And do you think I'd—Steve, they'll take the very clothes I have upon my back. I've nothing—nothing! Do you think I'd come to you naked—dressed only in the shame of this?"

She faced him, her breath coming in great gasps.

"Eileen—" he said, "I love you—"

She sobbed. And then, as her tears came, he took her in his arms.

THE END

RIO

Brazil's Dream-City of Shell-White Palaces

An Article by

RUDYARD KIPLING

Picture by J. E. ALLEN

Map by ERNEST CLEGG

Brazilian Sketches

Have you no Bananas, simple townsmen all?
"Nay, but we have them certainly.
"We buy them off the barrows, with the vegetable-marrows,
"And the cabbage of our own country.
"(From the costers of our own country.)"

Those are not Bananas, simple townsmen all.
(Plantains from Canaryward maybe!)
For the true are red and gold, and they fill no steamer's hold,
But flourish in a rare country.
(That men go far to see.)

Their stiff fronds point the nooning down, simple townsmen all,
Or rear against the breezes off the sea;
Or duck and loom again, through the curtains of the rain
That the loaded hills let free—
(Bellying 'twixt the uplands and the sea.)

Little birds inhabit there, simple townsmen all—
Jewelled things no bigger than a bee;
And the opal butterflies plane and settle, flare and rise
Through the low-arched greenery.
(That is malachite and jade of the sea.)

The red earth works and whispers there, simple townsmen all,
Day and night in rank fecundity,
That the Blossom and the Snake lie open and awake,
As it was by Eden Tree
(When the First Moon silvered through the Tree) . . .

But you must go to business, simple townsmen all,
By 'bus and train and tram and tube must flee!
For your Pharphars and Abanas do not include Bananas
(And Jordan is a distant stream to drink of, simple townsmen),
Which leaves the more for me!

(Copyright, 1927, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.)

(Reading time: 10 minutes.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the second of a series of Brazilian Sketches in which Mr. Kipling makes South America's Empire Nation live for us as intensely as the scenes in his fiction.]

IN sane countries there is no hurry, not even for Port Doctors and Police. Thus, though we entered Rio harbour by early afternoon, it was not till the edge of dusk that we sidled into the wharf, and the whole city and the coasts alongside her chose that moment to light up in constellations and cloud-stars of unbridled electricity.

Then men came aboard, ready—as men are the world over—to show a stranger the place that they loved. In two minutes the shadowy lines of the crowded wharves vanished, and the car was sweeping down a blazing perspective, chequered strongly with double lines of tree-foliage and flanked with lit and packed clubs, shops and cafes.

This world of light gave of a sudden, between the shoulders of gigantic buildings, on to even vaster spaces of single-way avenues between trees, with the harbour on one side, fringed by electric lights that raced forward, it seemed for ever, and renewed themselves in strings of pearl flung round invisible corners; while, above everything, one saw and felt the outlines of forested mountains.

All the world was with us in cars, all filled with bare-headed folk, all going at top speed,

THE humbler quarters, where people come out and stand at their doors, and one notices how they live.

but none more swiftly than certain devils of motor-buses, whose workaday tones I later mistook for the thunder of an aeroplane outside my eighth-floor window. Somewhere to our right rose a hill up which the lavish lights climbed and broke, on half indicated twists of road.

One knew enough from old novels to be aware that this must be San Theresa, the quarter where the virtuous clerk, and the lover exiled by Fate, used to live while they were making their fortunes. It is to-day, as it always has been, a place of pleasant residences. It looks out at the very jaws of the harbour mouth—two smooth crocodile teeth of stripped rock that many eyes must have watched barring the way home in the days when men died between noon and dusk.

There were glimpses of pink and white houses here, with plumes of palm upspringing, or, more intimate still, friezes of quiet banana-fronds behind ivory walls. But we kept to the water-front with the multitude who were taking the air.

The night was reasonably—that is to say, tropically—warm. Hats, coats, hurry, Time, and other trifles had been dropped on the far side the Line. The only trouble that remained was lest this dream-city of shell-white palaces, intensely lighted green foliage, arrogant statuary, silvered waters, and brooding mountains, would vanish if one dared look aside.

BUT it held on, as one enormous loop of road slid into the next; still skirting the water, still lit by the insolent, all-powerful lights, but—one must pay something to the Gods—perfumed throughout by the flying cars. (Note here, the Brazilian as a driver can paralyse any Place de la Concorde taxi-man. But jealous Southerners say that an Argentine "all out" gives him points. For me he more than suffices.)

Presently, the current of traffic turned aside from the Bay, tore through a ringing tunnel where everyone tooted all the time, and broke out on a stretch of Muizenberg beach—the rollers from the full South Atlantic aligned under the stars, and crumbling along ivory sands up to the electric footlights. Here all who were not on wheels were walking by myriads along a mosaic pavement flush with the sea. Facing the beach were costly detached dwellings whose owners had gone amok in every order, detail, trimming, devilment, attribute and curio of what is called "architecture" that their minds or purses could compass. And since the buildings were like nothing on this earth, they exactly fitted the inexplicable scene beneath the high heavens regarding them.

"This is called Copacabana," said my companions. "It has not been developed very long. No. It is not the City. It is only one of the suburbs. The City is several miles away. There is more of this ahead, but—"

They turned back at leisure so that one could get the impression of the milky-mouthed rollers coming in, the movement of the gay multitudes along the sand, the throb of the packed cars—radiator to tank—the overhang of the mountains that one could but guess at, and the goblin-like houses that posed in the glare. It was apiece with the unreality of it all that some of the cars should be filled with joyous, singing people in fancy-dress.

"That is because Carnival will be here in a

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[RIO
Continued from Page Seventeen]

week. They are getting ready for it. But look! If you watch the shape of that mountain with the light above, you will see that, at first, we leave it behind." Upon which the mountain stood still; we making thirty-five knots. "Now it will run alongside us." The obedient thing started off and did so at once. "Now it will finish by going on ahead. Then it will wait for us at the end of the next bay."

This, too, came to pass, and the mountain halted in just that place, showing no sign of fatigue. Men have been burned at the stake for making much smaller magics.

The ride ended opposite stage-green lighted foliage, in a marble hotel that faced the serene waters where one dully lighted tramp was kicking herself out to sea. But the traffic beneath the windows went on till that glassy dead time after day-break when there is neither land nor sea-breeze, and the trees get what they can of rest.

In this suspension of pulse and movement, the City swam up with the divinely-heated dawn — enormous, opulent, spotless, and, in spite of her new-sought modernity, ancient and set. The lights on a moored battleship's gangway switched off; a North American pattern ferry-boat plying to suburbs across the water laid out faint furrows on the flat blue floor; fussy Government launches put off from a fortified island close by, and fled round a flat point of land which had once been a red hill, but was now turning into an esplanade; a sailing ship began to fiddle with her gear; and a last trail of mist smoked off to let the eye choose what it would of Rio Bay.

There may be lovelier waters somewhere, but neither Sydney nor Cape Town, which I have always held supreme in their kinds, can compare to these for size—which after all does not matter so much—for indescribable diversity, colour, amplitude and splendour of setting.

A RANGE of vertical cloud-topped mountains walled it in on one edge, thirty or forty miles away. They were evidently attending to the work of an ordinary monsoon. Mountains do not wrap themselves in cloud-blankets of that particular breadth and thickness for a few hours' shower. Peaks stabbed up out of the smother, waked distant thunder growls, and vanished again. Certain gigantic cliff-faces pushed forward like cattle through mist, stood at gaze, and flung back again behind the veil.

Somewhere over yonder would be Petropolis, a pleasure-city where Ambassadors and Administrators live to-day, but whither in the past everyone who could escaped from the fever every evening by train. The passengers on the steamer said that the fare there now was almost five shillings—cheap enough for a place obviously in communion with the Gods, and, as obviously, overlooking their private pleasure-grounds.

Almost directly beneath the hotel window a little squadron of grave and silent fishermen in log-canoes slid up and took positions which one felt had been apportioned to their several families when the Pope first gave The Brazils to the Portugals. Have you ever noticed that, in every proper seaboard town, there is always this same unchanging assembly at dawn; and that it vanishes when the day's life begins, as those too shadowy Shapes in the crystal ball vanish when the Vision comes?

Along the immaculate embankment where the 'buses were seeking their prey strolled a family —Papa, Mama, and some children in gay dressing-gowns. Another family sauntered through a little park. They joined forces and went on past a tarring-machine and a crane to some steps that led to the water.

Never having noticed many English households bathing off, say, the Embankment, this interested me strangely; as did the gentleman in a bathing-suit on a motor-bike; and the two girls so wet from their dip somewhere further down the road, that they were very justly put on either running-board of the family car, where they clung like heraldic supporters and discoursed in their damp dressing-gowns across it.

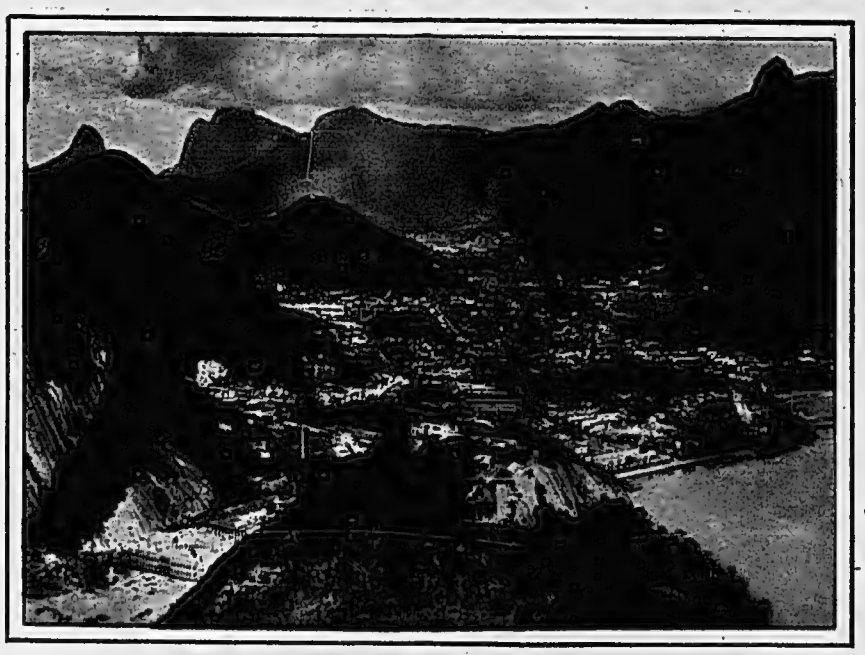
Then one recalled that in sane climates one bathes always and often, and anywhere that the water is safe; which accounts for the mass cleanliness of the local crowds. And it was pleasant to see once more how rain is detestable to properly born and brought-up people. A sprinkle of it sends them to cover as would a Maxim; and I watched with joy a whole family about to bathe defeated by a light shower, scuttling to refuge under the trees.

THE City wakes at reasonable hours. Men were fleeing to business in their private cars about eight o'clock, after the 'buses and trams had gone on ahead with their employees; and the hotel was alert and willing when half-alive English housemaids would have been filling black corridors with icy draughts and sooty-smelling fluff. All of which proved the rightness of real life, and sent one in haste to the Botanical Gardens before waves of impending hospitality should descend and wash out private engagements.

The basest of us have an ideal! Mine, cherished since extreme youth, was to see the Victoria Regia lily at home, and, if possible, that bird with the very long toes (Jacara might have been its name) represented in the same picture-book as walking by choice on its leaves.

The taxi-driver, except that his manners were an example to Princes, was not helpful. He knew the Gardens, but lilies—not so well, Señor. And he drove and drove for ever through the early morning freshness. After he had finished with the merely opulent or beautiful houses and villas, he spun us through miles of humbler quarters, where people come out and stand at their doors, and one notices how they live and do up their hair.

One saw what could be done with little houses, in that light, by distempering them blue, yellow, rose, and magenta; or, when they are unrelieved drab, how splashes of blood-red, purple, or gold-flowering shrubs on trees pulls everything into beauty and effect. Then one began to understand the commonsense of the goblin-houses on Copacabana beach the night before, and (which may be the secret of the



Part of Brazil's wonder-city.

Latin) that in real sunshine you must overplay and over-act.

But always, on one side or the other, some great mountain forested from chin to toe, stooped down upon us; and when we had run under the flank of the tallest that shuttered off every breath of air, we found the Gardens—utterly empty, utterly still, and lovely beyond the power of telling.

All things were in their places that should have been, and growing naturally in their own atmosphere—the fruits, flowers, trees, and smells that awake remembrance, sorrow, or delight, in all parts of the earth, from the twinkly-leaved mango, which in my early beliefs was inhabited after dark by "Things," down to jack-fruit—that durian which reeks like a corpse, but makes those who have once tasted eager as ghouls to eat again.

Through the dark arches of the trees, and from under the blossomed cornices of overhanging thickets, floated forth, rarely, butterflies as big as bats, but made of tinted moonshine. They set a lustre upon the glory of the day, and then, like visiting souls, signalled and wafted upwards. People catch them, snip their wings into crazy-quilt patterns, and stick them under glass ash-trays for sale to tourists, of whom, Allah forgive me!—I was one, and an offender.

Added to these were all the air-seeking palms and the air-stifling bamboos from everywhere; and, growing as weeds, bananas, of which one's ayah used to tell that, if you got up very early and found a single new frond, neither split by wind nor dried by sun, you could wish a wish and the Gods would grant it. But that variety is not included in this collection.

Nevertheless, Providence arranged my business generously enough. The great Lily lived in a pond, and was all that the books had said. Five to six feet across were her pads, and turned up at the edges in three-inch rims. The blossom—one had only to wish for anything in that land and it was given—her blossom is the size of an effective hat-box, and dwarfs half an hotel apartment.

AS to the bird Jacara, next morn I found two of him in cages, for sale, over against the Fish-Market, where they sell miracles. And their toes were exactly as long as they had been drawn in my own picture-book. There was more sense in my visit to the Victoria Regia than appears, for the Gardens cried aloud—just like politicians—that they could produce everything man requires between certain degrees of latitude. Put in slip or seed, and it would thrive continuously.

To which the dense green of the mountain-wall, where sloths hang up within two miles of the capital of Brazil, made answer: "*But* if you cease even for a month to fight my creepers and undergrowth, they will wipe out all your fine works, and in a half year you will go out under *me!*"

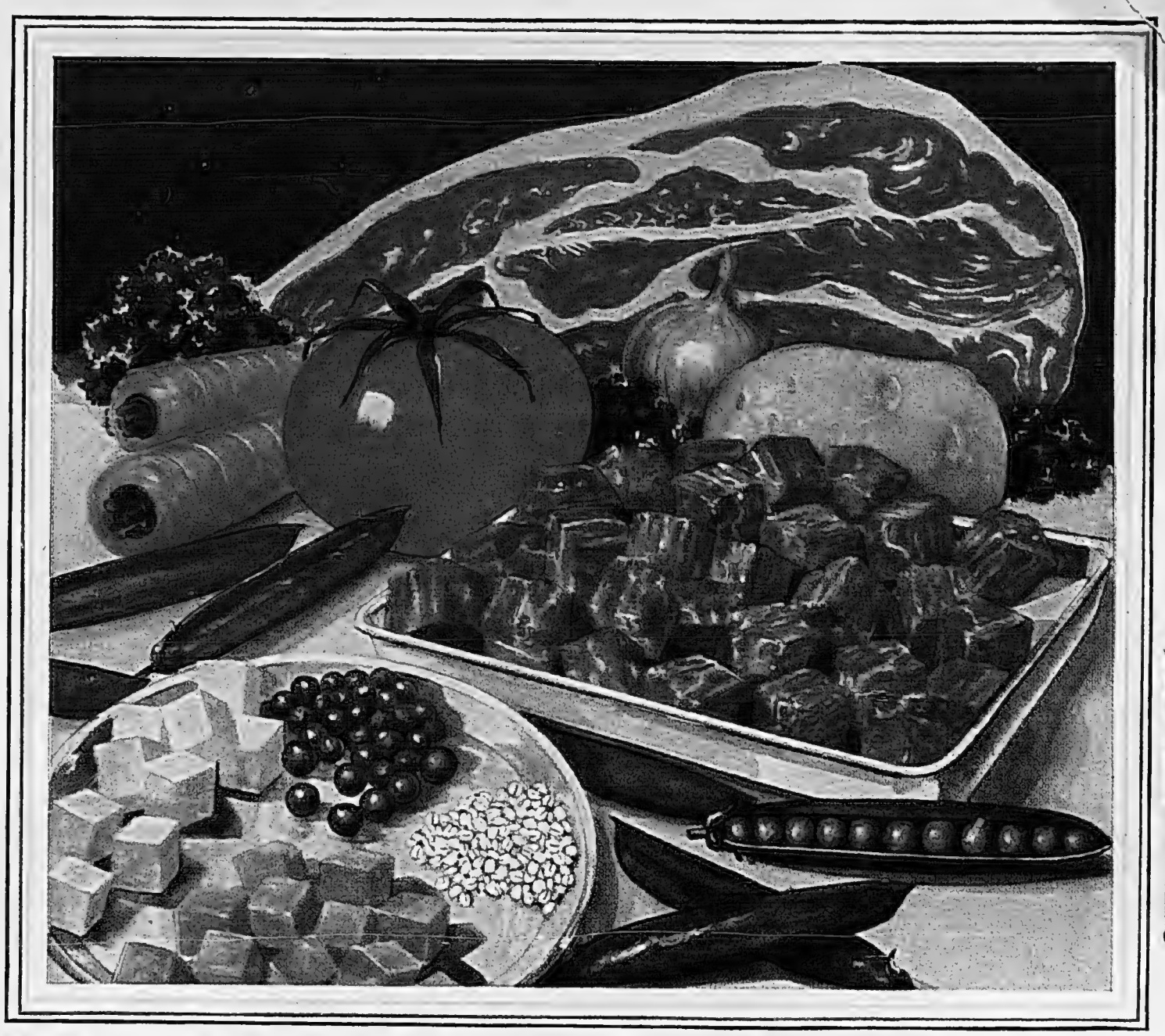
One had forgotten how easily man lives with ancient Earth at Fifty North; and one had to recall that, in tropical forests, there is no spot, unless he hacks it out with an axe, where he can turn aside from his path or his field and cast himself down at ease in Her lap.

As we went home in the still forenoon, and saw the steamers coming and going, it looked as though ocean might be easier to handle than trees. Later, several Brazilians confirmed this opinion. So it would appear that the Land, like the Sun and the gay-painted houses, over-plays and over-acts its part in the immense, florid drama of this World by Itself.

But, before dealing with these trifles, we must consider a little city, three hundred miles down the coast, of nine hundred thousand people, which is called San Paulo, where, among other things, there is a power and light factory reported as "rather worth looking at." The cities of Brazil have, like many an English town, jumped direct from oil and candles to electricity, but electricity in a climate already surcharged with all sorts of it, differs a little from the meek steam-generated stuff which works vacuum-cleaners and toast-racks elsewhere. We will go and see.

(Copyright, 1927, by Rudyard Kipling in the U. S. A.)

In an early issue, Rudyard Kipling will tell of this strange Power Giant at work.



When "Come out of the Kitchen" means better food for the family!

HERE IS A fact of interest to every housewife in America: Every day in countless homes throughout the nation soups made outside the home are being served.

Soups of that delicious quality and flavor which the American standard of living demands. Soups made in just such spotless kitchens as the housewife herself maintains at home. Soups that answer the most exacting demands both for skillful blending and for welcome variety.

The popularity of Campbell's Soups among the most careful housewives proves how eager these women are to take advantage of every real help in providing the most attractive and healthful food for their families. Every saving of time and effort in the kitchen leaves just that much energy to be used in other ways of bettering the home.

With Campbell's French chefs supplying the most delicious of soups daily, these housewives can dismiss this task from their minds and go on to others demanding their attention. Yet there has been no sacrifice in the quality of the soup. Otherwise such strict home-makers would insist on making their own soups.

Soup-making would be only one of their many duties. They cannot be "soup-chefs," devoting their whole lives to the study and blending of the most enticing flavors and savors in soups. Yet that is precisely what Campbell's do.

Each Campbell's Soup is a masterpiece of its kind—the result of marketing throughout the world for the finest ingredients that money can buy and preparing and combining them after Campbell's exclusive recipes. Is it any wonder that discriminating women—good soup makers though they themselves are—have decided to let Campbell's make their soups for them!

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is a splendid illustration of this real service to the housewife. A troublesome soup to make. Yet so useful and attractive, with all its many different vegetables, cereals, herbs and other ingredients. Hearty pieces of meat add their nutriment and flavor. You simply add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer a few minutes. Complete list of 21 Campbell's Soups on each label. 12 cents a can.

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with an engine that defies the cold

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Brief starting seconds—the time you spend "warming up" a cold engine—may cause more harm than hours of high-speed driving. For motor oil must flow and feed *instantly,* else pistons ride cylinder walls rough-shod, and metal grips metal harshly—destructively.

Only an oil as alert as Texaco—free of paraffin wax, of tars and cylinder stock, free of all cold-sluggish substances—can give instant protection. *No matter how cold the engine may be, Texaco Motor Oil never hesitates.*

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The CHAIR

How a Business War Modernized the Grim Trade of the Executioner

An Article by

FREDERICK TISDALE

(Reading time: 18 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE first electric chair was built in the Auburn (New York) Penitentiary shops during the early months of 1889. Its design and construction proceeded with the strictest secrecy.

On June 4, 1888, Governor David B. Hill had signed the bill which abolished hangings in the State and provided death by electric shock for certain classes of criminals.

It is hard for the present generation to understand the agitations and uproars caused by this step. In our day electricity is a household drudge, and electrocution has been established in nineteen States.

Before New York adopted the chair, hanging was accepted as the only fitting and proper end for desperate careers.

Furthermore, in the '80s electrical development was just beginning. To the average citizen there was something diabolical in the proposal to inflict death by such a terrible and unseen power.

Preachers thundered against the chair from their pulpits. Newspapers condemned it in blistering editorials. Doctors and scientists were not even sure that electric current would kill!

Doubtless the New York Legislature accepted the new law in an honest desire to give instant and merciful death to persons condemned; but only a few of the Assemblymen ever discovered the strategies by which the statute was put across.

The electric chair was the result of a fight for trade between two opposing electrical interests.

Lewis E. Lawes, warden of Sing Sing Prison, is collecting material for a book on capital punishment. From information furnished by him has been taken the following back-stage story of the secret intrigues and open skirmishes which preceded the adoption of electrocution.

Picture by HARRY TOWNSEND

The death chair now casts its sinister shadow on the murderer in nineteen States.

P. & A. photo

Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, where New York executes its condemned slayers by electrocution.

The first incandescent lighting system, invented by Thomas A. Edison, was fed by a low-tension direct current; that is, the current flowed in one direction and at a low pressure.

Large wires were necessary to carry the current, and by the time the line had been extended to any great distance the cost of installation had cut deeply into the profit.

George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake, had turned his attention to electricity. He imported European patents, from which his engineers worked out the Westinghouse high-tension alternating-current and transformer system. The alternating current flowed first one way and then the other.

This change in direction occurred 120 times a second. By means of his transformers Westinghouse could deliver current at a great distance over small wires. This gave him a decided advantage over his rival.

Edison at this time was profoundly engrossed in a widening circle of electrical experiments. After working out a device, he would pass it along to his marketing organization. This company encountered stronger and stronger opposition from Westinghouse and his alternating system. In those robust days there was no Federal Trade Commission to enforce goody-goody rules of competition. A sale was a sale and a rival was an enemy.

The Edison officials made a deep study of this alternating-current system, and had to admit the efficiency of the Westinghouse idea. But they were heartened by a discovery that Westinghouse high-tension wires were dangerous.

The direct current generated at this time by the Edison dynamos was of such low potentiality that it would not kill. There were accidents in which the stronger Westinghouse current crippled people, and it was rumored that it had killed.

Here was a powerful and—in those days—permissible sales argument against Westinghouse. If you bought an alternating-current lighting system you ran the risk of sudden death.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CHAIR
Continued from Page Twenty-one]

Remember that all this happened in the eager '80s. The public was tingling with interest in this new force called electricity, and it followed the furious sales feud between the Westinghouse interests and those of Edison.

Then entered Harold P. Brown, an electrical engineer, and, by his own confession, a philanthropist. He began to appear in halls and public squares about the country, declaiming upon the mights and mysteries of electricity and demonstrating the same.

Brown's lectures disturbed the Westinghouse people. He killed dogs, cats, and even calves with this "dangerous alternating current." Later he added a crippled assistant who proclaimed that alternating current was to blame for his condition.

All this was extremely bad medicine for the Westinghouse product. The company had a strong hunch that Brown's experiments and philanthropies were being financed by the rival Edison interests. But all it could do was to deny strongly that alternating current was as dangerous as alleged.

Just the same, the Westinghouse folk were in a hole. Their current was of a higher pressure and therefore was more dangerous. Finally the two companies locked horns over a lighting contract for a Canadian city.

The inevitable Brown was on the job. He killed two stray cats and a dog, making it painfully precise that the current used for obliterating the animals was alternating—such as the Westinghouse people were hoping to sell the city.

But, in spite of Brown and his dead cats, the Westinghouse bid was accepted. However, during the debate a Westinghouse representative confessed that men had actually been killed by alternating current. It was out at last—and the admission was broadcast by sales agents for the Edison interests.

THE tireless Brown kept right on with his experiments and exhortations. He made a whirlwind lecture tour of New York State, and wound up with a brilliant address before the Assembly at Albany. And here he uncovered his masterpiece.

He announced that science had at last discovered a painless and instantaneous method of executing criminals.

"Hanging," he declared, "is often bungled. At best, it means torture to the victim. Humane penology has always demanded a more perfect and merciful way to execute the death sentence. At last it has been found.

"Death by an alternating electrical current is swift, sure, painless. Death comes so quickly that the victim feels nothing."

The lawmakers were profoundly impressed. Surely this was an improvement over the cruel hazards of hanging.

In his address before the Legislature in 1885, Governor Hill had urged that body to adopt a humane and certain method of executing criminals. A commission was appointed the following year to consider the question.

The nature of the subject captured the public imagination. Interest flared higher when two hangings were bungled.

Powerful arguments in favor of electrocution were made before the Governor's commission—by alternating current, of course. The Westinghouse interests fought the suggestion with eloquence and statistics. They saw that if the electric chair was adopted, every time a criminal was put to death it would be an awful advertisement of what alternating current might do to its users.

As a counterstroke, the Westinghouse captains put a private detective on the trail of Brown, and letters were discovered which indicated that he was in the pay of the Edison interests. This evidence was submitted to the commission, but did not affect its findings. In effect, its report declared:

> We are not authorized to pass on sales arguments between the Westinghouse and Edison companies. Our job is to find a painless and instantaneous means of stopping the lives of condemned criminals. We are satisfied that a sufficiently strong shock by an alternating electric current will accomplish this end. We recommend that a law be passed substituting electrocution for hanging in the State of New York.

At this juncture many neutral engineers and companies joined the protest from the Westinghouse camp. It was feared that the adoption of electrocution would create a popular aversion to the use of their beloved dynamos and transformers.

AND, after all, would electricity kill? An enterprising reporter asked George Westinghouse the question.

"Certainly," the latter replied, "an alternating current will kill a man if you make it strong enough. But it is absurd to use so much force to blot out a single life. It would be just as sensible to raise the dynamo with a block and tackle and let it fall on the condemned man."

Meanwhile lawyers and legislators busied themselves with the preparation of the electrocution measure. They had almost finished their labors when an event befell which caused the greatest consternation.

Two electricians at a large power house came into contact with live wires and apparently were killed. After working several hours, doctors revived the apparently dead men.

Here was a terrible possibility for the partisans of the electric chair to face. Suppose you strapped a doomed criminal in the chair and gave him a shock that seemed to kill him? Suppose then that the body was turned over to relatives, who called in physicians and brought the criminal back to life?

Enemies of the new measure made every possible use of this argument. But the committee drafting the new law wrote in a clause requiring an autopsy on the body immediately after it was taken from the chair.

Despite all opposition, Governor Hill and the Assembly held firm to the humane intention of substituting what looked like a merciful death for the uncertainties of hanging. The law was passed.

Westinghouse and his sympathizers were temporarily down, but they were not through fighting. The law was to go into effect the first of 1889. Meanwhile, the State must be provided with an electric chair.

No one sought the gruesome and uncertain job. The buck was passed to the State Superintendent of Prisons, Austin Lathrop. He knew nothing about electricity, and his attempts to employ electrical engineers were met by cold shoulders and harsh words.

But Brown delighted the harassed prison superintendent by offering to help. He agreed to supply an alternating-current dynamo, with the necessary wires, switches, and other accessories, for $8,160. Delivery was to be before June 21, 1889.

Naturally, Brown wanted a Westinghouse dynamo to supply current for the death chair. And, just as naturally, the Westinghouse people refused to sell the State any equipment for the new electrocution device.

Brown secretly enlisted an outside buyer. This man professed to want the equipment for export. Accordingly, the unsuspecting Westinghouse Company furnished the needed equipment, which was shipped to South America. From there the machinery was sent to Auburn Prison.

Lathrop was acquainted with a farmer, named Edwin F. Davis, who lived near Corning. Davis was an incurable tinkerer. Brown and Lathrop offered Davis the job of building the first chair, and he jumped at the chance.

No sooner had these arrangements been made than other obstacles arose to plague the prison superintendent. He could find no one to act as executioner. How could you be certain that in throwing the switch you would not electrocute yourself along with the criminal?

LATHROP confided this difficulty to Davis.

"Don't let that worry you," said Davis. "I'm not afraid of the machine or the job. I'll execute your criminals."

"The job's yours," Lathrop answered.

Davis was to get $250 for each execution.

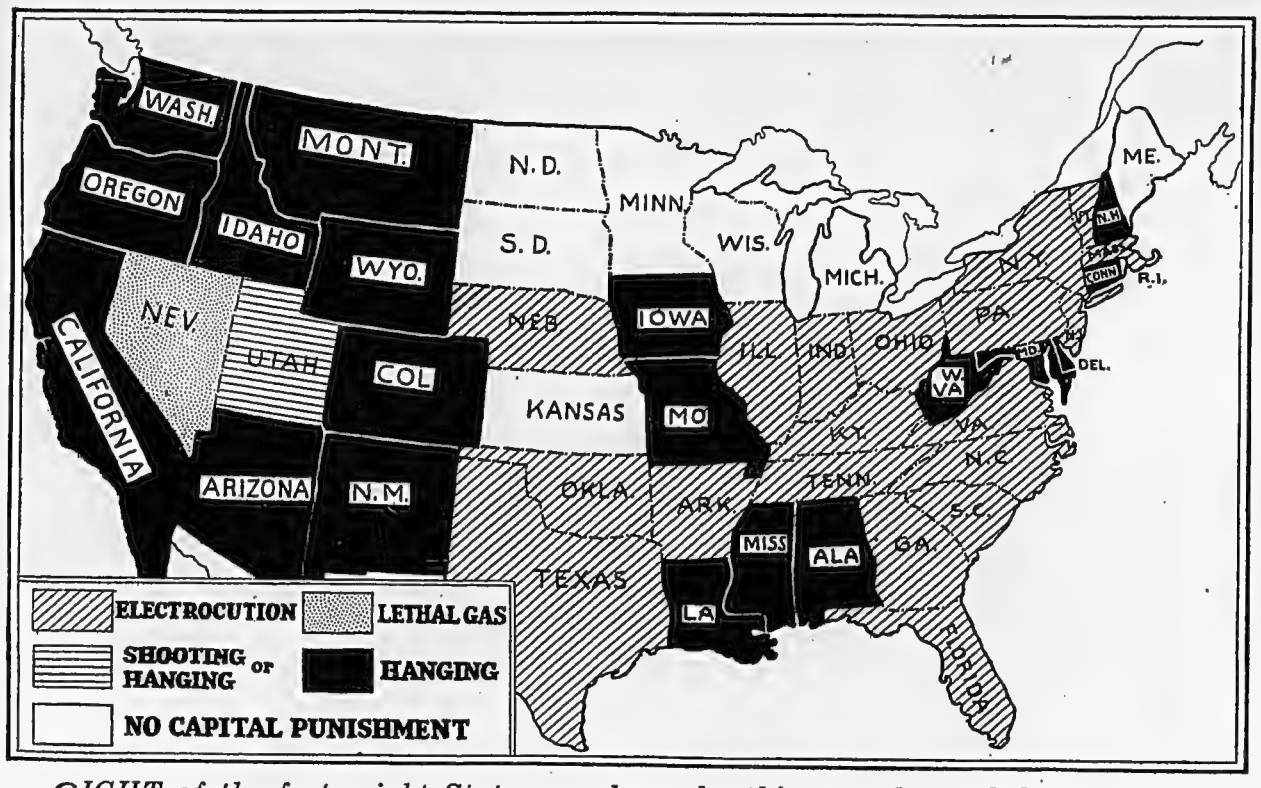
While Davis is recognized as the creator of the first electric chair, he had considerable advice and counsel. David Morris designed the chair proper. Lathrop, Brown, and Warden Charles Durston suggested changes. But it was Davis who really completed the chair and installed the machinery.

The chair was set up in a basement room of the penitentiary administration building. It was all ready by the summer of 1889. The Westinghouse-Edison rivalries, together with the radical nature of this new death machine, gripped the interest of the world.

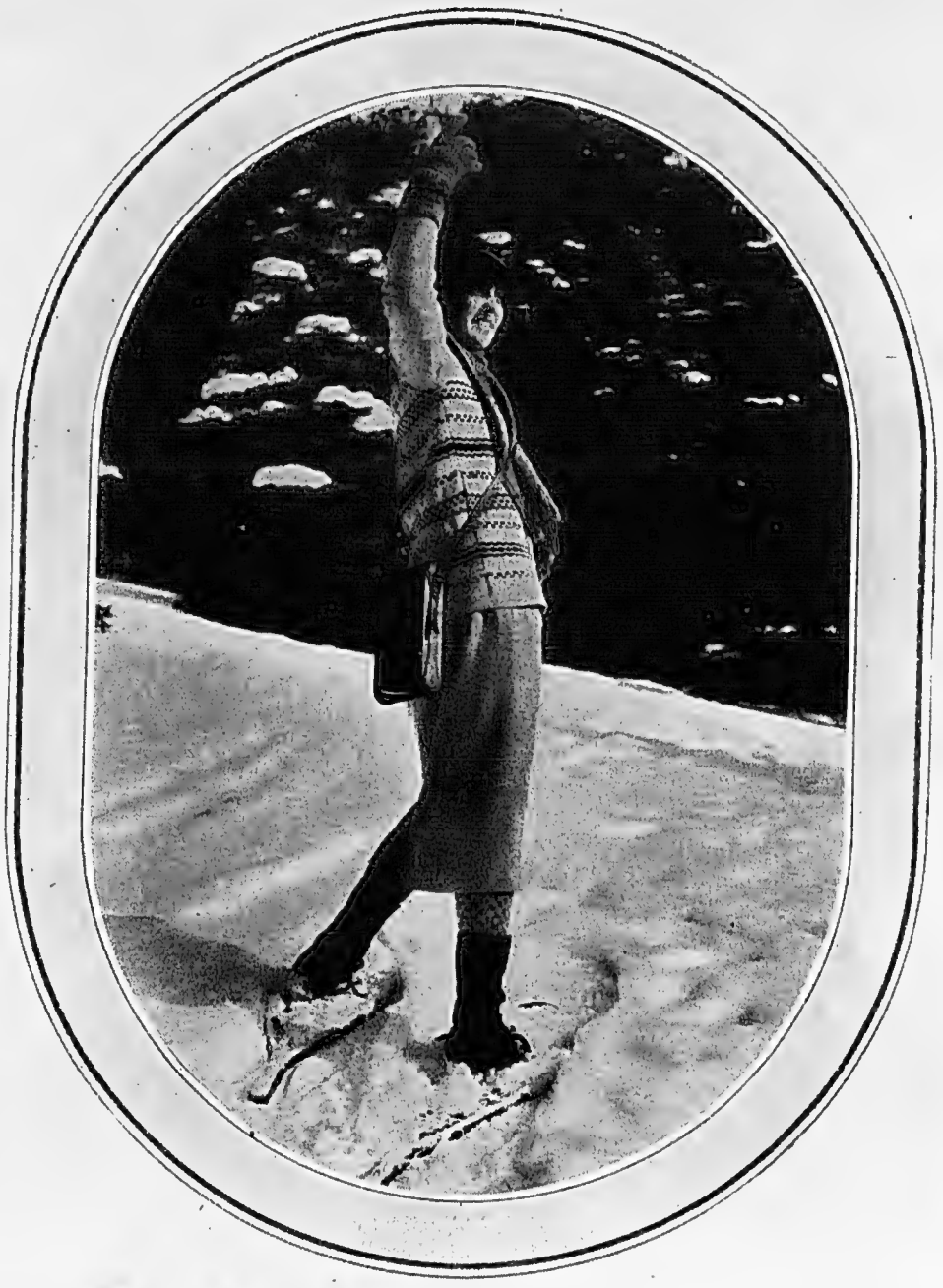
There was a horrible fascination about this unique piece of furniture. Scientists and electricians wrangled over just what would happen to the first victim. There is no doubt that the threat of this awful armchair had a decided effect in the downward swing of murders in New York about this time.

Meanwhile Davis was not idle. To mask his task as executioner he was given the harmless

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]



EIGHT of the forty-eight States, as shown by this map, have abolished capital punishment. Nineteen States still execute by hanging and nineteen have adopted electrocution. One State employs lethal gas, and one gives the condemned man the choice of death by shooting or hanging.



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Above: Modern irrigation engineering is transforming great areas to productivity in various sections of Peru.

Below: Cargo of International Trucks being transferred by lighter from the steamer Essequibo to the dock at the port of Pimental. The steamer is touching at this port for the first time, with the largest single delivery of trucks ever made in Peru.

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Motor Trucks are shouldering a heavy share of the great burden and, as with many another construction project the world around, *the trucks are Internationals.* The Irrigation Commission has chosen to *standardize* on International after trying out many makes of trucks. Fifty-four Internationals—both heavy-duty and speed trucks—have been proving their qualities in many months of the most strenuous hauling.

The matter of service plays its part, too, in the Peruvian preference. International Harvester maintains a world-wide representation that puts trucks on the job speedily, and keeps them there, wherever the job may be. In the United States and Canada 160 Harvester-owned branches serve International owners. If you have a hauling job and want it well handled, let International Trucks and Service work for you.

The International line includes the ¾-ton Special Delivery; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks, 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton; and Heavy-Duty Trucks, 2½ to 5-ton; Motor Coaches; and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Folders will be sent on request and the various models may be seen at the nearest display room.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

title of "State electrician." To make sure of his dynamo and connections, he followed the example of Brown and executed animals.

It should be made clear that the name "electric chair" is misleading. There is nothing electric about the chair itself. It is merely the device for holding the subject while the current delivers the death stroke.

IT was almost a year before Davis was called upon to dispatch his first criminal. The distinction fell to William Kemmler of Buffalo, New York. In 1889 Kemmler killed a woman. He was convicted and sentenced to death in the waiting electric chair.

Westinghouse sympathizers, backed by organizations and men opposed to capital punishment, rushed to his assistance. It was charged that Kemmler was condemned to death by a "cruel and unusual punishment."

An appeal was lost. The higher courts held the law was constitutional, since there was not sufficient proof that electrocution was a cruel and unusual punishment.

This was in August, 1890. Excitement had risen to such a pitch that the authorities kept secret the appointed day and hour. The wildest rumors swept over the State. The trick by which the alternating dynamo had been obtained was exposed.

One day it was reported that Kemmler had collapsed. The next day it was the warden who had collapsed. Rumor had it that an armed mob would rescue Kemmler.

On the night of August 5 an aged horse was led into the prison. Some time later its dead carcass was dragged out by another way. That same evening close-lipped doctors and State officials passed through the questioning crowds. The signs were unmistakable.

State Electrician Davis had slain the horse to test his apparatus. The physicians and officials were to witness the execution. The newspaper men guessed rightly that Kemmler would walk to the chair the following morning.

A dramatic but unemotional report on the electrocution of Kemmler was made to Governor Hill by Dr. Carlos F. MacDonald, president of the State Commission in Lunacy. Some of his report is quoted:

> The chair, a square-framed oaken one, with a high, straight, slightly sloping back and broad arms, was fastened to the floor, the feet being properly insulated. The head electrode was at the top and the spinal or body electrode was attached to the lower part of the back of the chair.
>
> The electrodes consisted of a bell-shaped rubber cup, four inches in diameter, the part corresponding to the handle of the bell being of wood, through which a wire passed to the bell, terminating in a metallic disk about three inches in diameter and faced with a layer of sponge.

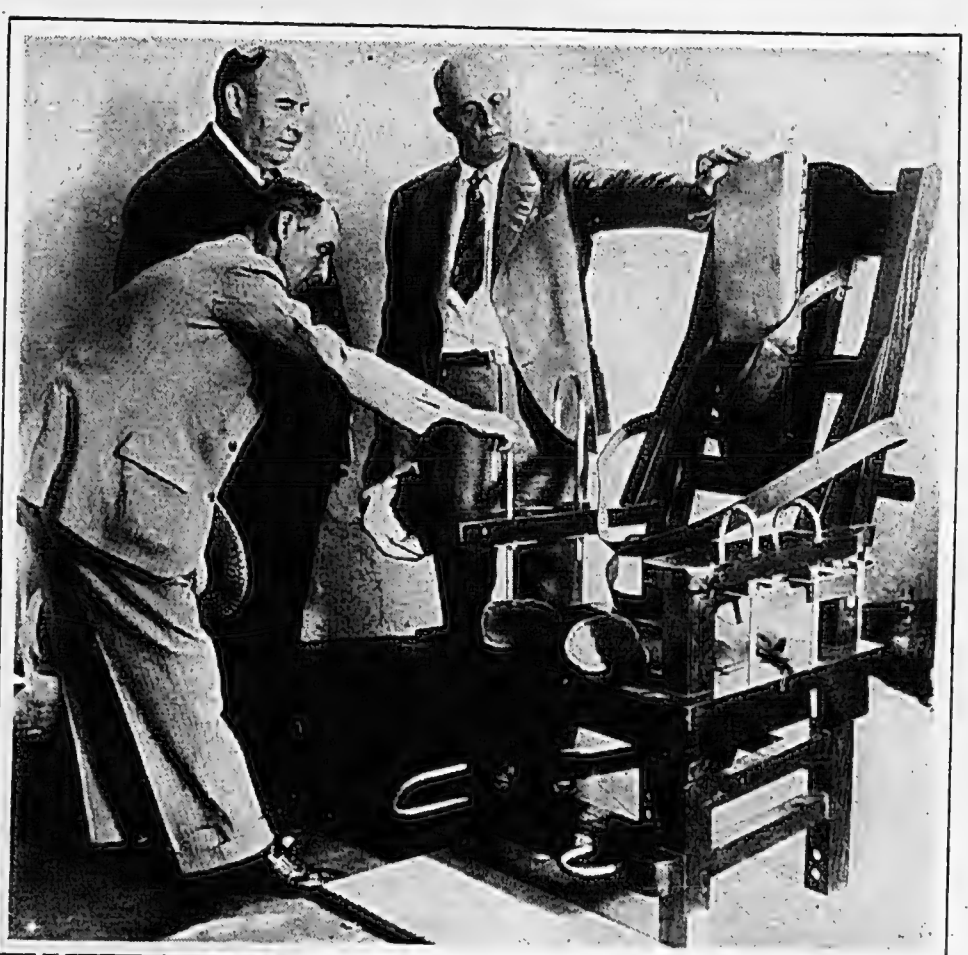
There were straps to secure the prisoner's head and body to the chair. The dynamo—which was used only for supplying the chair—and its engine were in the prison shops several hundred feet away. Voltmeter, switch, and other instruments were in a room adjoining the death chamber. Communication between the different rooms was by electric bell signals. Twenty-five witnesses, mostly doctors, were seated in a semicircle before the chair.

Dr. MacDonald's description continues:

On entering the room, Kemmler appeared strikingly calm and collected. In fact, his manner and appearance indicated a state of subdued elation, as if he felt gratified at being the central figure of the occasion. He was given a chair, and, on being seated, said:

"Well, I wish everyone good luck in this world and I think I am going to a good place. The papers has been saying a lot of stuff about me that wasn't true. That's all I have to say."

At the warden's bidding, he then arose, removed his coat, and, without the least display of emotion or nervousness, took his seat in the death chair, calmly submitting to the adjustment of the electrodes and the binding straps, himself aiding the proceedings by suggestions and fixing his body and limbs in proper position.



P. & A. photo

ONE of Illinois' new electric chairs in the Cook County jail at Chicago. It was built by Superintendent Albert Clark (right) of the Illinois State Penitentiary Construction Department and his son Walter (left). Warden E. J. Fogarty is in the center.

Brown Brothers photo

AN early execution at Sing Sing, before New York State's model death house at this prison was erected.

Kemmler's nonchalance was not shared by the guards. They handled the straps awkwardly and Kemmler sympathized with their agitation. To one who was having trouble finding a hole for a buckle tongue he said:

"Don't hurry. We got plenty of time."

After what seemed an eternity to the witnesses, the electrodes were moistened and fixed with the proper contacts to Kemmler's body. Between three and four minutes had elapsed.

Everything was ready. The warden gave the signal. As the current coursed through his body, Kemmler became rigid. Seventeen seconds later the doctors pronounced him dead.

But the first electrocution was not to pass off so smoothly. When the current was switched off, there were spasmodic movements of the chest that looked as if Kemmler were still alive and trying to breathe. There was a small panic in the death room. Hastily the current was reapplied, and the body was burned by the electrodes. An autopsy followed immediately.

When these details were published, the death chair was hailed as a colossal failure. The New York *Sun* headed its leading editorial, The First and Last. It said:

> The first duty of the next Legislature will be to repeal the Electric Execution Law. Scientific curiosity has been satisfied sufficiently by this one awful experiment.

Westinghouse adherents declared that electricity had proved itself "a mighty uncertain death agent." Thomas A. Edison was interviewed on the supposed slip in the electrocution. He said:

"We have something like thirty examples of instantaneous death in the accidents that have happened in and around New York. How was the electricity applied in these cases? Never to the head. In every case the mortal charge entered through the hand. The hair of the head is a nonconductor. The true way to execute a criminal is to send the current through his body from one arm of the chair to the other."

Edison admitted that he had recommended the electrical machinery used in the execution. He saw no reason to find fault with it.

Dr. MacDonald's report to Governor Hill declared emphatically that the spasmodic chest movements did not prove that Kemmler was alive after the first shock. The report concluded:

> The fatal stroke renders its victim unconscious in an infinitesimal fraction of a second, so small as to be beyond the power of human mind to estimate, while at the same time it disintegrates the nerve tissues and blood to an extent which insures an absoluteness of death in a shorter time than is possible by any other known method. In other words, it is the surest, quickest, most efficient, and least painful method that has yet been devised.

Old-timers in the electrical industry grin reminiscently when they recall the feud between the adherents of direct and alternating current which ended with the institution of the death chair.

Since then direct current has been developed to the point where it can be as deadly as alternating current. But the alternating system is still used for executions, because it has a reflex action on the muscles which instantly stops the heartbeat.

CAREFUL study of early executions brought about several improvements over the original death chair. The position of the lower electrode was changed from the base of the spine to the calf of the left leg. It was found that a man might pull away from the electrode fastened to his back.

There was a great outcry because the first electrodes burned the men they killed. Harry L. Tyler, now a New York advertising man, was called in to correct this. He increased the surface area of the electrodes.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CHAIR
Continued from Page Twenty-five]

Also, the design of the chair was revised. One of the new chairs was set up in the Auburn death chamber; others were sent to Sing Sing Prison at Ossining and Clinton Prison at Dannemora. All executions in New York are now performed at Sing Sing.

Davis served many years as State electrocutioner. He put to death scores of famous murderers. Among them were Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President McKinley; Chester Gillette, on whose life Theodore Dreiser founded An American Tragedy; and the New York gunmen who killed Herman Rosenthal, the gambler.

Davis developed into an eccentric. He became obsessed with an idea that friends of doomed criminals would steal his electrodes and prevent executions. To foil them, he constructed a box that looked like an old family Bible, in which he always carried the electrodes.

For the first execution 2,170 volts were used. Later Davis reduced the death shock to 1,840 volts.

Davis was fairly well off when he died, but in Corning there is a tradition that his last hours were harassed by the outlaw shades of the criminals he had sent to oblivion.

The present death chair and the new death house at Sing Sing have served as models for other States. The structure incloses the cells of condemned prisoners and the machinery for their annihilation. It is guarded constantly, inside and out.

The death chamber is a large, cheerful room with clean white walls. The doors and all furniture, including the chair itself, are of golden-finished quartered oak.

Directly under a skylight, near the center of the room, the death chair is bolted to the concrete floor. Four benches that look exactly like church pews are provided for witnesses.

THE chair is not uncomfortable. It has a rubber pad on the seat and on the headrest. Broad black leather straps, kept soft and pliable, are attached to the frame at points where they will most firmly bind the legs, arms, chest, and waist. Two round holes in the crosspiece between the chair legs receive the ankles of the condemned. The wires are led to the chair through pipes bedded in concrete.

The executioner's stand is in a small alcove at the right and slightly behind the chair. From this position he cannot observe the face of the doomed man, but he has a perfect view of what goes on at the chair. A nod or a dropped handkerchief tells him when to close the switch. The present execution fee is $150.

Prisoners enter the death chamber from a door that is only a few feet from the cells. The autopsy room is on the opposite side and communicates directly with the morgue.

Current for the electric chair, as well as for lighting and machinery at Sing Sing, is generated within the walls. However, the power used in electrocutions comes from a separate dynamo, and there is no dimming of the bulbs in the prison to tell other convicts when there is an execution.

The room containing the dynamo is lined with steel, and the wires leading from it are guarded by pipes and concrete. These precautions are to forestall any tampering by friends of the condemned man.

The voltage for execution now is around 2,000. But it is not the voltage that kills. Nikola Tesla proved this by repeatedly submitting his body to 40,000 volts. From seven to twelve amperes pass through the criminal during an execution. It is the amperage that is fatal. To put it in its simple form, voltage is pressure, while amperage is the amount of current. The electrodes are made of very flexible wire screen and are lined with sponges. It is through them that the current enters the body, and it is necessary that the contact be perfect. Each electrode is curved, one to fit the clipped head and the other to fit the calf of the leg.

Salt water is an unfailing conductor. Just before the switch is thrown, the electrodes are dipped in this liquid, which is retained by the sponges.

The process of strapping in the criminal and attaching the electrodes is completed in about forty-nine seconds. So swiftly do the attendants work that the current enters the prisoner's body seventy seconds after he enters the death chamber. The current is kept on about two minutes. A second and even a third shock may be administered as a precaution. While the current is on a humming sound is produced in the body.

Penologists declare that death by electrocution is instantaneous. The heart is stopped and the brain paralyzed before the nerves can register any feeling. The veins and arteries offer a perfect course for the current.

Electrical interests which started the idea of the chair as a trade argument were probably surprised at the spread of its use. Electrocution has been adopted by nineteen States.

Whether it is the best form of execution or not, it is the expression of a humane desire to eliminate dangerous criminals without torture. It marks a considerable advance from the time of Henry VIII, during whose reign 72,000 thieves and vagabonds were hanged, many after being tortured.

Ordinarily a sheriff has but few hangings to perform. He and his deputies are inexperienced and nervous. Even well conducted hangings take fifteen minutes. Bungled ones require thirty minutes or more. Often the man's neck fails to break and he is slowly strangled to death. It is such horrors as these that have driven so many States to adopt the electric chair.

There is no concern which makes a specialty of electric chairs. The construction of the chair and the installation of its electrical equipment usually are done in the prison where the death chamber is to be located.

Illinois is the latest State to substitute electrocution for the gallows. The other eighteen States that have adopted this form of execution are: Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kentucky, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, and Virginia.

THE following eight States have abolished capital punishment: Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, and Wisconsin. Other States execute by hanging, with the exceptions of Utah and Nevada.

Nevada kills murderers with lethal gas. Utah allows the doomed man to choose between death by the rope or by shooting. R. E. Davis, warden of the State Prison at Salt Lake City, gives the following facts about executions in Utah:

"Practically all of the condemned men prefer to die by bullets rather than by hanging. Out of fifty-one executions in Utah, only one was by hanging.

"The execution is carried out by the sheriff of the county in which the crime was committed. The execution takes place at the State Prison. There are five rifles used; four are loaded and one has a blank. Neither the sheriff nor his deputy knows which rifle carries the blank. The prisoner is taken to a spot against the wall which is not traversed by the prisoners and is seldom passed by the guards.

"He is strapped in a chair and the prison physician places a small disk over the condemned man's heart.

"All the executioners, with their rifles, are behind a curtain which has a slit for each rifle. At a given signal, all the rifles are aimed and fired as close to one time as possible.

"The executioners are robed in black and are admitted to the inside from a large sedan which has the windows soaped. None of the firing squad is supposed to know the identity of the other. The execution takes place at sunrise."

The present article has avoided the question of whether capital punishment should or should not be abolished. One side says that capital punishment does not prevent crime. To which the other side retorts:

"Capital punishment certainly prevents crime in the person executed."

And all arguments on the subject usually end with this deadlock.

THE END

WILLIAM KEMMLER, the first slayer to be electrocuted. He died in Auburn Prison, New York, in August, 1890. The headlines from two New York City dailies, as shown here, reflected the widespread opposition to this new form of execution.

"Come on! *Please!* Let's go this once!"

BUT NO. She is "too tired"—as usual.

It's little episodes like this — repeated again and again—that wreck marriages. And so often the woman who "fails to stay young with her husband" has only herself to blame.

Neglect, or misunderstanding, of the delicate problems of feminine hygiene so often leads to inertia, premature old age and needlessly unhappy marriage.

Yet there is no mystery about feminine hygiene, as there was a generation ago. The correct information and simple rules about it are contained in the booklet pictured below. It is offered to you free by the makers of "Lysol" Disinfectant. It is called "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." Its author is a woman physician who puts her sound professional advice in frank, understandable language. Simply send the coupon. The booklet will reach you in a plain envelope.

In the meantime, don't take needless chances. You may cause irreparable harm. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today at your drug-store. Complete directions come with every bottle.

Made by Lysol, Incorporated, *a division of* Lehn & Fink Products Company. *Sole distributors* Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. In Canada, Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited. © Lehn & Fink, Inc., 1928

Lysol
Disinfectant

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

"Lysol" Disinfectant is sold at retail *only* in the *brown* bottle packed in the *yellow* carton.

Send the coupon NOW

LEHN & FINK, Incorporated, *Sole Distributors*
Department 111 Bloomfield, New Jersey

Please send me, free, *your booklet*,
"The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

"Listerine, madam, – quickly"

Even children know that at the first sign of throat irritation, the use of Listerine as a gargle will often ward off colds—or worse.

Sore throat is a natural warning that should always be heeded. It is Nature's way of telling you that disease germs are fighting for the upper hand, and that prompt measures are necessary.

Listerine, as you know, has been the standard family first aid in these matters for more than a half century.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing bacteria that lodge in the oral cavity. Time and time again, it has nipped a serious complication in the bud.

Honestly, now, isn't it worth while to take this pleasant morning-and-night precaution every day during the cold weather, when so many people are laid up? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Never neglect a sore throat

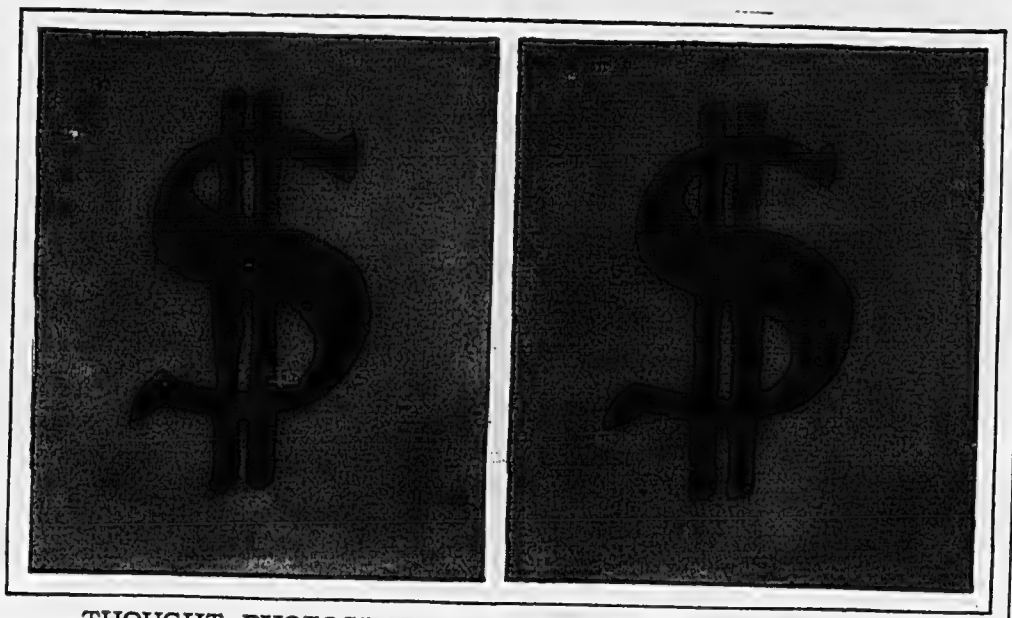
LISTERINE

–the safe antiseptic

GRAPHIC SECTION

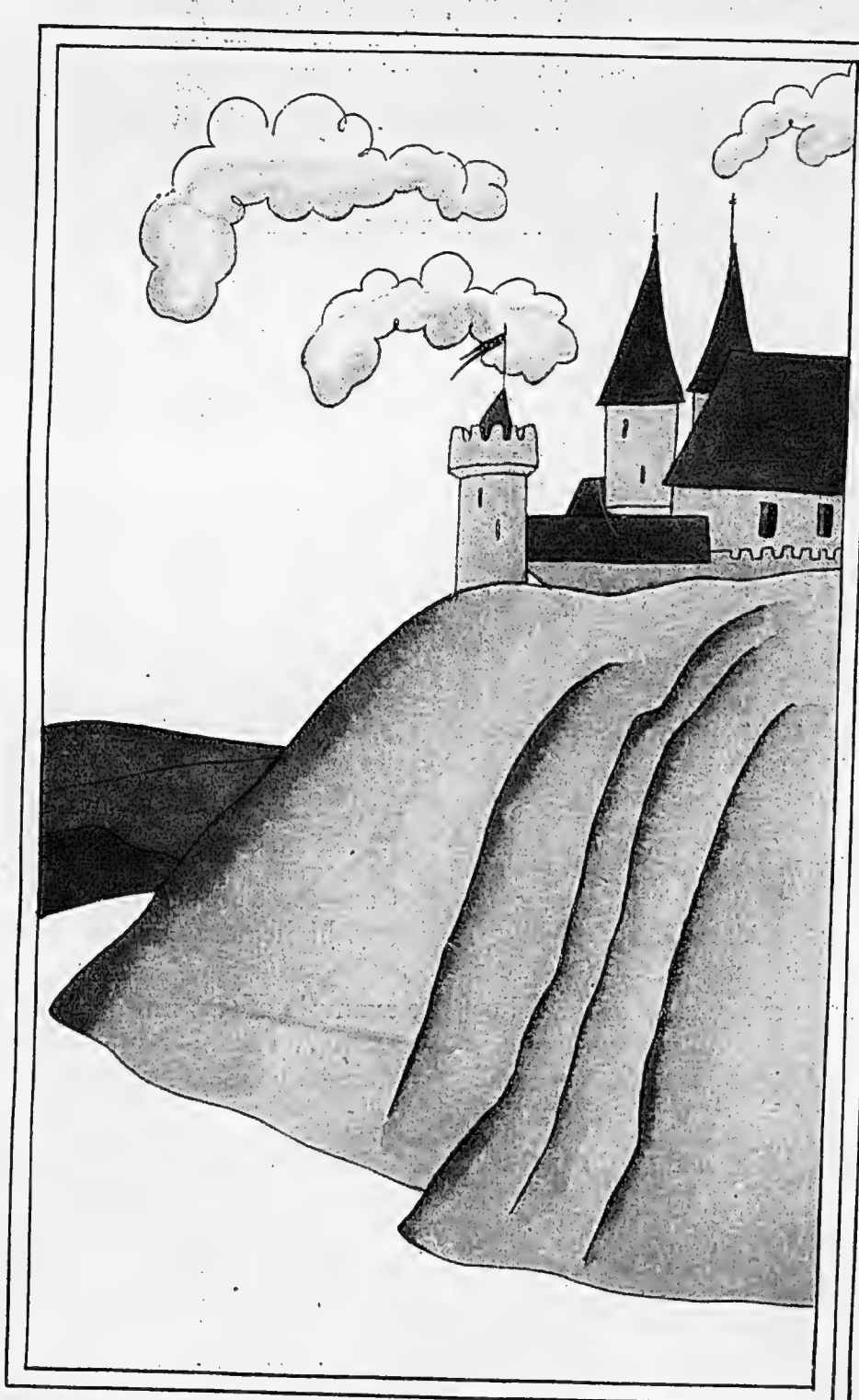
News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

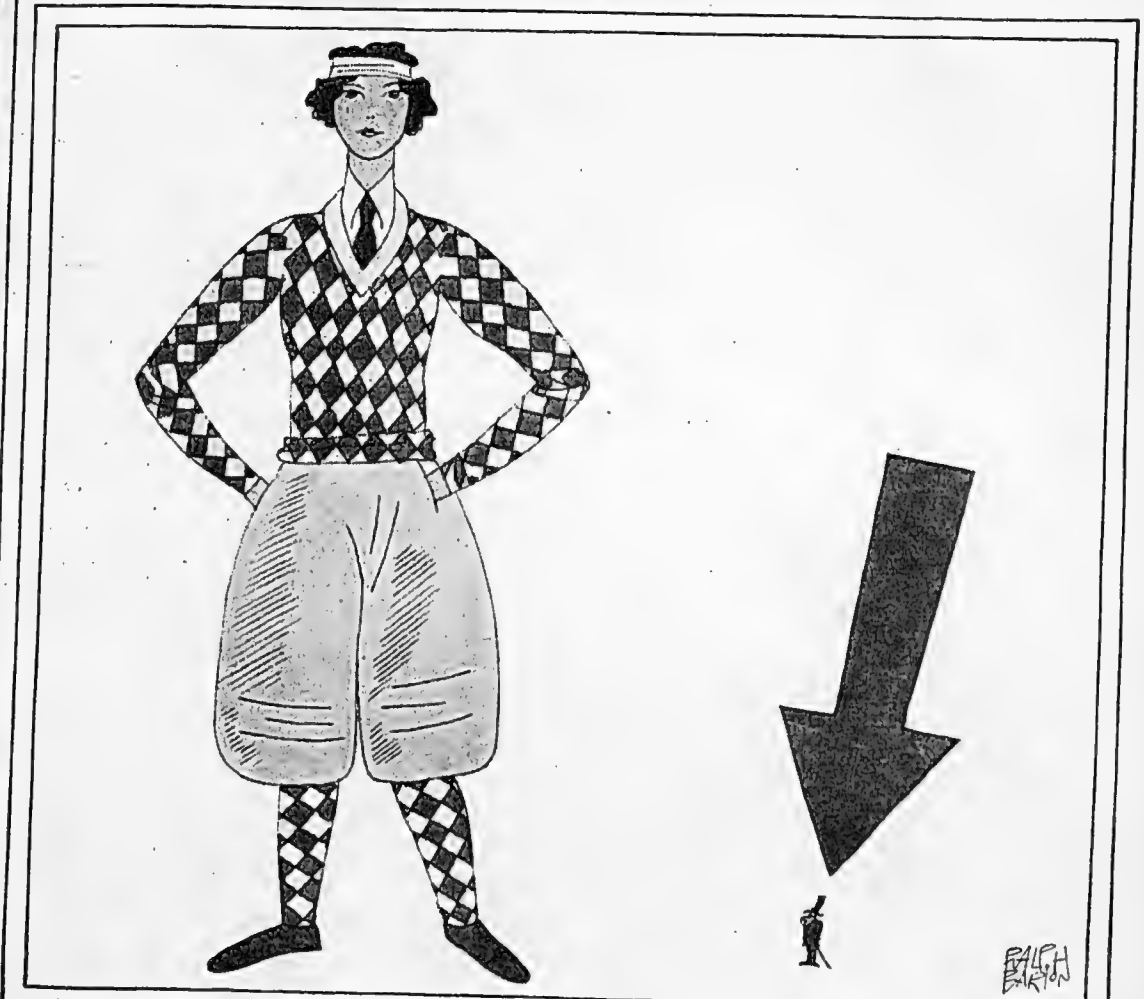


THOUGHT PHOTOGRAPHY. Radiographic impressions of (left) what foreigners visiting in this country are always thinking about, contrasted with (right) what all good Americans are thinking about.

DR. HARRIS K. BLUDDEN AND PRESIDENT C. ALCIBIADES ROUCHE, of the Knights and Ladies of the Right, award, over the radio, our annual cup. The 1926 cup goes to Mr. Will Hays for having banned Rain, one of the most intelligent plays in the past decade, from the movies.



SCHNITZLESCHLOSS-ON-THE-BLUT, the ancestral home of the Princes of Waldheimstein, a principality entirely supported by the reigning family's posing for cigarette and cosmetic ads.



WHERE ROAMS THE PUBLIC EYE, as directed by the Press. Diagrammatic representation of the relative importance of the first lady aviator to nearly cross the Atlantic, and the medico who has labored seventy years to discover a cure for cancer.

. . and YOU

Being born A WOMAN

CHARM . . . poise . . . verve . . . a subtle fascinating wit — no wonder men adore the brilliant Woman of Today — she who calls dullness the unforgivable sin.

For she has vanquished her ancient enemy — the imperfect elimination that dulls the mind and ages the body so quickly.

She has found — this modern woman — a new scientific way to a splendid vital radiance. Simple little tablets — mint-flavored. But back of Feen-a-mint lies a most remarkable story.

IN a famous European laboratory shortly before the World War, a new laxative principle was discovered which astonished the scientific world.

In the years that have passed since then, Feen-a-mint has swept whole carloads of pills and bottles into oblivion—for it refreshes, cleanses, purifies — *without shock.*

A cool, mint-flavored tablet—apparently just a bit of chewing gum—you chew it for two or three minutes at bedtime, until the flavor is gone. That is all. Yet notice how you feel next morning!

Fresh—buoyant—clear-eyed—the deadening poisons of constipation are gone. And gone with no violent "flushing" of the system—with no injury to the digestion—with none of the unpleasant after-effects that ordinary laxatives may have for you. This is Feen-a-mint—the originator of a new school of laxation and the answer of modern science to our commonest physical problem.

EACH tablet of Feen-a-mint consists of yellow phenolphthalein (the tasteless compound which is the "active principle") *combined with a delicious mint chewing gum.* This makes possible the advantage which experts have long striven for: *thorough mixing of a laxative with the mouth fluids which aid digestion before it reaches the stomach.*

So amazing, indeed, has been the success of this new method that a whole new school of similar remedies has sprung up. The outward semblance of these tiny white tablets may be imitated. But the care and skill with which each Feen-a-mint tablet is compounded, based on years of actual clinical experience — and the rigid laboratory control of each step in the process — these are things which make Feen-a-mint unique today.

Follow the example of two million other careful women, and try Feen-a-mint tonight yourself. Your favorite druggist has it.

A book of importance—free to you

THE discoveries of certain specialists in recent years have revolutionized many views on this vital problem of intestinal sluggishness. We have prepared a limited edition of a new work on constipation, its causes, and its cure. A copy is yours for the asking. Mail the coupon today.

HEALTH PRODUCTS CORPORATION, Dept. B-1
Newark, N. J.

Please send me your booklet, "85% of America."

Name .....

Address .....

Mary, *Mary*, *Very* WARY

Miss Pickford Tucks Up Her Curls and Slams Out a Hit

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes 25 seconds.)

TWO new films have been launched from the august portals of Pickfair. Doug Fairbanks' The Gaucho will be reviewed later. This page is dedicated to Mary Pickford's My Best Girl.

It is not easy to write anything new of Mary. "America's sweetheart" is thirty-four—and admits it. Her childhood was the childhood of many a stage kiddy. With her mother, her sister Lottie, and her brother Jack, she played endless engagements in such road shows as The Fatal Wedding and The Little Red Schoolhouse.

At thirteen she appeared as a little boy with Chauncey Olcott in Edmund Burke. Then she brought the Pickford family to Broadway while she played the child, *Betty Warren*, in The Warrens of Virginia.

Later, at the height of her first film success, she again played for David Belasco as the star of his A Good Little Devil.

The Pickfords' real name is Smith, and Mary's first Christian name is Gladys. Pickford was a family name of Mary's mother, Charlotte. Elizabeth Pickford had come from the North of Ireland, landing in Toronto, Canada, in 1850. She married one John Hennesy, and Charlotte was their granddaughter. The latter in turn became a Smith.

The baby days of Mary, Lottie, and Jack were precarious indeed. Once Mrs. Pickford kept a tiny candy shop in Toronto to eke out a living for her children.

After the engagement in The Warrens of Virginia, Mrs. Pickford took her children out to the Biograph studio, where D. W. Griffith and others of a notable company were foregathering.

Mary was given a rôle supporting Florence Laurence in a split-reeler, Her First Biscuits. That won her the leading rôle in a one-reeler, The Violin Maker of Cremona. In the leading rôle opposite was Owen Moore, destined to marry Mary Pickford and to be divorced by her.

An embarrassing moment that requires quick thinking in My Best Girl.

Mary Pickford and Charles Rogers find twenty-four-carat love in a dime-store stockroom.

The rest of Mary Pickford's career is familiar. Indeed, it may be trite to tell the story briefly as I have related it, unless, in the glamour of Pickfair, the public has come to forget the days when Mary struggled.

Sometimes it seems that film fans have forgotten how Mary went from a forty-dollar-a-week Biograph salary to maker of her own pictures and a founder of the United Artists, as the photoplay moved out of its makeshift remodeled stores upward to the present-day "cathedrals of the silent art."

OUT in Hollywood they say that Mary worries about her position in the films. America, she believes, no longer looks upon her as the first lady of the screen. Her throne, so they whisper, has been stormed and captured.

I should hate to think that this is true. Miss Pickford won a place that can never be duplicated. She was the first—and most beloved—idol of the celluloid. No one else can ever achieve such a position. I cannot believe that there will not always be a place for Mary Pickford.

Mary has brought down some of her present difficulties by sticking to kid rôles. Naturally, it is not easy to do these parts at thirty-four. At thirty-one Jack Dempsey couldn't overtake Gene Tunney when he had him reeling and dizzy.

There was a time when Mary played all sorts of rôles. Witness her in In the Bishop's Carriage, Mistress Nell, Madame Butterfly, and Less than the Dust, to name just a few pictures. Today Mary is too desperately trying to be sure-fire.

I always have admired Miss Pickford for her sanity in the face of the world's adulation. In all the years she has never lost her balance or her business judgment. Years ago, when Adolph Zukor, founder of Famous Players, said, "Mary Pickford is the best business man I know," he established himself as a prophet.

Mary is conservative, cautious, retiring, and saving. Doug, on the other hand, is the extreme enthusiast, the lover of show and glitter, the plunger. Across their dinner table at Pickfair they hit something of a balance.

My Best Girl is the old, old Cinderella yarn—of the shopgirl who wins the attractive boy of the ten-cent store's stockroom. Of course the boy turns out to be the boss' wealthy son. Mary runs through her repertoire of tricks, and she hits fire in one scene, where she pleads with a judge to release her harum-scarum sister.

The picture is mild, conventional, and sentimental—and yet it is Miss Pickford's best picture in a long time. I think you will like Mary and also the highly promising Charles Rogers as her sweetheart.

Do you know that—

Greta Garbo is to do John Colton's story of the South Seas, Heat, after which she will appear in The Tigress, in which she will be a sort of feminine Adolphe Menjou? . . . Noah Beery has been signed to appear with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky in Leatherface? . . . Sally O'Neil has departed from Metro-Goldwyn and she will star with Tiffany-Stahl Pictures? . . . Charles Ray is in vaudeville?

1060 Advertisers have already ordered space in LIBERTY for 1928

[AS OF DECEMBER FIRST, 1927]

732 Advertisers Used LIBERTY in 1927

FOR the first nine months of 1927, the thirteen leading national magazines gained 336 pages of advertising over the like period of 1926. LIBERTY'S gain alone was 232 pages, or nearly *three-fourths* of this total increase—leaving a *combined* net gain of 104 pages for the 12 other magazines.

		Pages			Pages
LIBERTY	**Gain**	***232**	RED BOOK	Gain	12
DELINEATOR	Gain	109	COLLIER'S	Gain	9
McCALL'S	Gain	91			
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL	Gain	49	GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	Loss	19
PICTORIAL REVIEW	Gain	45	WOMAN'S HOME COM.	Loss	23
COSMOPOLITAN	Gain	35	LITERARY DIGEST	Loss	87
AMERICAN	Gain	28	SATURDAY EVE'G POST	Loss	145

**Fractions disregarded throughout list. Figures tabulated from Reports of Publishers' Information Bureau.*

Magazine advertisers are buying more this year than last. *But buying differently.* The outstanding preference of advertisers for LIBERTY is accounted for by LIBERTY'S "Points of Advertising Difference"—one of which is

99% News Dealer Sales • • *Every Buyer a Reader*

S.O.S.—*from Aloft*

A Drama of the Air in One Act

By EDGAR H. FELIX

Pictures by EDWARD L. CHASE

BODIES numb. Weak, sick, cold. Then—a dory.

(Reading time: 7 minutes 32 seconds.)

SHERWOOD glanced methodically at the oil gauge; he checked his course with the compass; he looked down at the conspicuous beacon far below, just outside of Auneuil. The three motors droned monotonously. In ten minutes he would see the French plane bringing its load of tourists from London to Paris.

The same old schedule, Paris-London-London-Paris, day after day. The same foolish questions of lady tourists about his life of adventure. The same weather reports buzzing to his head through the phones clamped to his ears like a vise.

Two minutes more and he checked his course with the radio compass as he came in range of Dieppe. The French plane appeared on schedule. Beauvais lay below, looking just as it had looked every morning the past four months.

"Wouldn't it be fun to steer a new course and land these fool tourists in Copenhagen? I suppose this confounded radio would buzz with more instructions if I turned three degrees off the regular course," mused Sherwood. "And to think I went into this business for excitement! At least I can thank them that I don't have to wear a uniform."

The air became bumpier. The ship took a drop of a few feet and then rose again. Sherwood hoped a few of the passengers would get sick. He liked to see them airsick. They were all so stupid. These were the usual run: half of them American school-teachers, a white-haired couple who had been gathering their nerve for seven years to make a Channel flight, a couple of business men who read their newspapers, attempting to appear blasé. Probably their second trip.

Clouds gathered; the wind freshened. Sherwood toiled on. Nothing new to have the wind freshen. He had fought gales. Give him plenty of petrol, and weather meant nothing to him. Extra work, that's all. He glanced at the supply gauge. It was a bit lower than usual. Not much lower; only a little; enough left to make the return trip without refueling.

Not that they would consider sending him back without plenty of petrol. When he landed, mechanics would look over his ship, part by part, as if it were a prize Pomeranian on an arctic expedition. He wondered where those ground men got their patience. Same old story for them every day, too. Snooping around the old bus for hours, when all it needed was to have the windows washed and the tanks filled.

The radio irritated him more than anything else. The squeaking code signals seemed to wear on his skull. He felt as if invisible eyes watched his every move and reported it to the traffic control. He couldn't blink without filling out a report.

"That petrol is going fast. The fool mechanic must have riched up the mixture. There's plenty there, anyhow," thought Sherwood. "Another weather report. Storm warning. I'll be late for my date if I don't look out."

The ship left the coast at Dieppe. He nosed upward slowly. The craft pitched and rolled. Clouds made their great stains on the water. The passengers weren't looking out of the windows. One business man had closed his newspaper and was trying to appear to doze.

The air-speed indicator showed 120, but ground speed was slow. The coast line hung on like grim death, refusing to be pushed back. He stopped climbing at last.

Petrol! Look at that gauge! He pointed to it. The mechanic at his side awakened. Stupid! He hadn't been watching. Still plenty left, but why did it go so fast?

Sherwood reached for the radio key. He turned the transmitter switch and raised traffic control. "Land at Ditchling," read the orders. "Relief plane will take your passengers to Croydon. Report each five minutes."

A frightful breeze roared. The mechanic had climbed out of the cockpit. The right motor ceased firing. Something was happening! The mechanic crawled to the motor cockpit. Dripping petrol on the wing. The wing tilted down a bit to the right. The passengers sat deadly silent. They could have shrieked for all he cared; he couldn't have heard them anyway.

Sherwood watched the mechanic reach for the petrol pipe over the motor. For the first time he felt fear. One curl of flame, a dive to water, that would be all! But there was no curl of flame. Endless hours and the petrol line was shut off. The mechanic crawled back, while Sherwood tried his best to keep the ship on even keel. The

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Slave to Worry

paying daily toll to cachexia (run-down condition)

Beset by doubts and fears, nervous and irritable, constantly worn down to the ragged edge, how many women and men today are suffering the ravages of cachexia (run-down condition)? Probably millions. But it is pleasant to know that a large percentage of these cases will respond to the curative powers of the simple food, yeast.

And now you can get yeast in a form you'll like—Yeast Foam Tablets. Dainty little pellets of pure yeast. Easy to swallow or fine to chew like candy. Try them once and you'll know how good they are.

In the handy packet for 5c or the large bottle for 50c.

Eat Yeast Foam Tablets for cachexia (run-down condition). Loss of appetite. Indigestion. Constipation. Boils—Pimples.

On Counters Everywhere

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 No. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

other two motors functioned perfectly, but the wind made fast work of the petrol.

He would make his landing field all right.

At length the mechanic clambered into the cockpit and resumed his seat. The roaring breeze stopped as he fastened down the cockpit window. This time it was the mechanic who pointed to the petrol gauge. Two, he signaled with his fingers.

Two! Not enough. Southeast gale. Offshore. A Channel landing!

Sherwood reached for the key. "S O S," he ground out slowly. He listened in for a moment. The air was full of shrieks. Half of Europe seemed to answer. He singled no particular station out of the bedlam of signals. He was heard; that was all he wanted.

THE passengers in the cabin hung to their seats. No one tried to speak.

The outward calm of the pilot and mechanic revealed nothing to them. Something was wrong. They knew that. Only two engines. A storm. The ship rocked, swayed, and jerked. But she still poked forward. The mechanic was safe inside again. To see him back in his seat seemed a token that all was well.

They hardly noticed Sherwood pounding the radio key. No crashing spark revealed the word sent by his pliant wrist, even if they could have interpreted the code. Just two little tubes in a box.

In two minutes the Channel knew that one of those leering, care-free planes would rest on its surface. The Channel would toy with it, then crush it. For months it had waited, defied. Wind and petrol today had aided.

Traffic control gave orders to land: "Keep her afloat as long as you can. We are advising shipping. Several ships are coming to your aid."

Sherwood nosed down. Ten miles westward were two fishing smacks, tossing visibly. He headed into the wind, seeking to land as near them as possible. But the wind fought, and he did little more than hold his own. The water came nearer. It wasn't blue, or sea-green. Black and white, foaming, teeth showing. The air was much more hospitable.

At last he straightened out to land. He hated to land. Even he would be sick. And they would have to wait. It would seem a long time. Maybe half an hour; probably an hour. Very likely the women would cry. They would ask each other why they had ever left home. Why had they left home, anyway?

It took courage to face that grinning water. The struts seemed to bend. The first wave buried the front pontoons. Then she rose on her heels. The wind caught under the wing. He gave her the gun, to keep from nosing into the water.

The mechanic pulled out the life belts. He helped the passengers put them on.

"I guess that's Rule No. 33. That petrol won't hold out very much longer."

The big ship was no sea craft. The wind and sea combined in a tug of war. Straining, creaking, crashing. The front pontoon on the right sank in deeper than the one on the left. Each wave drove it deeper. The cloth on the wing ripped. The motors stopped. In time she would sink; but there was still time.

Sherwood shouted to the passengers: "Follow me and hang on. Don't let go. A ship will be alongside any minute. But don't let go."

They clambered out of the window in front at the right. Eight of them, like rats on a biscuit. They pulled the left wing out of the water by huddling on the right. The pontoons sank out of sight. As she settled, the wind jerked them less. They were in the hands of the Channel.

Did those fishing smacks have radio? Was there an operator with head phones clamped in his ears? Had they put about or were they still playing with nasty, wriggling fish? Some smacks had radio, some didn't. They all ought to have radio. Wonderful radio!

The wings settled. For a long time the lower wing floated like a plank. Water broke over. Everybody drenched.

Sherwood locked his legs to a strut. He took off his coat and shoes. The others followed his example. He shouted to the old lady; her husband had his arms around her, clinging to a strut.

"We'll be all right soon. Tug on the way. They got our S O S. Just hang on, that's all."

She smiled. It was a smile of courage. But, anyway, she smiled. Only for a second.

Water broke over the wing constantly. The tail was going up as the front of the plane went down. Nothing in sight but waves. Sometimes oncoming water looked like a wall. Then you rose sluggishly and tons of water tried to tear you from the wing. Then you were on top for a while. Then a dive and a wall of water again.

ONCE on top, Sherwood saw a spar; for a moment, a cabin. The fishing smack. It dove and then the plane dove. He did not see it next time they were on top.

"Ship only a mile away!" he shouted.

The word passed down the wing. Everybody looked; nobody saw.

After a while the wing no longer lifted itself above the surface. The tail seemed overhead when they got a look at the sky.

Painfully Sherwood made his way to the front edge of the wing. He clambered from strut to strut. Then on top of the cabin. He lifted each passenger up, one by one. They huddled to the tail.

It seemed safer, somehow, bobbing there back of the wings. When each wave broke over, the main wings went out of sight, but the tail stuck out behind, never completely submerged. On the crest of each wave, too, they could see the smack, either towering on a distant crest or almost buried in a trough. Rescue was not in doubt now. Just a question of waiting.

The main wings no longer lifted as the waves went by. Glad they had moved in time. The plane was slowly sinking.

They could see the crew of the fishing smack signaling now. Only 100 feet off! The tail was the only part of the plane in sight; the wings were under their feet most of the time. The cabin roof lifted lazily, but only for a moment, when the waves drifted by. The last 100 feet were the slowest of all. Clinging to the tail out of habit now. Not thinking any more about anything but the smack. Bodies numb. Weak, sick, cold. Then—a dory. Strong arms. One at a time. All in the cabin of the smelly smack. Luxury, comfort, warmth.

"Who's the pilot here?" asked a sailor.

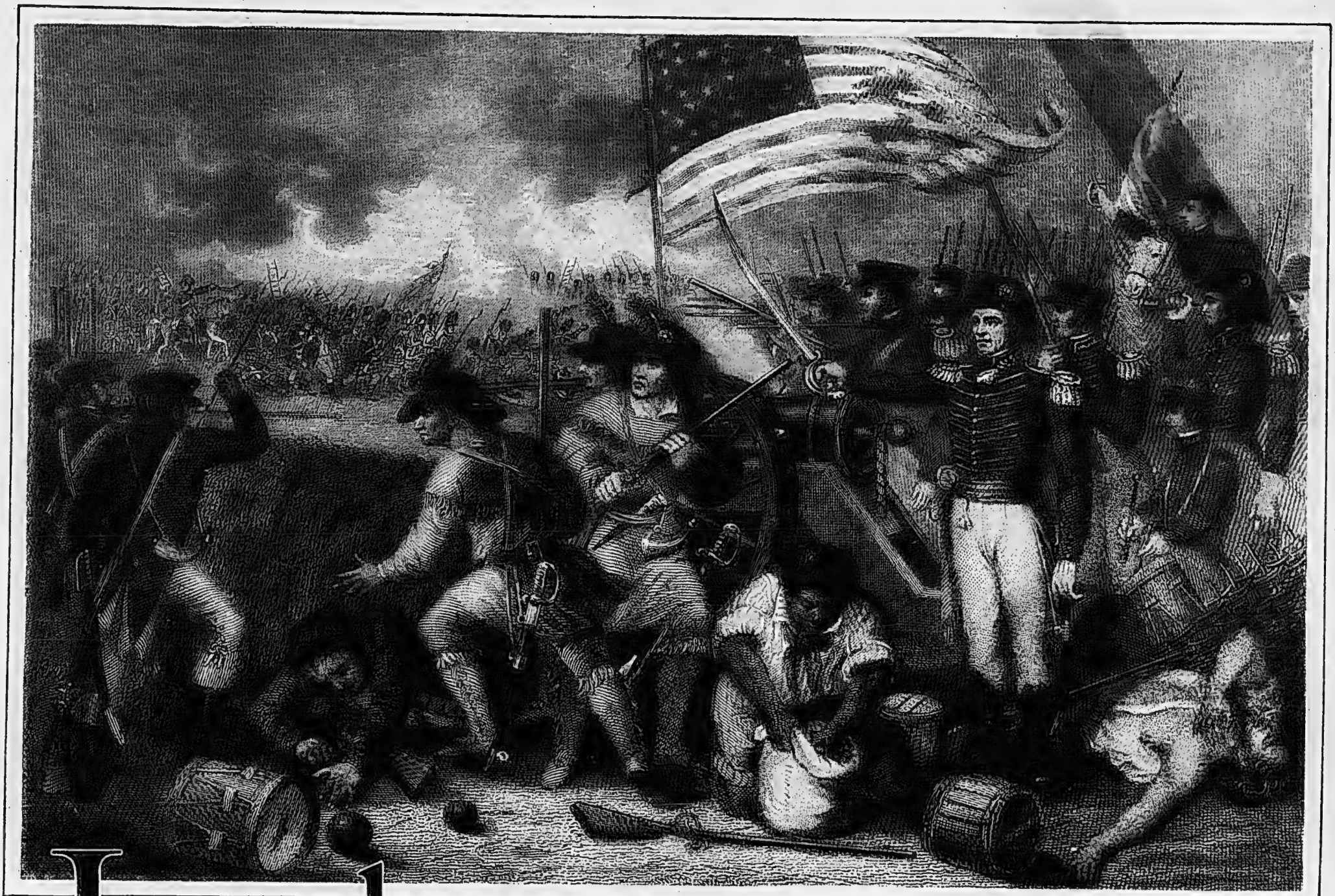
"I am," replied Sherwood.

"I have reported your rescue to Croydon. They have asked us to put into Dieppe, where a special plane will run your passengers to London or Paris, as they wish, after they have been rested at the hotel. You are to make out a special accident report as soon as you arrive."

"Damn that radio," answered Sherwood. "Another report!"

THE END

Something was happening! The mechanic crawled to the motor cockpit.



From an engraving made in 1861 by H. B. Hall.

THE Battle of New Orleans, showing Jackson and a section of his nondescript army of Creoles, Indians, Negro freedmen, frontiersmen, and regulars.

Jackson *at New Orleans*

The Story of a Campaign that Saved the West

An Article by

CLIFFORD RAYMOND

(Reading time: 20 minutes 4 seconds.)

THE fourth battle to keep New Orleans out of British hands was fought January 8, 1815. It was decisive, almost obliterating the British, and is celebrated now as Jackson Day.

The first one, fought December 23, 1814, was a night attack by the Americans on the British advance regiments which had landed from small boats off Lake Borgne, taking the defenders of the city by surprise. This was on plantation lands along the Mississippi, seven miles below the city to the southeast—lands skirted by cypress swamps and marshes.

The night fight was a confused affair, with friends mistaken for enemies and enemies for friends. The British kept the field. The second meeting had been a grand reconnoissance by the British to test the American line. The third had been an artillery duel, with the infantry of the two armies as spectators. The British artillerymen were outshot and driven from their guns.

British officers, experienced in America—such as those who had met Joshua Barney's artillery at Bladensburg, Maryland, a few months before—were prepared for that, but the soldiers more recently come from the Napoleonic wars were not. It was inexplicable that American artillery could outshoot British guns.

Bladensburg had been the capsheaf of national disgrace. Only Barney's sailor-manned artillery relieved the incompetence and panic. New Orleans later was an astonishing victory. There was some difference in the quality of American troops engaged, but most of the difference was in one man—Andrew Jackson.

The United States was down to the dregs of the cup of humiliation when the New Orleans campaign began. Its credit was gone. Its specie was gone. It was dissolving. The New England States had definitely withdrawn their militia from Federal service.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island were negotiating what was virtually a treaty of defense and alliance, as if one were Mexico and the other Guatemala. The Hartford Convention had begun, and it was, without much cover, an assemblage of secessionists.

Massachusetts was bustling with new factories, and, in spite of its closed ports, it and the other New England States had all the hard money in the country. Elsewhere the large banks were broke.

James Monroe, Secretary of State, had to pledge his personal credit to get a nickel for the government. He was always flat himself, but his credit was better than that of the United States. In 1814, $40,000,000 was needed. Congress dared authorize an issue of only

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS] Continued from Page Thirty-five

$25,000,000 in bonds, and the Treasury dared offer only $10,000,000, of which $9,000,000 was jobbed out at 88 per cent of its face value.

New England would not buy bonds. It had the largest and best-equipped militia (80,000), but would not allow it to be used by the United States; and it was spending its specie to discount British drafts for enemy army paymasters; and it was getting the hard money back by selling supplies to the British commissary.

New England and upper New York subsisted the enemy army in Canada for its attacks from the north, driving cattle across the boundary and hauling in forage, grains, and mess supplies.

Sir George Prevost, the British commander, wrote his home office that his army was fed by the Yankee supplies.

SEDITION, secession, disgrace, and dishonor had been pyramided upon the fragile republic in sectional rivalries and partisan ignominies until union was a mockery and national stability was a comedy.

The Union was so nearly done for that the most radical secessionists in Massachusetts waited only for the capture of New Orleans to make it a fact. Then John Cabot would be President of New England. For every New England man who died under Brown, Scott, Macomb, Perry, and MacDonough, ten fractious theorists, profit-seekers, and blind partisans did work in the rear which made that sacrifice futile.

Madison was sick with anxiety. The city of Washington was taken, the public buildings were burned, the President of the United States was a fugitive in the Virginia woods, and his wife, fleeing in a coach, was subjected to the insults, profanity, and obscenity of a panic-stricken rabble crowding the roads from the city they hadn't the courage to defend.

The cup was about drained, and New England secessionists watched with unmistakable satisfaction the failure of the war and the possible dissolution of the Union. Fully half of New England was loyal, but the other half seemed to have the upper hand.

There was a Unionist in the White House some eighteen years later who was ready to hang John Calhoun for secession threats in South Carolina over the tariff. That President was Andrew Jackson, who at New Orleans had not been able to get muskets for all his soldiers, so badly had sedition and disunion broken the power and credit of his government in war.

If the meaning of the sentiment in the flagstaff of this magazine needs explanation, it may be found in circumstances of its authorship.

Stephen Decatur was in command of American frigates in this war—of the United States, which captured the Macedonian; of the President, which was captured by a British squadron. His toast to "my country, right or wrong" comes to this generation from battlefields of American dead killed by soldiers fed by American beef and American breadstuffs when American soldiers could not get war material.

If Decatur seems ethically indifferent to debatable points of right or wrong, it may be because of his observation of the physical consequences of disunion, disloyalty, dissension, and discord.

The White House was burned in August, 1814. Decatur gave his toast in April, 1816. He was mortally wounded in a duel at Bladensburg in 1820. The cause was his country's military honor as he saw it in his controversy with James Barron, another naval officer.

It was the sardonic luck of the United States to declare war on Great Britain just as Napoleon was starting his self-wrecking campaign against Russia.

It was the further luck of the luckless republic still to be at war when the Allies were marching into Paris, when Napoleon was sent to Elba, and Great Britain, thoroughly irritated, was free to use as many of Wellington's veterans as might be needed in America.

The British used the West Indies as a base. The first rendezvous for the warships and transports was Bermuda. From there the expedition sailed to harry the coast of the Chesapeake, to burn public buildings in Washington, to raid the shores of the Patuxent and the Patapsco rivers in Maryland, and attack Baltimore.

The purpose, as stated by the British admiral, Cochrane, in a letter to Secretary of State Monroe, was "to carry into effect measures of retaliation against the inhabitants of the United States for the wanton destruction committed by their army in Upper Canada" and "to destroy and lay waste such towns and districts upon the coast as may be found assailable."

The distracted government in Washington could do nothing to save the national capital, and a contemptuous enemy stacked up the President's furniture and applied the torch. Dolly Madison had time before flight to have a Negro servant save the portrait of Washington.

Baltimore defeated the attack and the expedition sailed away, leaving ravaged shores.

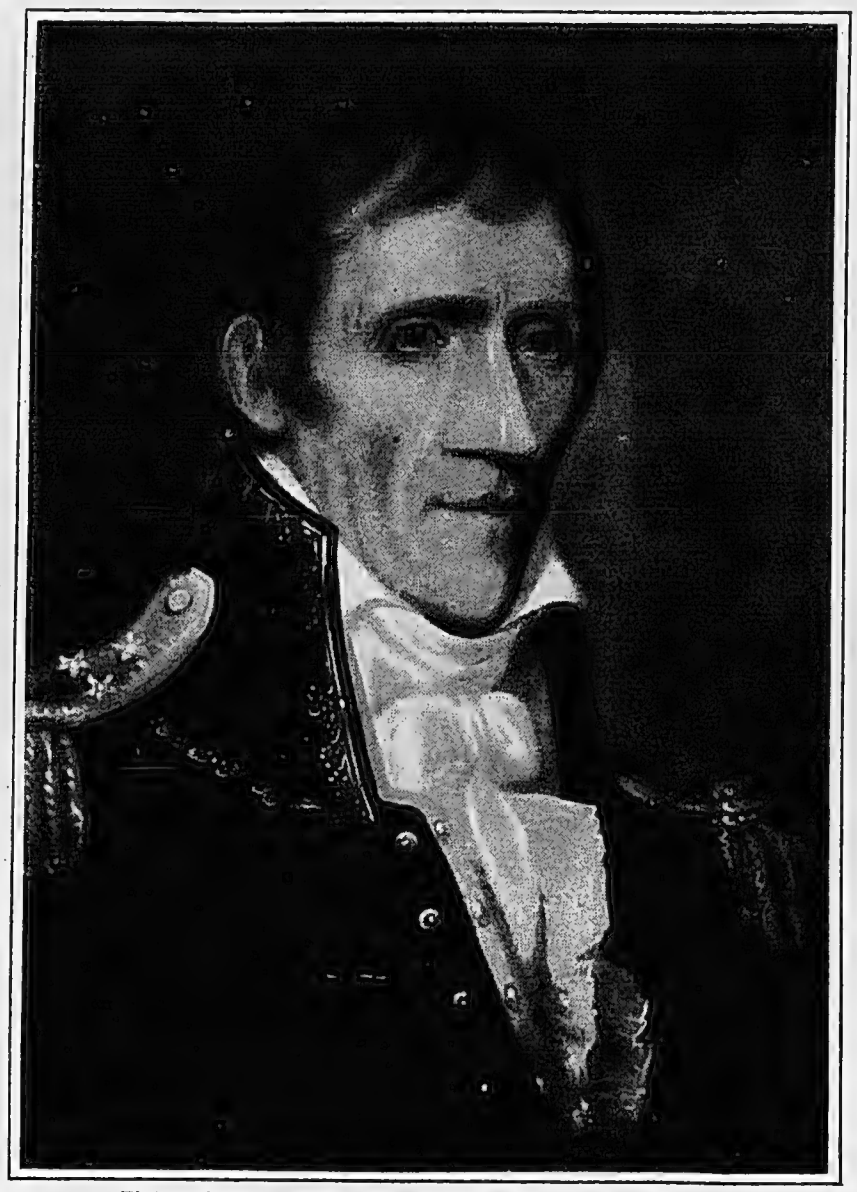

Photo by Peter A. Juley & Sons, from the original in the Fridenberg Galleries.

"Old Hickory," from a painting done by Wheeler shortly after the Battle of New Orleans.

THE second rendezvous again was in the convenient West Indies. This time the warships and transports anchored in broad Negril Bay in Jamaica, fifty vessels, with the eighty-gun Tonnant as flagship. More troops joined the army there — Major General Keane's four regiments of Wellington's Peninsular veterans, and the Praying Highlanders of the Ninety-ninth Regiment from the Cape of Good Hope.

There were 3,100 men who had been in the taking of Washington, 1,500 marines, two regiments of Jamaica Negroes, and probably 10,000 sailors. The British troops were the flower of the army, and a touch of at least reflected genius was to be found in Major General Sir E. Pakenham, Wellington's brother-in-law.

This was November. The Gulf coast was the object of attack, and New Orleans, it could be seen, was the almost certain point. At New Orleans there was nothing but a governor quarreling with the legislature, a population which was supposed to regret its recent incorporation into the United States with Napoleon's sale of the Louisiana territory, and of this populace a few hundred Creole gentlemen drilling in uniformed companies.

But there was to be Andrew Jackson, and the Creole gentlemen proved that their loyalty to their new country was gunpowder-proof.

The war was as nearly a religion in the American West as obstruction to it was an article of faith in New England. Ohio, Indiana, the Northwest Territory, Kentucky, and Tennessee had not been interested in the avowed causes of it.

The impressment of seamen, indignities to American sovereignty on the sea, interference with trade, and maritime humiliation and injury did not affect Western corn planters and fur traders, but the continuance of the Indians in Western land did.

The success of the Revolution had not ended the British-Indian alliance for the restriction of the American westward advance. English profit and Indian profit each required the stemming of the pioneers.

Tecumseh's great plan of Indian union—the second and last of a native statesman, Pontiac's being the first—had been disclosed prematurely because the evangelistic end of it, his brother the Prophet, broke loose too soon. William Henry Harrison had his bare victory at Tippecanoe near Fort Wayne, Indiana, the year before war was declared on Great Britain for maritime reasons.

Tecumseh had reached far out for his confederation against the whites, and the Creeks of the South were the right wing of his hope. His left rested on the British outposts in Canada, and his center was in the tribes in the Northwest Territory.

INDIANS meant British intrigue to such men as Andrew Jackson. Every frontier leader knew that the new States and Territories could not have peace until Great Britain was persuaded to take another view of the westward American movement.

Tecumseh's evangel among the Creeks had shot the fiery arrow in August, 1813, when the white settlers had congregated in and about Samuel Mims' place above the Tombigbee and Alabama rivers for protection. Mims' buildings had been stockaded and there was a garrison of soldiers.

One drowsy August day it was stormed by 1,000 Creeks under the half-breed Weatherford. Four hundred soldiers and civilian men, women, and children were killed by the Indians.

The reverberating horror of that frontier disaster brought action and, in the course of it, the great soldier of the frontier, Jackson. He was still suffering from the wound of his fight with the Bentons in the tavern at Nashville and his intestinal disorders had a fresh grip on him, but he almost destroyed the Creeks as an Indian power. Jackson had the frontiersman's attitude toward the Indian and a great hatred of enemy whites who used them.

Pensacola was Spanish-governed, but the British had not respected the neutral character of the Florida territory and the Spanish were agreeable to the British use of it. Pensacola had been a base of supplies for the Creeks and a refuge for escaped warriors, Red Sticks, as they were known.

While the British prepared to ravage the Chesapeake region and the Gulf coast with their Napoleonic veterans, Jackson was carrying on a private war with Spain to teach the Spanish governor what neutrality meant.

WHEN he was ordered to the defense of New Orleans, he was preoccupied with the Spanish and the British along the Florida coast and what is now Alabama. He thought the British would attack Mobile, and almost up to his discovery of the enemy on the Villeré plantation, seven miles from New Orleans, he maintained that opinion. When he was assembling troops for the Louisiana defense he left at Mobile at least 1,000 regular troops, seriously weakening himself.

President Madison and Secretary Monroe had information of the great invasion being prepared at the Jamaica base. The American peace commissioners sitting with the British at Ghent were standing firm against impossible British terms and were sending military intelligence to Washington.

The administration had much difficulty in bringing Jackson to see the real danger. Monroe wrote him that "Mobile is a comparatively trifling object with the British government," and that Jackson's presence on the Mississippi River with the main body of his army was of vital importance.

Jackson did not yield to Washington's urgence until November 22, 1814, when he set out from Mobile. Four days later the British sailed from Negril Bay, Jamaica. Jackson was sick and traveled the 125 miles slowly.

He had sent General Coffee with his mounted riflemen to Baton Rouge. He had ordered the Forty-fourth regular infantry, 331 rank and file, to New Orleans, where the Seventh regulars, 465 men, were stationed. His other forces were widely dispersed.

General Carroll's 2,500 Tennessee militiamen were coming down the Mississippi, and somewhere above them on the river were about the same number of Kentuckians under Generals Adair and Thomas.

There were also on the Ohio or Mississippi two boatloads of muskets. Both boats were proceeding leisurely, the captains, by agreement with the authorities, trading along the way. Fortunately, General Carroll found one boat and took the arms. Hinds' Mississippi dragoons, 100 or so strong, were near Baton Rouge.

Jackson entered New Orleans December 2. He approached the town by the road along the Bayou St. John, which empties into Lake Pontchartrain on the north.

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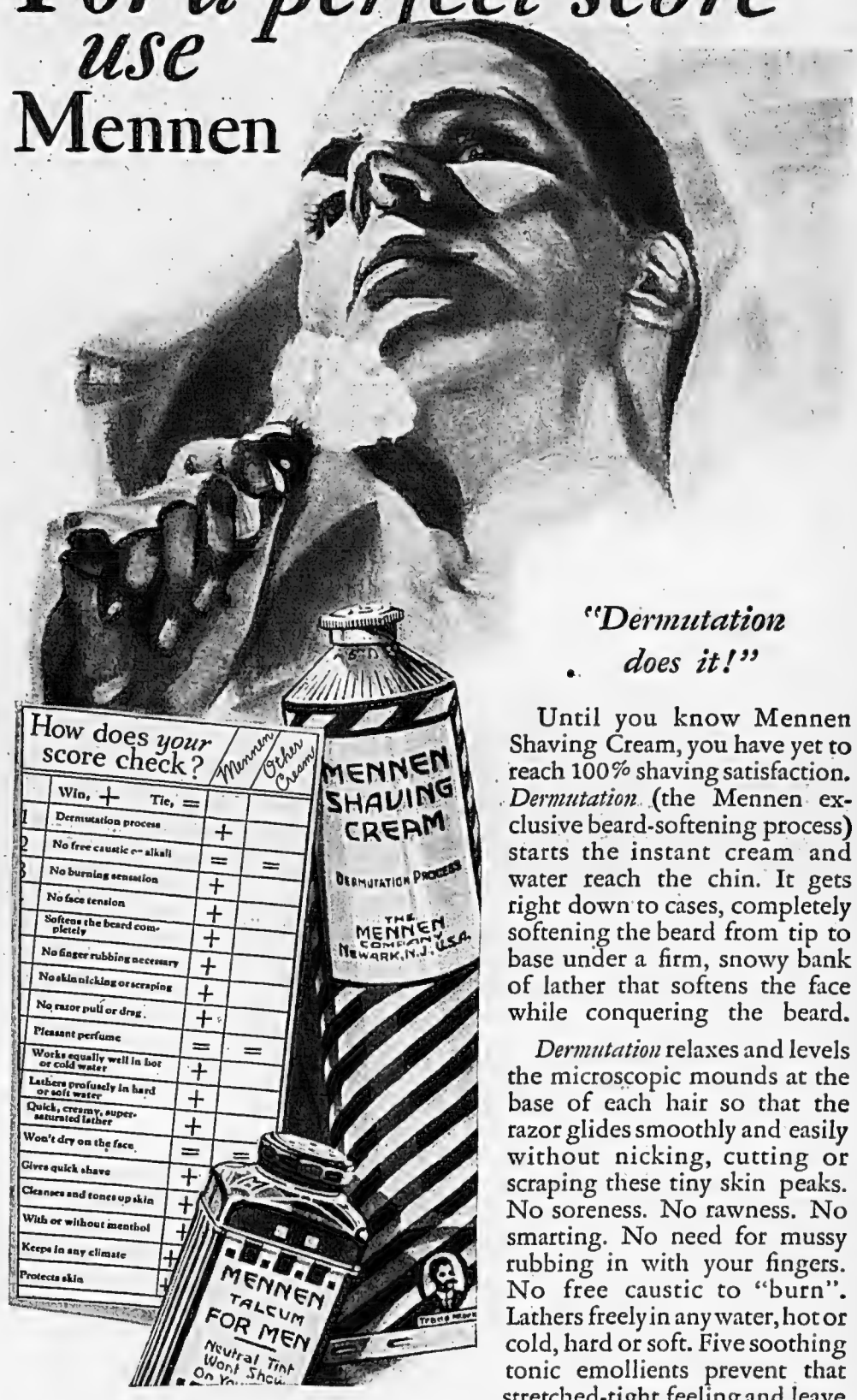

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[JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS Continued from Page Thirty-seven]

He met the Louisiana authorities, the quality folk, and Commodore Patterson, with the ships Carolina and Louisiana. Jackson said he could save New Orleans, and the people stopped some of their dissensions.

He was the object of great curiosity, particularly to the Creole ladies, who viewed him with whatever prejudgments of his character they might have, as duelist or disciplinarian, barroom fighter or Indian fighter, gallant husband or border bully. They found he had courtly manners, and when he said that New Orleans and its women were safe from the rumored British toast to "Booty and Beauty," they believed him.

If the city anticipated the application of this sentiment in the event of capture, there was justification in the letter from Lord Bathurst to General Ross after the taking of Washington, before Ross' death was reported in England, to "make its [New Orleans'] inhabitants *feel* a little more of the effects of your visit than what has been experienced at Washington."

JACKSON, as it was revealed later, had just three weeks to put the city in defense, and his preconceptions of how the attack would be made were all wrong. He thought the British would sail up the 100 miles from the Gulf to the city and put it under the navy guns. That would require the reduction of Fort St. Philip, sixty miles down. If the river route should not be used, Jackson thought the enemy would gain Lake Pontchartrain to the north and come down from there.

He devoted himself to inspections and to encouraging the local militia. Six gunboats on Lake Borgne were to apprise the general of an approach by the lakes and to resist a small boat attack if they could, the lake not being navigable for the British ships.

The British came to the lake entrance December 10. The watching gunboats under Lieutenant Jones retired into the lake. The British organized a boat party of 1,000 sailors and marines, which, after a rowing pursuit from the night of December 12 until noon December 14, caught the gunboats becalmed and captured them. That was forty miles to the east of New Orleans and word of it reached the city the evening of December 15.

Jackson sent messengers to Coffee at Baton Rouge, and Carroll and Adair up the river, to hurry down. Coffee started on December 17 and traveled 120 miles in two days with 800 men, 450 being unable to keep the pace. Carroll's Tennesseeans were at the city's outskirts December 21.

It is strange that, with the approach of the British revealed by the capture of the gunboats, Jackson did not know where the enemy was. Its advance was on the Villeré plantation before its movements were unmasked to him.

British supplies and guns for the attack had to be transported thirty miles in small boats from the ships outside Lake Borgne, and it was a week's work. The advance was disembarked on the Isle aux Poix in the lake December 14.

The Villeré plantation was within seven miles of the city, but two British officers successfully scouted the approach to it December 18, with Spanish fishermen from a village at the mouth of the Bayou Bienvenu as guides.

Along the river bank there was the levee and a road. The plantations extended back to a cypress swamp. Canals and bayous cut the ground. The scouts led the advance off the Isle aux Poix to the Villeré plantation so secretly the morning of December 22 that Major Villeré was captured in his own home.

By the next day 1,600 British troops were on the river bank less than seven miles below the city, and neither Jackson nor anyone else there knew of it until messengers came running in with the alarm. One was Villeré, who had escaped and got into the city with the news.

New Orleans did not have a yard of earthworks to protect it; but if Jackson had been remiss thus far, he was so no longer. He was himself when he saw his enemy. He set about to do what few commanders would have done—to attack a post of the best troops of the age with about their same number of city volunteers: Louisiana militia, frontier riflemen, regulars and sea smugglers and freebooters, outfits which had never operated together under any command, many never having been under fire.

The curiosities of the New Orleans campaign are many, not the least of which is the still prevailing American belief that there was but one short murderous battle, with American riflemen behind cotton bales.

Jackson hastily assembled Major Planché's battalion of Creole volunteers, Hinds' dragoons, Beale's New Orleans sharpshooters, Coffee's riflemen, a few Choctaw Indians under Jugeant, Negro freedmen under Dacquin, the regulars, and some of the patriotic smugglers of the Lafitte brothers from their Baratarian roost. It was as strange a force as ever advanced under an American general.

Jackson marched out of the city with about 2,200 men, leaving half of his force as protection against an attack from the north. The British on the plantations by the river bank were under Colonel Thornton, who had led the attack at Bladensburg.

PAKENHAM had not yet taken command of the army, and Major General Keane, who had it, wanted all the forces assembled before he advanced. Thornton had about 1,900 in camp, and in the fighting he was reinforced by two regiments.

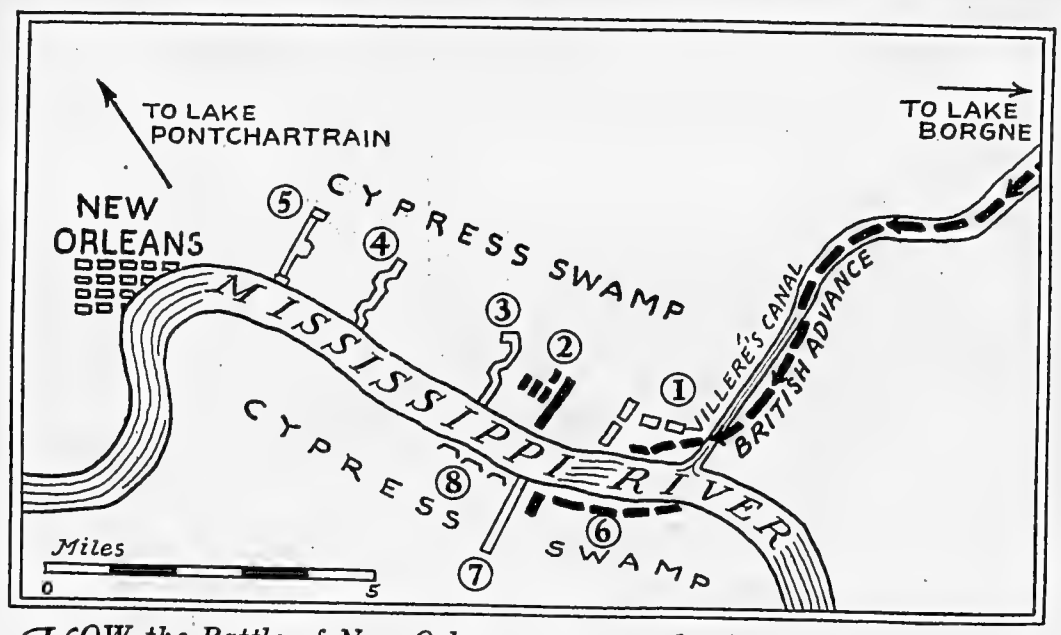
The Carolina dropped down the river in the afternoon and was to use its guns on the British right. Jackson sent Coffee's riflemen along the edge of the swamp to flank the British and if possible to get behind them. Jackson was to attack right, left, and center, and the guns of the Carolina were to give the signal.

At a little after seven in the evening, Commander Patterson sent his first shot into the British position and the fight began in the dusk and was carried on in the dark. Coffee's men, coming out of the swamp, fought as they knew best—Indian fashion—and when too close for rifle fire, with knives, tomahawks, and rifle butts.

In the dark, enemy and friend soon became indistinguishable. Even the British order was broken. Groups and detachments stumbled about in the night, advanced, retreated, fought, surrendered, died in each other's clutches, or hid. The British could not get full advantage of their superiority in discipline, but they had enough of it to keep the field.

Coffee's men were involved with the reinforcements coming up, and that spoiled their encircling movement. Between 9 and 10 o'clock the firing ceased.

The losses were not excessive. Keane reported 267 killed and wounded; the Americans 213 killed, wounded, and missing. The



HOW the Battle of New Orleans was waged: (1) the first action of December 23, 1814; (2) the British attack of January 8; (3, 4, 5) Jackson's first, second, and third lines; (6) where Colonel Thornton and 1,000 British crossed the river; (7) the American line on January 8; and (8) Commodore Patterson's American guns.

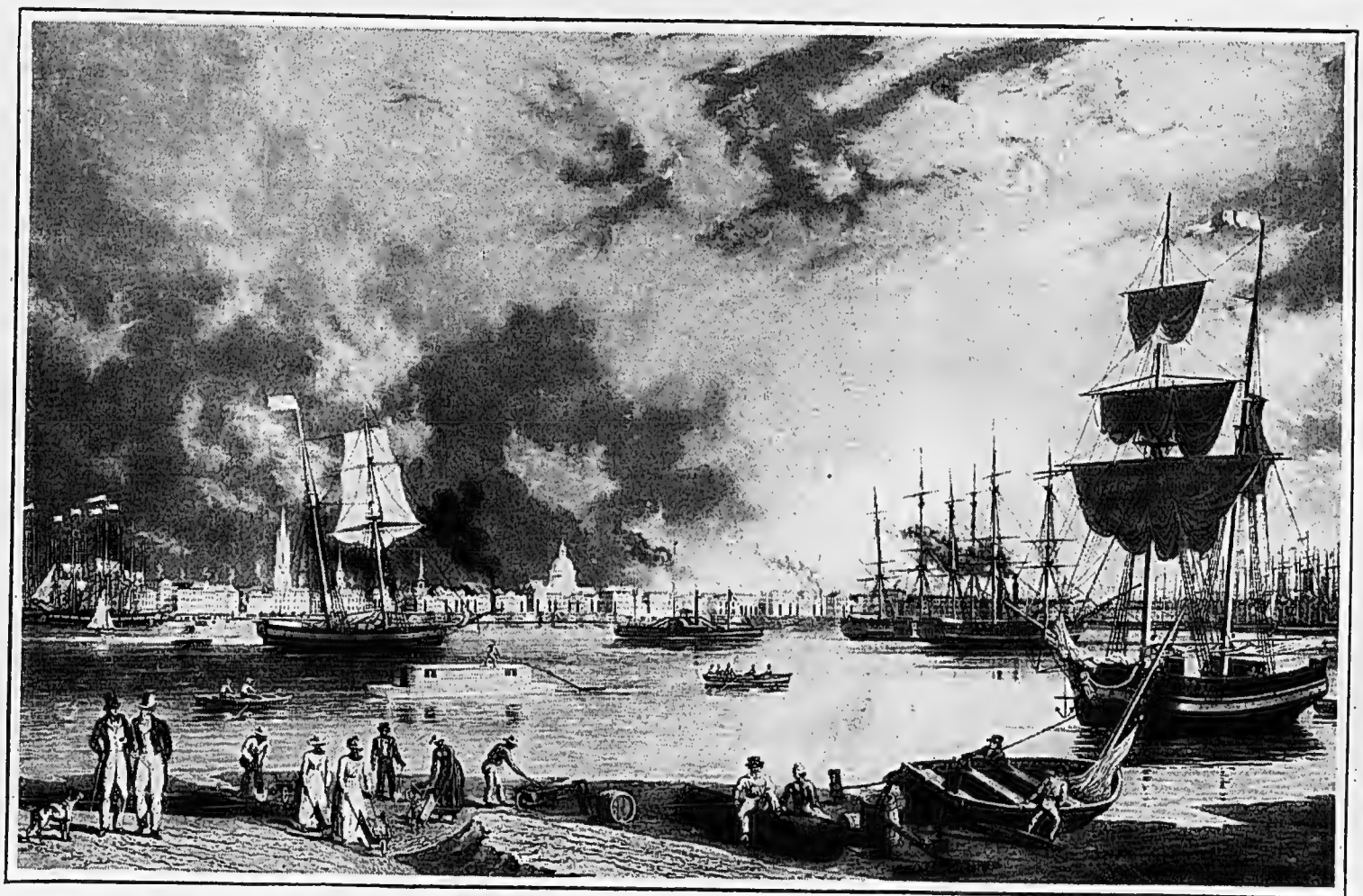
steadiness of the British had saved them, but the American onset had been sufficiently daring to make the enemy respect the force defending the city.

Jackson hadn't driven the advance into the river, but he had caused it to lose the only opportunity of getting into the city without going over fortifications. Two miles from the field of this night the schooner was destroyed. The Louisiana, further up the river, was hauled out of range.

Patterson, however, had succeeded in getting one twenty-four-pound gun and two twelve-pounders ashore to the west bank from the Carolina, but the British were free to move about on firm land without losing legs and heads, and that was a solace to the spirit.

Tradition credits Jackson with the remark that if he owned the cotton he would have additional reason for defending the line. The cotton proved to be as unfit for fortification as the sugar. It caught fire and nearly demoralized the defense.

The American artillery superiority was undeniable when the royal artillerists had fled from



An early print from an etching by W. J. Bennett.

New Orleans, as it looked in 1841 from across the Mississippi River.

attack, he put soldiers and Negroes to work throwing up earthworks in the land between the cypress swamp to his left and the river to his right.

After a few feet of digging, water would ooze up and it was difficult to raise the works. Cotton was tried. It was a failure, as the artillery duel proved later, and it was then dragged out.

FOR the Napoleonic veterans of the British army the military situation was as trying as any they ever had been in. Physical conditions were distressing. It was cold and wet. They were miles from their source of supplies. The Carolina in the river fired on them, and although the casualties were not numerous, a few cannon can make even a disciplined force miserable out of all proportion to the danger.

The small boats were bringing more men all the time, but the Carolina kept most of the force under cover. Worse still, the navy began to taunt the army for being held up. The British naval officers said that if the soldiers could not get going they would land the sailors and do the job themselves.

Pakenham, coming on the field Christmas Day, felt the ignominy of his position and sent back to the ships for cannon to dispose of the Carolina. The labor was tremendous, but by December 27 a battery was ready. Hot shot and shell drove the ship's crew ashore and

It was time, Pakenham decided, to try a grand reconnoissance and test out what lay between him and New Orleans. He had ten of the best British regiments, two regiments of West Indian black troops, brought along because of their supposed adaptability to the climate and now half frozen, and the support of numerous marines.

The advance began December 28. In less than three miles it came to Jackson's breastworks. There, under the fire from the Louisiana and the rifles from the American line, it stopped. Pakenham planned to breach the works with artillery and then storm.

More guns had to be brought from the British fleet. Meanwhile Jackson strengthened his batteries. The British guns were ready January 1 and the artillery duel began. If there was an advantage in metal and position, it was with the British, but after five hours' firing not a British gun was being served.

The British in their gun protections had used barrels of sugar, which were found to offer no protection whatever.

Jackson got his cotton from boats in the river. The New Orleans cotton merchant, Nolte, was a volunteer in Major Planché's battalion. He protested when high-grade cotton was taken off a boat of his and complained that a low grade, obtainable in the city, would serve just as well.

their guns, and the British conceded it.

"Never was a failure more remarkable or unlooked for than this," the British lieutenant, Gleig, wrote in his journal of the campaign. Admiral Codrington of the British fleet wrote that "such a failure in this boasted arm was not to be expected, and I think it a blot on the artillery escutcheon."

Some of the American artillerists were the Baratarian smugglers of the French brothers, Jean, Pierre, and Dominique Lafitte.

SINCE December 10 the greatest armada and the finest army Great Britain had ever sent to American waters had been approaching a city of a State but recently added to the American Union, with a population relied upon to be hostile to the Union, and the powerful expedition had been stopped cold by a strangely conglomerate army of defense under a gaunt, sick Indian fighter.

Pakenham prepared for a grand assault on both sides of the river. Secretly he extended a canal to get boats on the river. Major General Lambert was on his way with two regiments and the delay for preparations was not wasted time. Pakenham wanted the re-enforcements before he attacked.

The Kentuckians of Thomas and Adair reached the American camp, but they, unlike the Tennesseeans

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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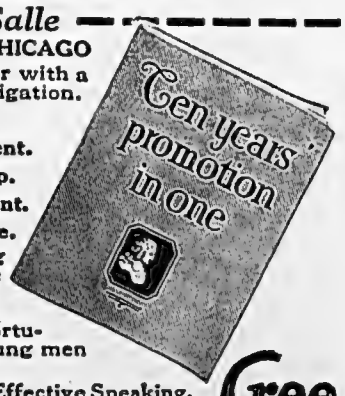

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[JACKSON AT NEW ORLEANS] [Continued from Page Thirty-nine]

under Carroll, had not met a boatload of muskets and they were not equipped.

When Pakenham's canal was dug, he put his boats in the river and sent 1,000 men across under Colonel Thornton. The defense on the west bank of the river consisted of Patterson's battery facing the water, some works by Major A. L. Latour, and some Louisiana volunteers.

It was Jackson's weak side, but an enemy on the west river bank had the river to cross before he could get into New Orleans.

When Jackson discovered that Pakenham was putting men across to the west shore, he ordered some of the unequipped Kentuckians to double back the five miles to New Orleans, beg the citizens for the use of firearms saved out to meet a possible slave uprising, and, thus equipped, to ferry across and come back down the other bank.

The Kentuckians, with what they could get, went across the river and down to join the inadequate defense. They were exhausted when they arrived and ineffective when they were needed. And no wonder.

A deserter had crossed over to the British ranks from the American lines and had reported that the weakest spot in Jackson's defense was the left, toward the cypress swamp. There was where Coffee's riflemen were strung out. They reached to the swamp, and at its edge their line was run backward to prevent a possible flanking movement. It was a weak line when the deserter last saw it.

From the original portrait, by courtesy of the Fridenberg Galleries.

Major General Sir E. Pakenham, the British commander who died rallying his men.

The British, after the slaughter which followed their attack, had enough vitality left in them to hang the deserter, he crying out against the injustice of it. Carroll's Tennesseeans had come into Coffee's lines and the British attack, seeking a weak spot, had gone into the deadliest rifle fire.

THE thing which Pakenham did in trying the attack was admittedly desperate, but so also was his whole position, in spite of his splendid army. He could not maneuver. There was no room. On one side was the river. On the other side was the marsh and swamp.

It was British tradition that troops could take a position in frontal attack, carrying material for filling ditches and ladders for scaling walls. It also was in the history of British regiments in America that they had not done it on many occasions; but Pakenham, with his reputation to maintain, was convinced that he had to do it, even with Andrew Jackson animating the troops behind the breastworks.

Pakenham died rallying the men when they withered under the rifle and artillery fire. Before that fire, in twenty-five minutes the storm troops of Great Britain disappeared. There were 700 killed, 1,400 wounded, and 500 taken prisoners. Major General Gibbs was mortally wounded, and Keane was seriously injured. The American loss was eight killed and thirteen wounded.

On the other side of the river the British drove the Kentuckians back. Their flight was inconsequential, except that it made Jackson mad and started a feud which lasted almost a lifetime with General Adair and Kentucky, the Kentucky folk thinking that they had been most miserably treated.

Jackson's night attack on the British was December 23. In Ghent, December 24, the American and British peace commissioners signed a treaty of peace. They were drinking each other's health when Jackson and the British were counting the dead. The news of the peace did not arrive until February, but before that the United States knew that the attempt to restore Louisiana to Spain or to set it up as a free nation had failed.

THE Louisiana Purchase, stretching to the Pacific, was safe. The Mississippi was an American river. The threat of an Indian buffer State in the Northwest Territory between the republic and Canada was gone. Great Britain was definitely out of American Western affairs for the first time.

New England secession was stopped. The government under President Madison had a gift of life from Andrew Jackson on the Mississippi a full month before it knew that the war was over.

In that month, if New Orleans had been taken, the peace signed at Ghent and unknown in the United States might have been only a postscript written to national disunion. With victory, the Union was a Union again, and it was the South which next would assert the right of withdrawal when the acts of the Union were unpleasant to a State. South Carolina was to take the place of Massachusetts in this respect.

Wellington was asked what explanation he had for the failure of his veterans. He said he did not know what might have been the matter with them. They had not seemed to be as good in Louisiana as they had been in Spain. He thought they lacked an iron will driving them.

Probably they lacked Wellington, but more probably their difficulty was that they met Jackson.

THE END

Angel-FACE

A Story of Liquor and a Lady

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by KATHLEEN STURGES

" I'm the answer to a maiden's prayer," I told her. " All right," she said; " but this maiden is praying for a drink. Got one? "

(Reading time: 13 minutes 20 seconds.)

I HAD just begun luncheon at the club when a companion of the night before sat down beside me and drank my ice water.

" How d'you feel this morning? " he asked me after he gave his order.

" All right," I told him. " How about you? "

" Terrible. The whole building is resting on my forehead right now, and all my past crimes have risen to mock me."

" I'm not surprised," I volunteered. " You certainly were poison ivy last night. You broke up a perfectly good party, you know."

" Did I? I'm sorry," he apologized. " What did I do? "

" Oh, you suddenly became censor in chief and began snatching drinks out of all the ladies' hands. Then you'd drink them yourself. Yes, you were Cato himself—all but the example. And Bill Wane was about to crown you because you called his wife an angel."

" Sweet codfish! Did I do that? I get that way sometimes when I'm tight. I've got to stop it. But I'll have to quit drinking first, I guess. I get the idea that girls mustn't drink whenever I get tanked up."

" Where'd you get the idea? " I asked.

" Back in London, in '18."

And this is the tale he told me:

THERE were three of us in London, in March of 1918, waiting to go out to France with the Royal Flying Corps. I think you've heard me talking about the other two—Tim and Ham, you know.

We got tired of the Savoy and rented a house over in Berkeley Square from Lord Aluminum. It was six weeks or so before we finally went out, and in the meanwhile we put on a party at the house that was patterned after a six-day bicycle race.

Everybody was there—Americans, Canadians, English, Australians, New Zealanders, Scotch—oh, everybody. Sometimes they brought their girls and likker, and sometimes their girls and likker brought them.

I was convinced in those days that I was going to be killed just as soon as I got to the front, so I assumed a philosophic view of life and scorned all pleasures of the flesh.

I had been playing around with a girl in London for the previous four months, but in my new rôle as *Morituri Te Salutamus* I reported my departure and mounted guard on the lid of Hades.

My consolation in life was port. At least we called it port.

When we first moved into the house, His Lordship showed us around and gave us the keys and told us the place was ours as long as we cared to keep it and to help ourselves to anything we found. He said to replace whatever was broken and to send him a check occasionally and to remember we were gentlemen.

We took him at his word and began to explore as soon as he left. The first thing we found was a mysterious black bottle in the buffet. It was half full of a dark purplish liquid and had a strange aroma.

While I was telephoning, Ham and Tim got some glasses and sampled the find. When I came back they were fighting over the bottle.

" Hey, what goes on? " I inquired. " What's in it? "

" Nectar! " they both exclaimed. " Take a taste of this stuff."

" What is it? " I asked suspiciously, for I was afraid of a trick.

" Claret," said Ham.

" Cognac," said Tim.

" Well, one of you is a fine judge of likker," I informed them, " if you can't tell the difference between claret and cognac."

" All right, you tell us what it is," said Ham, handing me a glass.

I took a swallow, then a drink, and reached for the bottle. I didn't get it.

" What is it? " they demanded.

" Nectar," I agreed.

HERE was the golden fluid for which I had been searching! It had at once the flavor, consistency, and strength that I had been trying to fabricate in all my permutations and combinations. Here was the elixir of the Magi!

It was not sweet, but it appeased the sweet tooth. It was not sour, yet smacked of the fruit of the vine. The body was thick but not

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ANGEL-FACE Continued from Page Forty-one]

heavy, the bouquet was magnificent, and the effect electrical. As it passed the lips the whole body warmed to its embrace.

We divided the remainder equally, and then sat at the table and smacked our lips over it.

I had never believed that such a drink could be vouchsafed to mortal man. We examined the bottle. There was no mark on it or on the cork. We searched the house in vain for another one.

The question arose as to how we were going to get some more. In desperation we called our landlord at his club. What was it, where could we get some more, and would he please excuse us for drinking it all?

The first and last were easy: It was some 1880 port from a particular vineyard, and he had expected us to help ourselves to everything he had left.

Where could we get some more? We couldn't! If we liked, we could call on his wine merchant, who had given him that bottle as a present, and he might give us another drink of it; but there was none for sale, as he had tried to get some for himself.

EVEN though it was Saturday afternoon and after the legal hours of sale, we found a taxi and, by agreeing to pay off the mortgage on the ancient wheezing chariot, persuaded the driver to take us down to Threadneedle Street and then to a little alley. There, in an ancient basement, we found the wine shop and were ushered into the private office of the wine merchant.

He received us cordially. He was well along in years, and wore the uniform of a sergeant of the Volunteer Guard. He insisted upon saluting each one of us with great formality, and called each of us "Major."

He expressed himself as being greatly honored by our visit and anxious to serve "our noble allies." He insisted that we have a drink of his grandfather's own port.

He opened a little cabinet and took out glasses, which he filled from an ancient cask. Again he saluted us and proposed the President's health.

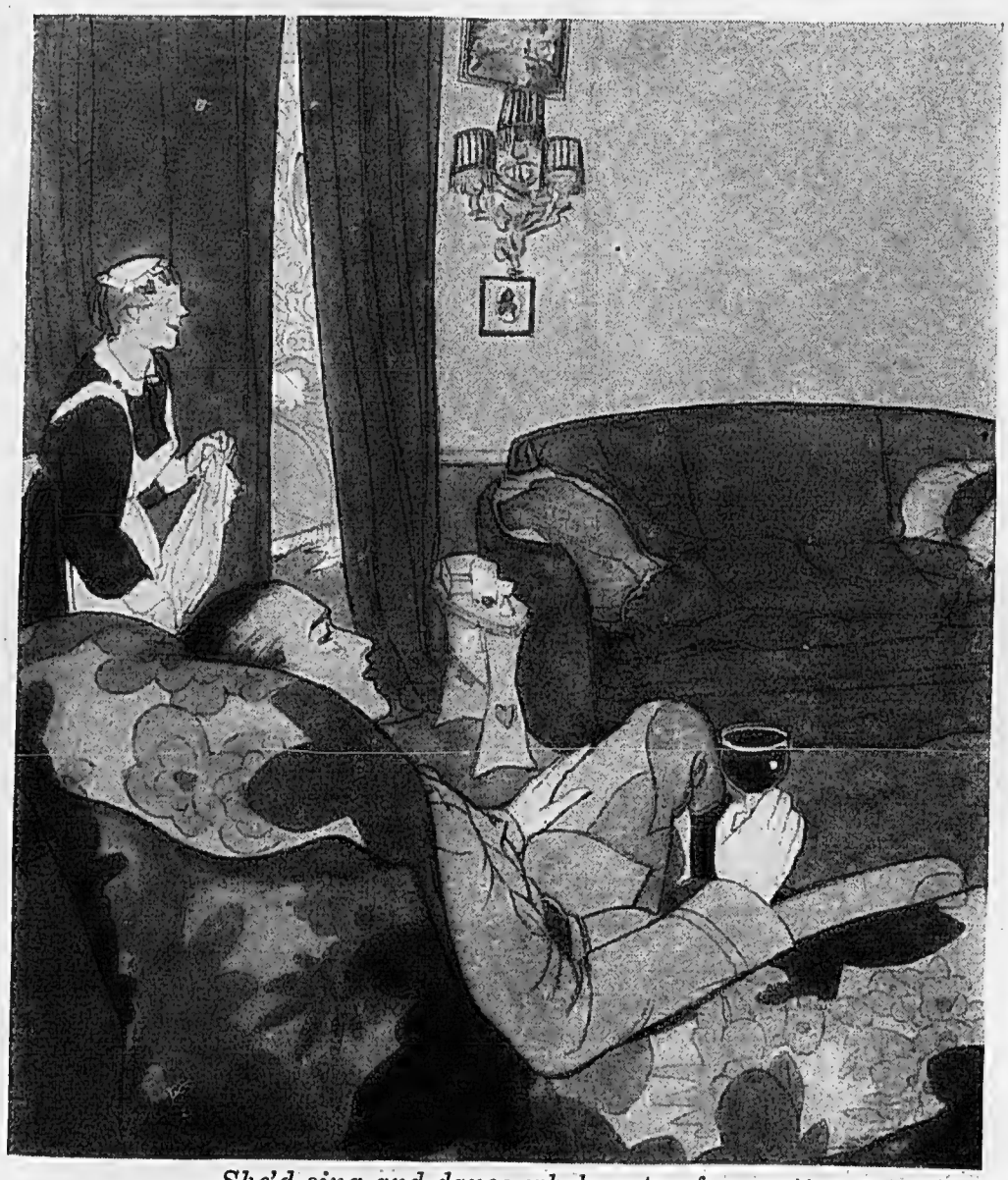
What port it was! And what authority lingered behind its gentle caress! The erstwhile sergeant filled our glasses again, talking volubly all the time. Then we drank to the King.

He insisted upon showing us through the cellars. He had over a million bottles of port there, so he told us, and we admired as many as we could see. They were not his property, nor the property of his firm, but had been bought from his father and grandfather during the past hundred years and stored there for safe keeping.

There were flasks, bottles, magnums, jeroboams, and casks lying unlabeled in big bins. As we passed several bins the sergeant stopped and told us some incident in connection with their owners. Here and there he would pick up a bottle and hand it to one of us to carry. We returned to the office heavily laden.

Up to that time he had not asked us why we had come or who had sent us. He had merely been our host. He opened one of the bottles and we drank to his grandfather. This was better than the other, but what about the bottle from the small bin that once belonged to the Earl of ——? It exceeded our fondest expectations, and we drank to the Earl.

He finally stopped talking long enough for us to tell him why we were there. We wanted some of the 1880 port. Could we have it?



She'd sing and dance whole acts of operettas at a time,

He would consider the matter. He did.

Fortunately for us, though unfortunately for him, the owner of another small supply of 1880 had been killed at the front and the bin was to be sold for his estate. Would we like some of it? "Perhaps a case? Two cases? Well, perhaps I could send it Tuesday? Oh, no, not possibly today! No liquors can be sold in bulk from Friday until Monday. Well, in a taxi—perhaps.

"Try a little of this. I find it very stimulating. Yes, indeed, it's a great preventive of old age. Four cases? Yes. You know it will be two pounds a case. Well, I'll see how much there is left of it."

He inquired our other needs. Champagne? Yes, 1904. Whisky, yes; but no prewar spirits. Gin? No.

So, without presenting a bill or even inquiring our names, he carried out the cases and filled our taxi with the largest single load of likker that was ever transported in one motor vehicle until the Eighteenth Amendment superseded the Laws of Moses. As we drove away, he waved and saluted alternately on the curb, and I looked back to see him miss three attempts to find the door into his cellar.

From that time on we lived on port. I call it port for lack of a better name. Ham called it "the answer to a drunkard's prayer." It was fully as strong as wartime whisky, with the innocent taste of Lampoom punch.

Its authority was adequate and final, and the after effects so thorough that we went from session to session without even coming out into the state where we were annoyed by having to regret all our past lives. One drink brought relaxation, two happiness, and three paralysis.

Several years later I crossed the ocean again to taste that port. I arrived in London and hastened to the alley. But it was gone. A new edifice was perched upon the site. A bomb had dropped near by, and the alley had been remodeled. I never heard the fate of the sergeant or his cellar.

But he kept the three of us supplied with port even after we went out to the front, though I have never understood how he got it out to us.

I DEVOTED my time exclusively to the port for a while. Then, one night, there was a big crowd of people in the living room. All public places closed at 10 o'clock, so we always used to get a lot of visitors about ten-thirty.

I'd been flying all day and was tired and full of port, so I went to

sleep on a sofa in the far corner. When I awoke it was after midnight and the crowd had gone. Then I noticed that a girl was asleep on the other end of the sofa.

She had the most beautiful face I ever saw. She was a perfect blonde, with light golden hair and the reddest lips. She looked like an angel Never before or since have I seen such perfect features. And I mean perfect, too; just as if some great artist had etched them on ivory

I shook her and woke her up.

while I'd sit and worship respectfully.

"Who the hell are you?" she asked me.

"I'm the answer to a maiden's prayer," I told her. It was easy to see she was pie-eyed.

"All right," she said; "but this maiden is praying for a drink. Got one?"

I FOUND a bottle of port that someone had overlooked. She took it and polished it off neatly. We split another bottle of port and entered into a ribald conversation which seemed to strike us both as very witty and highly entertaining. First we were Samson and Delilah, then we were the Kaiser and the Queen of the May.

I went out and found a taxi. She said she could get home all right, but I thought I'd better take her. She had a nice place, and a maid brought us a bottle of whisky and we proceeded to drink it. She began to get maudlin, and thought she was Lorelei, and I finally staggered out and went home.

Two nights later we were all in bed when the doorbell rang. Tim answered it and came back and said there was a lady calling, and she wanted to see the American colonel that lived there.

He guessed she meant me, as the last time he saw her she was with me on the sofa. He said that only true friendship had made him call me, and I'd better hurry down before he changed his mind. I slipped on a dressing gown and went down. It was the angel, and she was as tight as a new pair of wet boots.

She said she'd just come around to play Circe with me. She'd been out on a party with some people she didn't like, so she'd ditched them and come around to drink with me. I was agreeable and worked on the port until I caught up with her.

SHE was as bright as a new dollar, and I sat on the sofa and laughed at her by the hour. And how that woman did pour likker down her face! You'd have thought her mouth was a funnel—pretty little rosebud mouth that it was!

We both got good and drunk, and I put her in her taxi and sent her home. She wanted to stay on the sofa, but I didn't want her to. That face frightened me. Its beauty was simply unearthly.

I asked somebody next day who she was, and got the surprise of my life. She was Jane Martin! You've heard of her? Sure. One of the most popular comediennes in London in 1917. I'd seen her on the stage, but didn't connect the two.

Someone told me that she had been in love with a Flying Corps captain—very much in love with him—and when he was killed she sort of went to pieces. I've heard of men taking to drink under the circumstances, but that's the first woman. And a young one at that—she wasn't over twenty-two.

I didn't believe the story, though, because she loved her likker too much to need any other reason to tank up. She drank like a fish all the time and she certainly did enjoy it.

I called her up the next day and took her out to tea. She took me to a little place in Vine Street where they had sherry 100 years old. It was almost as good as the port. We filled up on that and went on to Murray's to shake the light fantastic. And, boy, how she could do it!

We indulged freely in cocktails,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ANGEL-FACE Continued from Page Forty-three]

dinner, champagne, and dancing, and I was a total loss. I could look at that face and feel the cold shivers run up and down my spine.

After Murray's closed, we went back to the house and joined the gang, and worked on the port awhile.

Some time around 2 o'clock I got her home and we both passed out—she on the sofa and me on the floor.

For a week we raged on. The weather was bad and I didn't have to go out to the squadron, so I just devoted myself to the Angel and likker.

It was a great life while it lasted, but I had to go and fall in love with her.

Hell! Who wouldn't—likker or no likker?

AT first I couldn't touch her. As long as I could see that face I couldn't put my hands on her. After I'd get good and drunk I'd get ambitious and pet her a little.

But I might as well have been trying to make a marble statue run a fever. She couldn't get her mind away from the bottle. She didn't pay the slightest attention to me, and that dead-fish clasp was always enough to cool my enthusiasm, drunk as I was.

You'd think from my description that she was coarse; but she wasn't. I can't explain it. She was just a nice girl who'd developed a taste for likker. She didn't care what was going on as long as she could keep her face at the bottle.

She didn't care how she acted in a party, yet she was never intentionally immodest. And that beautiful figure of hers didn't help my condition any. If chairs were scarce, she'd just as soon sit on my lap as not; if I wanted to kiss her, go ahead; but time out for another drink every minute. God, what a woman!

As I said before, I fell in love with her. Then I got serious. I didn't enjoy my likker any more and I tried to stop her, but I wasn't any more successful at that job than Andy Volstead. And she insisted that I drink with her.

She seemed to have plenty of money and not a care in the world. She had two maids to take care of her, and me to feed her likker, and that was all her simple soul required.

My soul was pretty simple, too. I had that face of hers to feast my eyes on and her nimble feet to entertain me. She'd get just the right sort of bun and dance for me by the hour. She'd sing and dance whole acts of operettas at a time, while I'd sit and worship respectfully.

I was just one jump ahead of the D. T.'s when I had a motor conk out at the squadron. I got down all right—did a beautiful bit of flying—but couldn't help crashing when I pancaked. I was flying a Dolphin, and you know how those things cooped up the pilot. I sprained my right shoulder and bashed in a couple of ribs.

Next day the Angel came to see me in the hospital. She was sober and wept over me like I was the wandering boy home from the wars. She didn't bring me any flowers, but she had a couple of bottles of champagne in her muff and we drank them.

Tim and Ham told the doctor about the house and he let them take me back there. My shoulder was all bandaged up, so I couldn't move my right arm, and I was pretty helpless.

And what do you think the Angel did? She just became my right arm. She stuck by me like I was something perishable, and from the time she washed my face in the morning until she tucked me in bed at night she never left me.

We quit drinking and were the mushiest pair you ever saw. Tim and Ham said they were afraid the house was going to catch fire from spontaneous combustion.

MY shoulder got well just in time for me to go over to France with the squadron. My last night in London, the Angel and I tried to celebrate with a bottle, but it was a miserable failure. So I went on to the front and the Angel went back to the stage.

I didn't want any more likker then. The Angel made my heart bleed every time she'd hiccup.

I sure did hate to leave her, and was sorely tempted to take a job as an instructor instead of going to the front. If it hadn't been for Ham and Tim, I probably would have. But I wanted to go along with them, no matter what it cost. I'd lost interest in the war for the moment and woke up just in time.

Funny, isn't it, how people believe that a soldier doesn't think of anything else but war? That's the last thing they ever think of. Getting shot at, now, is different. It isn't hard to get that on your mind so it won't ever come off.

Well, out at the front that's all I had on my mind—German bullets and the Angel's face. I'd see one through a mist of the other. All I wanted to live through the war for was to get back to London to see her. I tried all summer and fall, but I never made it. Every time it was my turn for leave, I'd be transferred to another squadron and lose my turn.

She wrote to me regularly for a while, and then her letters tapered off and stopped in the fall. I got right upset about it, but there was nothing I could do.

IT was January when I finally got back to London. She welcomed me with a bun it must have taken her three months to age. She tried to pour likker down my face too, but I couldn't go it. I didn't want any more likker then. I couldn't work up any interest in it. It tasted sour, and the Angel made my heart bleed every time she'd hiccup.

Instead of being funny she was maudlin now, and none of her little tricks were cute any more. I couldn't tell whether she was glad to see me or not—she was too much like a night-club hostess greeting her paying guests.

At first I tried to stop her, but I couldn't. She'd had to leave the stage two months before on account of drinking. I might as well have tried to stop Ludendorff with a popgun!

And she'd gotten coarse, somehow. There were pockets under her eyes, and her neck was flabby and her figure a little bulky. Her voice was husky from too many cigarettes and too much straight likker, and it wasn't long before I saw she wasn't the girl I'd come back to see at all.

I tried to play Orpheus to her Eurydice, but I'd lost my notes. The war had ruined the strings of my harp, and I had to give it up and come on home.

And that's why I start snatching the girls' drinks away from them when I get tight. I don't think they ought to have any then. That face still haunts me. It always will! So I can't stand to see girls drink. Can you blame me?

Scorning formations, ignoring orders, Frank Luke, Jr., fought alone. In seventeen days before his death, he shot down eighteen enemy aircraft. Fighting airmen called him the war's greatest combat flier. The amazing story of the life, adventures, and death of The Balloon Buster of Arizona begins in next week's LIBERTY.

Things We REMEMBER

Some New Steps on the Dancing Road to Fame

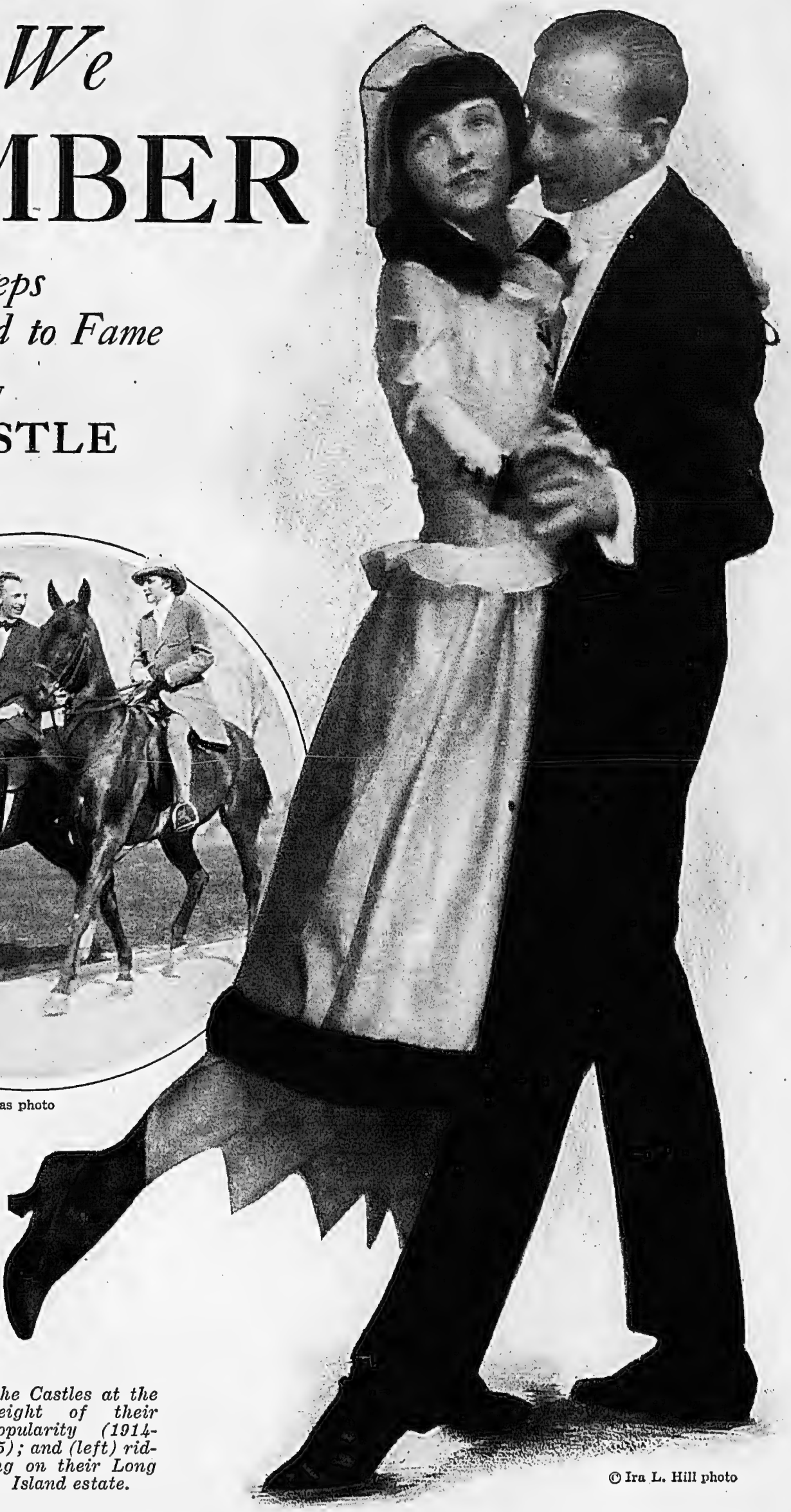
An Autobiography

By IRENE CASTLE

(Reading time: 16 minutes 45 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Vernon and Irene Castle were in the midst of their second successful year of dancing, en route from Paris to Deauville, when the World War broke out. Returning home, they went into pictures, making the only one in which Vernon ever appeared. The author goes on to tell here of the almost unparalleled success that came to them in the following year, before Vernon stepped out of his most successful show to go to war, a move that cost him his life.]

Haas photo



The Castles at the height of their popularity (1914-15); and (left) riding on their Long Island estate.

© Ira L. Hill photo

PART THREE

OUR place at Manhasset, Long Island, was a wild escapade of Vernon's. He bought it over the supper table at Sans Souci from Joseph Ely, paying $5,000 down. We had only spent a Sunday afternoon there and took it just as it stood, furnished of course.

I was terrified at the responsibility, and did all I could to prevent the purchase, but too late. Vernon had signed mortgages that made necessary large payments at frequent intervals, and my heart sank at the burden. Not having a gambling spirit, I have never had the courage to buy anything I could not pay for outright.

Like all people who buy even a very attractive place, we found hundreds of things we wanted to do to it. The purchase price had amounted to about $82,000. We now busied ourselves spending another $30,000 on tennis courts, a house boat for extra guests, box stalls for the polo ponies, floats with diving boards, etc.

We even put up a professional boxing ring in our stable, to stage matches over the week-ends. The garage held three large cars, one small one, and a Meadowbrook cart.

Vernon had five polo ponies and at least thirty police dogs. I had a monkey, a donkey, an English bulldog, several Belgian griffons, and a number of birds. Almost all of these acquisitions were with us in The Whirl of Life, a movie, as well as our devoted family servants.

The latter included Walter, who spent those early desperate days in Paris with us, and Dodd, a fine type of English boy serving as our butler, who went into the Flying Corps to be near Vernon.

We had a happy, care-free time at our North Shore home. At night, from our dining-room windows we would see the lights of New Rochelle, my home town, twinkling across the Sound. We bought a motor boat, which seldom ran, and a canoe, and spent all of our time that was not devoted to polo in or on the water.

Vernon became so enthusiastic about polo

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THINGS WE REMEMBER Continued from Page Forty-five]

that he even played while on the road with Watch Your Step whenever he could get in a game. On Long Island he played with Fred Stone, Frank Tinney, and Will Rogers. Often I was allowed to referee, and these were most amusing games, as you may well imagine.

When Vernon left to get his pilot's license, he sold two of his ponies to Eleo Sears, and I bought one for a hack and rode him through many scenes in a serial I made called Patria.

Jim Europe and Ford Dabney often motored down on Sundays to play to us. They were composing dance numbers for us, many of which became very popular. It was certainly a treat to hear those two excellent musicians play.

After keeping them at the piano for hours, we would often go back to town with them to hear some newly discovered musician or tune in a remote café uptown.

We had many interesting experiences when taken by them into many restaurants in Harlem where white people were not allowed—not because the cafés were too rough, but because they were too *orderly* and well run.

In most instances, the appearance of whites in a Negro restaurant makes more trouble than their patronage is worth, and in the all-colored cafés there is a much more peaceful, dignified atmosphere than in those permitting mixed crowds.

At the time we made our Castle Whirlwind Tour, we had the finest colored orchestra that I have ever heard, with Jim Europe conducting. Each man was carefully selected and at the top of the ladder, as far as his particular instrument was concerned.

Tyler, our first violinist, played such heavenly obbligatos during our tango number that Vernon and I often forgot our routine. Our French-horn player, an African, was a graduate of the London Conservatory of Music, and had received all sorts of honors and medals for his playing.

THIS particular tour was all that the billboards claimed for it—a veritable whirlwind! We played thirty-two cities in twenty-eight days—sometimes playing the afternoon in one city and the evening in another.

Great halls were rented; the towns were plastered with billboards reading, "The Castles Are Coming! Hooray! Hooray!" and we were ballyhooed around the country like a Wild West show. The public was interested in seeing the new dances constantly featured in the daily papers, and there was also the Castle Cup to compete for.

The first half of the performance was made up entirely of exhibition dancing, and we carried three other couples to help us. The second half of the program was given over to a dancing competition for the public. All of the audience were invited on to the stage to participate, and you would have been surprised to see how many came.

© Ira L. Hill photos

"To my horror, I found myself billed as 'America's best dressed woman.'" Irene Castle wearing the Castle band (above), and (at right) the Scotch cap and long walking suit which later became so popular.

Vernon and I sat at opposite sides of the stage and judged. Our decision was generally unanimous, but if we found two or three couples so good that there was difficulty in reaching a decision, we asked the other members of our company to vote on them.

It was most amusing to see the different styles of dancing these contests brought forth. First prize carried with it a large silver cup and a trip to New York, at the company's expense, to compete in the finals at Madison Square Garden.

The second- and third-place couples might, if they chose, dance with us, Vernon taking the girl around the stage several minutes and I doing the best I could to follow her partner. It was great fun and very interesting. We were happily surprised to find how good most of the dancing was.

When we had completed our tour, the finals came off in New York, and they proved much more difficult to judge. I think that, with one exception, all of the couples came to New York. As they were the pick of all the cities we had visited, the competition naturally was pretty hot.

We finally boiled it down to two couples, a boy and his sister named Chamberlain from Brookline, Massachusetts, and Mr. and Mrs. Selig Baruch. We almost danced them to death, it was so difficult to decide between them.

WE used the same system that had been used on the tour—that of playing one tune in several tempos without pause while changing from one-step to waltz, etc.

Our only hope was to throw one couple off the beat by these sudden changes in time, but these two couples had such a keen sense of rhythm that it seemed impossible to trip them up.

Jim Europe had become so proficient in changing time that he romped from waltz to fox trot or vice versa, without a second's hesitation or one note of warning. Finally we caught the Chamberlains in the tiniest misstep on the change and gave the Baruchs the cup. I have never seen a couple dance even *half* as smoothly as they did.

I was now in the throes of building up a fashion-leading reputation. Quite by accident I had cut my hair. Also accidental had been the wearing of a Dutch bonnet that became popular. I soon found that when interviewed I was only asked about matters of dress.

A band of seed pearls I wore across my forehead to keep my hair in place had brought forth bands of velvet, diamonds, or flowers, called Castle bands. I carried a high walking stick, donned a Scotch cap, and finally introduced Poiret's first Russian boots.

The public seemed easily influenced, and so temporarily my dancing was overshadowed by what *I was wearing.* To my horror, I woke up to find myself billed as "America's best dressed woman."

One nice thing about the title—I don't say how far I'm going back for memories, or how often. I can jot my thoughts down just as they come to me, and one finds in looking over the past that one's mind has the frivolous habit of skipping back and forth capriciously without rhyme or reason.

No, I won't say reason, for often

a sunset, an odor, or a few stray notes drifting through a half-open window, will bring back such a world of memories.

Before I go back to our professional activities, I want to quote from a letter I received recently. It is from Irene Cook, a dear old friend of my mother's for whom I was named, and who now holds the position of Curator of the Gallery at the Maryland Institute in Baltimore. She writes:

> Nell was lovely during those months just before you came into the world—very, very lovely. I visited Brookside [our home] a couple of times during that period and can see her now in a sage velvet tea gown with a train and *lots* of lace beneath.
>
> Hubert [my father] would strum the piano and Nell would lie on the couch. I'd dance a skirt dance for her and she would be so entertained. Your parents were wonderful, Irene, and you were a lovely little girl when you were about your own baby's age.
>
> How Elroy [my sister] used to playfully domineer over you! Your blue eyes would be full of admiration and you'd do everything she told you. The Francis Wilsons lived at Rochelle Park, and the first Mrs. Wilson [Mira Barrie] was a dear friend of mine.
>
> Hubert, Nell, and I had a lovely evening there, during one of my visits. Hubert took care of a rather vicious horse of the Wilsons', while they were away one time, and when Hubert thought him well broken in, he hitched him to a buckboard. After a long drive, when all went well, that bad-tempered animal suddenly got temperamental!
>
> Hubert got out to hold him, and Nell held the reins while I held you. All New Rochelle offered assistance. We finally got home safely, but nearly collapsed over the nervous and exciting time we had had; but it always seemed to me Hubert could manage any sort of animal.

The $82,000 Manhasset home which Vernon Castle bought one night during supper, paying only $5,000 down. "I was terrified," Irene now admits.

Watch Your Step, Castle House, and Castles-in-the-Air all came along so closely together that I have forgotten in just what order they arrived. We appeared at all of them at the same time. Of course, I don't mean at the same hour.

Castle House was a tea place, Castles-in-the-Air was principally a supper place, although we did appear there for a few specially arranged teas, and, of course, Watch Your Step meant the usual eight appearances a week—six nights and two matinées. On matinée days we were giving four performances a day, including Castle House and Castles-in-the-Air.

Before very long the Shuberts opened a still later supper place below Castles-in-the-Air, called the Castle Club, where we spent the morning hours between one and three—just so that we should not find time heavy on our hands, or any idle hours in which to get into mischief.

AS our success and bank roll increased, we found no time left us in which to play. We were able to live very extravagantly, but we were forging ahead so fast, and burning up so much energy, that a great many pleasures were denied us.

Vernon had an iron constitution, but I finally broke under the strain and had to go to a quiet little hospital and lie still for a week.

Mae Murray was put in my part in Watch Your Step for this brief interval.

I hated to quit, but it might have been for a much longer period if the doctor hadn't insisted on a rest at just this time.

Watch Your Step had a memorable cast. Frank Tinney was never funnier, Brice and King were at their best, Harry Kelly was more amusing than ever before, and dear old Elizabeth Murray was jovial and well cast.

Justine Johnstone made her first appearance on the stage—in a small secretary rôle—in the play. Irving Berlin has never written better music. It was original and tuneful from overture to finale. People still speak of that delightful opening chorus, of One-Horse Town, The Syncopated Waltz, When I Discovered You, Dancing Teacher, and the opera finale.

The lyrics were clever, and there

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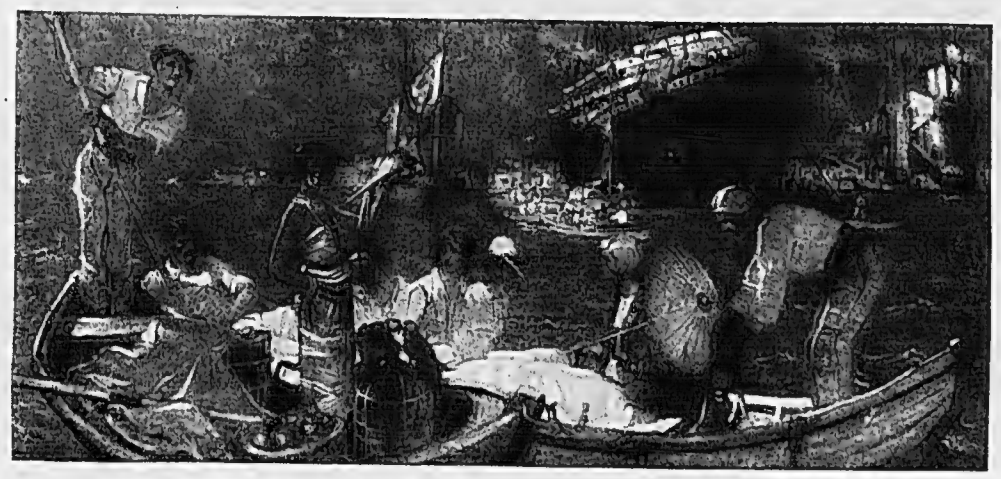

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by RUDYARD KIPLING

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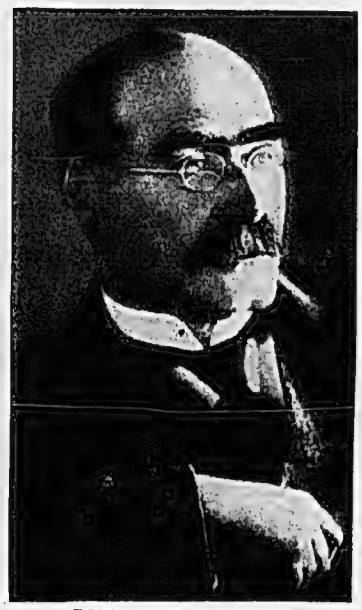

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[THINGS WE REMEMBER Continued from Page Forty-seven]

wasn't one note that did not become popular. Many persons must have gone to see it over and over again. I have heard some say they saw it twelve and even fifteen times.

If only it had not been produced when these long runs were unheard of, we might have had a run like Sally.

AS it was, we opened in New York in December and closed the following June. Before the New York run, we played in Syracuse for a week, followed by a week in Detroit.

There was a great deal of rearranging done in both these cities. Vernon was so nervous for three days before we opened in Syracuse that I hardly spoke to him.

I couldn't understand his feeling such terror myself, having never suffered from stage fright at that time.

Vernon would say, "You wait until you've been on the stage a little longer and you'll feel just as I do."

Of course, I was sure he was wrong—I didn't care whether they liked me out front or not. I could only do my best and trust to luck.

Everyone else was nervous about my performance. They'd heard me sing—and of course my voice was rather a shock to you if you'd never heard it before; but I was so used to it, *I* couldn't worry. Not only in Syracuse but in New York I was abnormally calm.

I wasn't confident; I just didn't seem to give a darn, which distressed everyone around me no end. There hadn't been a square meal eaten in the entire company for forty-eight hours, and here I was, refusing to suffer any form of fear.

I whistled in the dressing room, I wore green on one costume, and I peeped through the curtain during the overture, trying to see my friends out front.

If only I had never graduated from that comfortable class! But in time I suffered all the agonies known to that ailment, stage fright. I became unhappily conscious of my voice (or lack of it), and I shivered in the wings before the curtain went up—with that hollow feeling in the pit of the stomach of which only those who have felt it can know the pain.

It didn't even have to be an opening night for me to come down with a hard attack of S. F.—any old night would do, and in vaudeville I often had to suffer it twice a day, afternoon *and* evening.

You grow into it, but never grow *out* of it, and so my last public appearance, at an Equity Ball at the Astor Hotel in New York, November, 1923, was agony until we had made our last bow. I was then dancing with Billy Reardon.

I think that same fear is a strong factor in my lack of desire to ever go back to the stage. Of course, my baby is a pretty lively one, too!

I even took singing lessons, early in the run of Watch Your Step, to please Charlie Dillingham, and at his expense. These were short-lived and the only singing lessons of my life, I might add. But there was no hope—my voice just naturally grew that way—and he finally realized the show would never run long enough for me to improve it.

THE old man he sent me to was no longer able to sing himself, but he could show you how it ought to be done—at least, he had been able to show *some* people. As far as I could see, as long as you stood and breathed correctly and curled your tongue up on the roof of your mouth, as per diagram, you should be able to run Galli-Curci a close second and absolutely discourage a lark.

The voice seemed to have practically nothing to do with it, *except in my case.* But my own had taken so firm a stand with me that none of the usual calisthenics altered it one iota.

I walked up and down the room with my arms extended, chin up, and breathing deeply enough to swim under the Leviathan and up on the other side. But when I did open my mouth and try the "mee-owah" as prescribed, the poor old man, who had taught Maude Adams and Maxine Elliott elocution and countless other stage celebrities to sing, looked so unhappy that I begged Charlie to let me off.

It always reminded me of the German comedian with the cornet—"I blow it so sweet, but it comes out so r-r-r-rotten."

I talked as many of my numbers as I could, and people gradually became accustomed to my low, hoarse voice, though I had to suffer any number of jokes about it in the musical comedies that followed.

Vernon had never had a dancing lesson in his life, and I had only had fancy dancing lessons, as a child, for a very short period in New Rochelle. Of course, Vernon had had a great deal more stage experience than I, and the eccentric dancing he did in The Girl Behind the Counter and Midnight Sons gave him some foundation to work on.

We made up a lot of steps and stole others. I think that is the usual procedure—most dancers have to steal some steps; but the wise ones doctor them up so that even the originator can't recognize them.

As soon as we learned or originated a step, we would christen it some silly name, just for our own convenience.

IN this way, we could sit down and write out a dance at the table, as a song writer jots down his notes. This only definitely established the order of the steps, but in this way we could get up on the floor and do the dance with almost no rehearsing.

Sometimes we had to go through it two or three times to come out even with the music, as it was hard to tell, without actually dancing it through, how many times to repeat each step.

Each of us used to carry a copy of our new dance the first time we tried it, and read it over the other's shoulder. This saved countless hours of rehearsing.

We had neither the time nor the strength for much practice. Personally, I could never have enjoyed dancing as I did if it had meant a lot of work. Neither Vernon nor I were students. But everything

© Dietz photo

LONG skirts proved no handicap to Mrs. Castle, as shown in this photo with Vernon. (Above) A room in Castle House where a cup of tea cost two dollars. But one could see the Castles dance.

came easily to him and certainly dancing came easily to both of us.

Had our work been an effort, I doubt if it would have pleased people as they claim it did. The enjoyment we got out of it made others enjoy it, and, in our case at least, I feel that too much technique, too studied and finished a performance, would have destroyed the spirit of our dancing and robbed it of its youthful *joie de vivre*.

Castle House had been the establishment of a famous dressmaker. Bessie Marbury saw its possibilities, appreciated its ideal location, and figured out the basis on which it should be run.

Nothing like it had ever been attempted before. It was painted gray, with shades and curtains of old rose. There were two mirrored rooms, with a platform in one holding the long tea table. Here, from a charming silver tea service, one could help oneself, or be served, to tea, sandwiches, and cakes. This went with your two dollars entrance fee.

Two orchestras, one in each room, kept the dancers busy. Vernon dodged around, asking his pupils, friends, or any of his lovesick fans (of which there were many) to dance with him. I danced as little as possible with the guests, as I found this much too exhausting with all the work that lay ahead each evening.

WE gave two or three exhibition dances, just to give the guests something to shoot at. Dancing was still so new to the general public that exhibitions were a sort of lesson—something to try after you got home. That was why we really did do *ballroom* dancing.

A few years later, though still advertised as a ballroom dancer, I was doing eccentric or fancy dancing, because the public had become so proficient that plain ballroom dancing would have bored it to death.

The summer before Watch Your Step opened, still another establishment bearing our name had been started—Castles-by-the-Sea at Long Beach. We danced here two evenings a week, but were to get a percentage of the net profits only, so never made a penny out of it.

It was a very attractively arranged room, spacious and airy, with a beautiful dance floor. Jim Europe's orchestra, with "Buddie" at the drums, supplied the music. Over the week-ends, the place often served as many as 1,600 dinners, but, for some unknown reason, there never were any profits.

It was right here that the difference between "net" and "gross" was indelibly stamped on my mind. I never made that mistake again. The net profits on the Dempsey-Tunney fight wouldn't interest me now—I've had such unfortunate experiences with percentages of *profits*.

You see a packed house and begin to spend your "easy money," only to find that by the time the cleaning of the inkwells and sweeping of the walls is deducted, you have just about broke even, if that; so it was with Castles-by-the-Sea anyway.

After about six weeks, we attended less and less regularly, and finally put it out of our lives forever. The name has remained, because I did not think it worth the effort to insist on its removal, but I believe it has changed hands many times since the summer we danced there.

VERNON went on teaching at Castle House and there were several other teachers as well. Mrs. Hubbell, who afterward became the president of our Castle School of Dancing, was a beautiful teacher of either men or women.

After that summer Castle House was only a school, and there were teachers of every form of dancing there. Any number of places had sprung up in imitation of it, and many of the large hotels and restaurants had engaged exhibition dancers for *thé dansants*, so we gave up the teas.

In the next installment of her life story, the author lifts the curtain on her parting with Vernon, and her struggle to carry on without him.

THE following poem appeared in *Vanity Fair* during the run of Watch Your Step while Irene and Vernon Castle were at the peak of their popularity:

To the Vernon Castles

A Mild Complaint, by J. S.

Castles in the playhouse,
Castles on the roof,
Castles in the movies,
Ditto *op'ra bouffe;*
Castles on the platform,
Castles on the rug;
Learn the Castle fox trot!
Do the Castle hug!
Castles in the cellar,
Castles on the floor;
"Castles," croaked the raven,
"Castles evermore!"

Castles on the billboards,
Castles in the cars;
Call for Castle cocktails,
Candies, and cigars!
Castles in the cafés,
Castles in the news,
Castles with your breakfast,
Castles with your booze;
Castles on your Victor,
Till you cannot think;
Castles, Castles everywhere,
And plenty more to drink.

Males buy boots like Vernon's;
Females ape Irene,
Whether they be sixty,
Six, or swift sixteen.
Irene Castle bonnets,
Bracelets, belts, and coats
Cram the streets, the busses,
The cars, the ferryboats.
Castles in the subway,
Castles in the "L"—
How I wish the Castles
Were both of them in Spain!

For sore throat, there's a swift and sure way to soothe away the inflammation. Every singer knows the secret! Dissolve Bayer Aspirin tablets in pure water, and gargle. Nothing in the whole realm of medicine is more helpful in cases of sore throat. And you probably know how Aspirin dispels a headache; breaks up colds, relieves rheumatic pain, neuralgia, neuritis, lumbago! Just make certain to get genuine Bayer Aspirin; it has Bayer on the box, and on each tablet. All druggists, with proven directions.

For TONSILITIS *and* SORE THROAT

Physicians prescribe Bayer Aspirin; it does NOT affect the heart

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Beginning Next Week

The snappiest comedy you ever read—

SHOW GIRL

Being the loves and adventures of Dixie Dugan—a thrilling and colorful story of Broadway's night club and theatrical life—

By

J. P. McEVOY

Noted poet, humorist, and playwright

STARTING IN NEXT WEEK'S *LIBERTY*

Vox Pop

The Last of the Red Knight

CHICAGO, ILL.—How many times are you guys killing Richthofen? Is this bloody story so pleasant, to repeat it over and over again? Was it really necessary for Brown to give his account of the doubtful fight?

The first thing that guy says in his story is: "I never saw Richthofen until ten minutes before I shot him down." He wants to asure us that he killed a hero; of all the damned braggards he is the biggest one I ever heard of.

Frontsoldiers usually aren't that way; a real soldier and man doesn't brag about his bloody deeds.—*Oscar C. Pfaus.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Judging from his nature, I think Richthofen could have served humanity best as a

sausage maker—an occupation where there is plenty of variety—and blood. —*Barrett A. Stone.*

PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—All you print is "Damn Richthofen—Richthofen — Richthofen"— mostly from people who won't—don't try—never could—understand. Fully 50 per cent of Vox Poppers are stay-at-homes. Why not let a very brave man rest in peace?—*A War Bird—D. P.*

P. S. No, I am not German. I am of English stock—but an American, thank you.

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—In his story, "The Red Knight of Germany," Floyd Gibbons says a post-mortem examination showed that Richthofen died from a bullet which had traversed his breast from the right to the left sides.

According to Gibbons, Brown came out of his dive slightly above and behind, and also watched the tracer bullets going into the red triplane ahead.

We take it, therefore, that Brown had a gun that shot curves.—*Mathews Dryer.*

KANSAS CITY, MO. — Say — just what is the idea of feeding us a steady disgusting dose of rot about the German Ace, Kaiser, and various other allied subjects?—*H. N. Leuckel —Ex-Sergeant Signal Corps, Regular Army, Sixth Division.*

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—These most edifying letters by radical jingoists, such as "R. L." of Los Angeles, make me sick. Just because someone like Richthofen who happened to be on the other side made a name for himself, they resent it.

I suppose that the respectable "R. L." would expect Richthofen and all the rest of the Germans to fight on our side when Germany was at war with us. Also, he should be reminded that there were husbands, fathers, children, etc., lost on the *other side.* —*George S.*

WILKES-BARRE, PA. — Re your Richthofen articles—it has been my experience that the man who finds it hardest to forgive a vanquished enemy is the one who never saw him.—*Fair Play.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Now that the "Red Knight" articles have ended, you are to be congratulated for printing by far the greatest and most interesting of war stories ever published by any American magazine. This despite Gibbons' anti-German attitude, especially noticeable in the beginning chapters.—*Karl E. Britzke.*

LINCOLN, NEB.—It was Richthofen's *business* to fight for his country, and he had as much right to kill as the Allies did. I don't hear anyone criticizing your American ace, Eddie Rickenbacker. I don't hear a word about my own country's beloved ace, Nungesser. Yet they both killed.

Why hate the Germans? The war is over.—*From a Frenchwoman.*

ALLENTOWN, PA.—You would not feature "The Red Knight of Germany" if you understood the thoughts of many of us who spent many red nights in front of the German army. Why can't you live up to the ideals your name implies—Americanism?—*F. J. Carroll.*

FAIRMONT, W. VA.—I would suggest that you carefully preserve the names and addresses of those who still harbor a bitter hatred against Richthofen and his country, with a view to drafting them in the next war. People who can keep their hatred burning that long should make excellent soldiers and the War Department would no doubt be glad to use them.—*A Soldier.*

He Seems to Be Practically Through with Us

EAST BROOKFIELD, MASS.—I am sick of LIBERTY. I am tired of the silly stuff, "For the Love o' Lil." I despise the spirit of treasonlike articles such as "Richthofen." They leave a nasty taste in the mouth and rancor in the heart.

I am done with LIBERTY.—*J. F. Wilcomb.*

This Will Be a Blow to Mr. Tisdale

GREELEY, COLO.—Have just finished reading the first half of Frederick Tisdale's story, "This Hero Stuff," and I'll be damned if I'm going to force myself to read the remaining half!—*Dave.*

How About a Little Piece on Tiddledywinks?

READING, PA.—If all the football articles ever written were gathered together they would make a valuable collection—to *burn.* There is no reason for an article on football. It does not justify its existence or its publication. It tells us nothing; it teaches us nothing; it does not even entertain us.

Beauty may be its own excuse for being; but football is not beautiful. It is rather disgusting. The idea of a full-grown, perfectly normal adult going into hysterics over the sight of an overgrown moron running sixty yards with a pigskin is quite ridiculous. And the people who waste our good time and faith describing to us how this and this play was executed in 1906 and that and that play was executed in 1905 should be themselves executed.—*Louis Breier.*

Sort of Razz Orchestra, Eh?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Your Graphic Section entitled "News of the World"! Ye gods!! Why don't some

of you Vox Poppers get busy and razz that page? You've razzed every page from the cover to the back, so I guess it's up to me to razz this one. As a cartoonist Mr. Ralph Barton is terrible.

If you, LIBERTY, feel like *donating* a page to something (?), then let's donate it to Vox Mom. I suggest that all Vox Pop should be males razzing female writers and Vox Mom be females razzing male writers—and so on through time unattained—*Jerome Davis.*

Sins of the Children

CHICAGO, ILL.—A man is confined to prison and becomes a number. So why heap more sorrow and humiliation on the head of a broken-hearted parent? You were doing just that when you published that article, "Loeb, Leopold, and Lucre," by Mr. Edward Doherty. Leave well enough alone!—*A. J. Davis.*

Another View

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Edward Doherty's article on the Leopold-Loeb case was very timely. Is it true that our Governor has been petitioned to reduce the life sentence to twenty years?

Keep up your good work and keep these brutes in prison, even if they enjoy pleasures of prison leniency. Lest we forget—keep up your good work!—*Richard Nathan.*

And Another

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I enjoyed LIBERTY until I read Edward Doherty's "Leopold, Loeb, and Lucre."

This man Doherty is evidently a self-appointed critic of Illinois justice and everything that goes with it. He seems to doubt Judge Caverly's integrity, and attorneys Darrow's and Bachrach's right to obtain a sentence. To use his own prison slang, I would put the *screws* on any future articles of his.—*M. H. K.*

And Another

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—One convincing article like yours on Loeb-Leopold is worth the cost of LIBERTY for ten years.—*Leigh H. Irvine.*

Are There Any More?

KANSAS CITY, MO.—If you can locate any more "Bert Greens"—grab them.—*R. B. Reynolds.*

Well, It's One Reason

ACKERMAN, MISS.—The article, "Why Marry for Love?" by one Rheta Childe Dorr, was just a little more than I could comfortably digest without the discomforting result of a stomach-ache.

Any person, unless of course they are afflicted by some deranged condition of mind or body, who deliberately says that the only reason a woman marries is "to have a convenient place in which to bear her children," is subject to ostracism from our American society.—*R. G. H.*

A Mean Postscript

JOPLIN, MO.—Mark Ashley, pastor of the Cicero Christian Church, said in Vox Pop that no LIBERTY is worth a nickel.

I have bought it ever since the first issue and always find it to be worth five cents.—*E. C. Hudson.*

P. S. But that is all it is worth.

That Lil Boy . . .

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—I wish to know why Leslie Thrasher never draws a girl or woman. I know very well that he often has a boy dressed in woman's apparel, but he remains unmistakably a very masculine boy despite his disguise. I have no objection to Thrasher's men. They are good. But why not have a picture of a girl now and then?—*F. C. Calhoun.*

The Artist Liked His Model, Too

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Your Thanksgiving cover was *great.* It was 100 per cent in every way.—*D. Roberts.*

It Looks Like RAIN

How a Weather Eye for Victory Makes Champions

An Article by

JOHN R. TUNIS

(Reading time: 12 minutes 15 seconds.)

SLOWLY the Yale team filed into the Lapham Field House behind the Bowl; wet, soggy blankets thrown hastily over wetter shoulders. They had gone out at the start of the game a cohesive unit. They returned at the end of the first half as eleven disorganized, dispirited players.

On the big scoreboards, high at each end of the storm-swept gridiron, were the letters:

HARVARD 6 YALE 0

It was raining. Raining as it had never rained before in New Haven on the day of a big game. In parts of the field the water was actually a foot deep.

Those splotches of yellow you saw in the center of the stands were the slickers of the Yale undergraduates in their cheering section. Those splashes of white in the sea of coats and umbrellas were sodden newspapers covering soaked spectators: football fanatics sticking out the sixty minutes of play with water dripping steadily down their collars and drenching their legs and feet. It was November 22, 1924.

And an awful day for the Blue. Because this was one of Yale's greatest elevens. They had beaten Princeton roundly; they had conquered Brown. They had held Dartmouth for downs four times on the one-yard line.

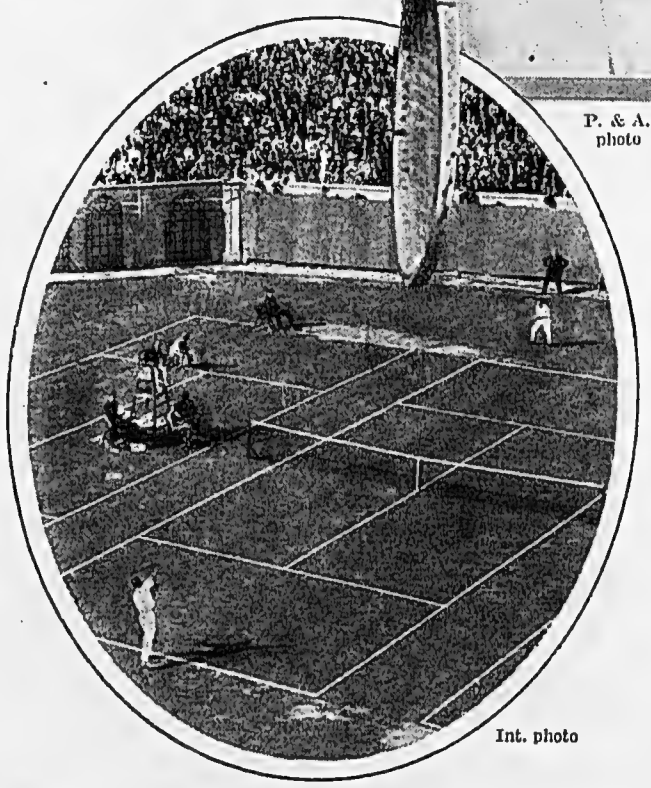
Harvard was weak. Everyone that fall was taking a healthy sock at the Harvard eleven. Dartmouth had beaten them. Brown had beaten them. Princeton had rolled up thirty-four points against them. Up to the morning of the game, Yale had been an odds-on favorite.

Suddenly the storm burst, and then came that disastrous first half with the Blue eleven run off their feet by the lighter, faster Harvard team.

Faces covered with ooze and dirt, suits caked with mud and slime, they tramped into the locker building and flung themselves on benches, while trainers and rubbers and assistant managers cut away the ruined jerseys, pulled out the water-logged protective padding, ripped off stockings and boots. Here and there a coach moved among the discouraged players.

P. & A. photo

Big Bill Tilden (right) and Little Bill Johnston; and (left) a scene from their battle for the National Singles at Forest Hills in 1924. A thunderstorm almost saved Little Bill's bacon. The umbrellas (above) show how Wembley Stadium, England, looks on a rainy day.



Int. photo

Gloom hung over the Blue quarters between the halves as the rain beat furiously against the windows. For a great Yale team was being beaten; beaten by no fault of its own, but by the weather. Six points at that moment looked as big as 600!

But as the half ended, one man on the Yale bench began to see a way out. Little Tommy Connors, veteran Yale trainer, observer, and coach, and contestant at half a thousand athletic events, realized why his team was losing. The weather was playing on the other side. Why not make the weather play for Yale?

A hurried word to the head coach, a hasty consultation, and permission was given to try what seemed at first a hopeless chance. Climb-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

YOU *CAN*
GROW TALLER

"I have gained 5½ inches since taking your Course (two months ago). I am a real man now and can't recommend your course too highly. It is just wonderful . . . My age is 22 years . . . I am today one of the greatest ball players in the country, but the lack of size held me down in past years, but your Course has helped me greatly. I can hardly give you enough praise."
D. J.—St. Louis, Mo.

Many other similar bona fide testimonials. Science has found the way to add inches to your height. No need to envy and look up the big fellows. No need to have the disadvantages of the little man. This course makes it possible for you to be on a level with your fellow men. Course is easy, inexpensive, and results sure. Mail coupon for free information today.

L. GLOVER,
Dept. A-61, 70 Bulkley Ave.
Sausalito, Calif.
Without any obligation to me, send me full information on how to grow taller.
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Street.....
City.....

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Recommended
Hotel
Featuring an Exceptional Service to Travelers and Visitors to New York
HOTEL
KNICKERBOCKER
NEW YORK
WEST 45TH STREET
Just East of Broadway
Times Square
HEART OF THEATRICAL and SHOPPING DISTRICT
400 ROOMS WITH BATH
$3.00 and up For One Person
$4.50 and up For Two Persons
Write for Guide to N.Y.

Katherine Mayo
Author of the sensational book Mother India

Tells for the first time why she published the report of an intensive study of the Orient that aroused world-wide controversy. Her absorbing article, entitled

India

will appear

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Heals the Skin
of Irritations

You can have a clear, smooth velvety skin if you will only try pure, cooling liquid D. D. D. Soothes the tissues, quickly driving away pimples, blotches and other blemishes. Relieves eczema and similar skin irritations. This healing, stainless liquid penetrates the skin and instantly stops itching. Dries up almost immediately. A 35c trial bottle is guaranteed to prove the merits of this famous antiseptic—or your money back. All drug stores.

D.D.D. *The Healing Skin Lotion*

Patrick DULUTH
Famous Wool Products
Now Sold Direct to the Public

Suits
Topcoats
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Wool Shirts
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Golf Hose
Auto Robes
Blankets

Save money. Order your Spring Suit and Topcoat now. Suits of our own Double-Twist cloth, made to measure. Exceedingly durable. Very good looking, $33.50. Other suits $28.50 and up. Topcoats, $21.75 and up. Beautifully hand-tailored. Original and exclusive cloths. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Write for illustrated catalog with prices.
Desk D, Patrick-Duluth Mills and Factories, Duluth, Minnesota.

[IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

ing into a chair in the middle of the heated, smelly room, Tommy Connors spoke the words which turned the tide of battle for Yale.

"Boys," he shouted, "are you willing to go back in there and take a chance on getting hurt?"

Willing? Of course they were. But what did it all mean?

A minute later they saw. All the padding, all the protective armor which every football player wears in action, was being tossed into the corner. Shin guards and thigh guards and head guards, hip pads and kidney pads and shoulder pads, were discarded. They were going out on the field in shoes, jerseys, and trousers.

Everything that soaked up mud and wet was chucked away. The Yale team, as it went out after that first half, did not even wear stockings! Eleven to twelve pounds of equipment per man had been left behind in the locker room.

Unencumbered by heavy gear that became bogged with water after the first few minutes of play, the Yale team suddenly found itself. Taking the ball on the kick-off, they never let it get away; carrying it in twenty-seven plays on an eighty-yard march to a touchdown and a seven-to-six lead over the astonished Crimson.

They ran away from their rivals in the rest of the half, and the final score was nineteen to six. The brains of a quick thinker assisted by the weather had won the day for Yale.

Connors had simply made the weather play for his side! That's what all champions of modern sport do. Or, to put it the other way, because they make the weather play for them they are champions.

I SHALL never forget standing beside a rain-swept tennis court in the south of France with Norman Everard Brookes, the great Australian player. Rene Lacoste, the French star, then a boy of seventeen, was being unexpectedly defeated by Charles Aeschliman, the Swiss champion, a player ordinarily not in his class.

It had poured for several days at Cannes; the sky was still lowering and overcast; the court was heavy and slow. Consequently Lacoste was helpless before the low-bounding chops that hugged the ground on his side of the net. Brookes shook his head with disappointment. Had he not been led to expect great things from this rising star of France?

"It's the weather," I said, reading his thoughts. "You can't expect the kid to play his best game on a wet court like this—"

The face of the great Australian clouded.

Wide World photo

When the Yale Bowl was a sea of mud in 1924, the Blue raced to victory over Harvard, clad only in shoes, jerseys, and trousers, after Tommy Connors (right), Yale trainer, saw that his team was waterlogged in its padded uniforms.

"Your real champion always makes the weather help him to victory," he said.

P. & A. photo

OBSERVE how true this is. The next time you see a champion in action—any champion in any sport—watch him make the weather do its share in giving him the prize.

In a close battle everything counts. Little things turn the tide from victory to defeat. Little things make all the difference between the champion and the runner-up. Often the weather is a big thing. Often it turns a losing fight into a winning one, as it did for Yale three years ago last fall.

It happens in every sport. Back in 1924 the finals of the United States Singles tennis championship lay between our two great Bills: Johnston of California and Tilden of Pennsylvania. It was, so you were told, Johnston's year. He came East carefully prepared. He had worked his way up to the final round of the singles in the best of form.

Indeed, he had every reason to be confident. Had he not blown Patterson, the Australian giant, off the court the previous day in the semifinal round at Forest Hills, Long Island, in exactly forty-two minutes, with the loss of only two games in three sets? Surely it was Johnston's year at last.

No; not if Tilden, the wise tactician, could prevent it. Clever master that he is, he knew his only chance was to prevent Johnston's furious driving; to take the whip hand and hold it from the start. So he started off at a terrible pace. Taking the first set, he assumed a lead in the second.

Then Johnston found himself, and his drives began to register in Tilden's court. He led five games to four. Only by the use of his cannon-ball service did Tilden equalize the score and get out at nine-seven.

"Two sets to love; Mr. Tilden leads," droned the umpire from his chair.

THE last words were muffled by the booming of distant thunder. Tilden glanced hastily up at the sky. Over the rim of the stadium he could see dark clouds gathering to upset his carefully laid plans. Many a match, as he knew, had been saved when the eventual winner was two sets down.

He must win before those clouds reached the stadium; before the storm postponed the battle and gave his rival time to assemble his scattered resources. He threw himself into the fray with greater intensity than ever. Followed twenty minutes' tennis that never has and probably never will be equaled in the history of the game. It was the champion of champions, the super-champion, at his super-best.

Spurred on by the approaching storm, he called forth everything he had. Drive and volley, his game was a revelation. He mixed chop with spin and spin with twist to baffle his disconcerted rival. Johnston looked for a let-down in the third set. But it did not come.

"Never, in a quarter century's tennis, have I ever seen such amazing hitting, such phenomenal control." These were the words of A. Wallis Myers, veteran English tennis critic.

In the final three games Johnston, the conqueror of Patterson, got but three points! Think of it! A point a game! It was the high spot of Tilden's career; the most marvelous tennis he ever had or ever will display.

Four minutes after the last stroke of the match the deluge came. Once again a great player had made the weather his ally. Assisted by the mental pressure of

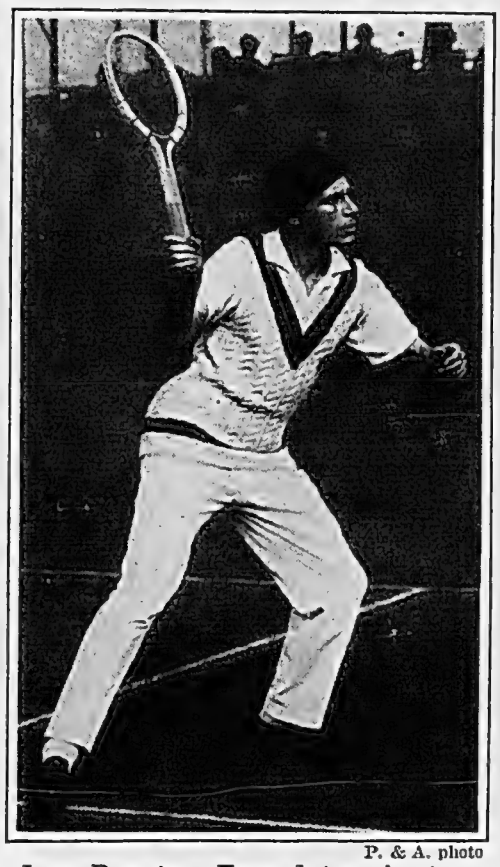
the skies, Tilden had simply blown off the court the then second greatest tennis player in the world.

Football, baseball, tennis, or golf—it is all the same. Probably no one who was so unfortunate as to be at the Worcester Country Club at Worcester, Massachusetts, in the first week in June, 1925, will ever forget it. It was the first week of the National Open, the hottest week of a hot summer.

What air came up from the links was like a blast from the furnace of a trans-Atlantic liner. Spectators and players drooped and wilted. The heat burnt up the fairways and dried the greens ten minutes after watering. It was 110 degrees in the shade of the clubhouse porch.

Of the hundred who barged up and down that course in agony, only one man was keeping cool. Slender, lithe Willie Macfarlane saw his friends blow up and go to pieces; so he resolved to keep cool. While others fumed, fretted, and cursed, while others stormed and railed at the weather, he went steadily along.

The galleries followed Jones and Ouimet, the galleries trailed Farrell and Diegel. Pretty soon the scores drifted in. By the second afternoon it began to look as though Macfarlane had a chance. And the galleries started his way.



P. & A. photo

Jean Borotra, French tennis star, who turned a wet court to his advantage in defeating Gerald Patterson, the Australian, in the Davis Cup finals, 1925.

BUT even then he was not worrying. The others, however, were Hagen, Farrell, Ouimet—they all came to that last hole, high up before the clubhouse, where a birdie three would have put any one of them in a tie for first place. They all missed it by a single stroke. All except cool Willie Macfarlane.

He was tied with Bobby Jones for first place with a score of 291. Now, playing Bobby Jones an extra round in an Open Championship is not something to be laughed off easily. But even then Willie refused to worry.

At noon the next day each man had shot a seventy-five. This, mind you, after Macfarlane had dropped a three-stroke lead.

At lunch someone leaned over and commiserated him on losing his advantage.

"Tough? I think I've done mighty well to get as far as I did," he responded.

And then with a care-free mind he went out that afternoon to win the Open Championship of the United States. How did he do it? Simply by making the weather play for him while the others had it against them.

Yes, in every sport and in every country you'll find them: the men who are clever enough to make the weather show them the path to victory.

THE inside story of that last game of all in the frenzied World's Series of 1924 is a good example. For it was the weather, combined with the strong arm and cool brain of one of baseball's heroes, that brought Washington her first pennant.

Washington and New York were tied, with three games apiece. And the final battle was being fought out on Saturday, October 10, before a vast mob of fans and fanatics, before Congressmen and Senators, before Earls and Ambassadors, before the President himself.

Never in the more than twenty years of baseball's greatest classic had such a tense interest been aroused.

This last game was unquestionably the most exciting ball game of all time. Sixty thousand spectators with wilted nerves and frazzled collars surrounded the diamond, while first one team and then the other took the lead; while first one pitcher and then another took the box and was yanked to the showers.

Ogden started for Washington. He lasted less than an inning. Mogridge replaced him. Meanwhile Barnes, the starter for New York, had been relieved by Art Nehf in the eighth.

Washington scored the first run in the fourth inning when Bucky Harris walloped a line drive over the left-field wall. In the sixth New York batted Mogridge out of the box, scoring three runs. The Senators retaliated in the eighth by tying the score. And at last came that fatal ninth, with both teams having three games and three runs apiece.

Lindstrom, the first man up, flied out to Miller. Frisch hit a long triple; smart fielding only kept him at third. Marberry, who had replaced Mogridge, went to the showers.

The suppressed roaring of the stands as Harris, the Washington manager, left his position in the field was like the murmur of Niagara Falls from many miles away. A man on third and one out. A hit meant victory for the invaders.

Harris walked to the bench, where a figure in a worn uniform arose and put an arm around the

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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This modern method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, now used for 20 years. They combat a cause of excess fat discovered by modern research. That cause is not overeating or too little exercise, but lack of a certain substance in the system.

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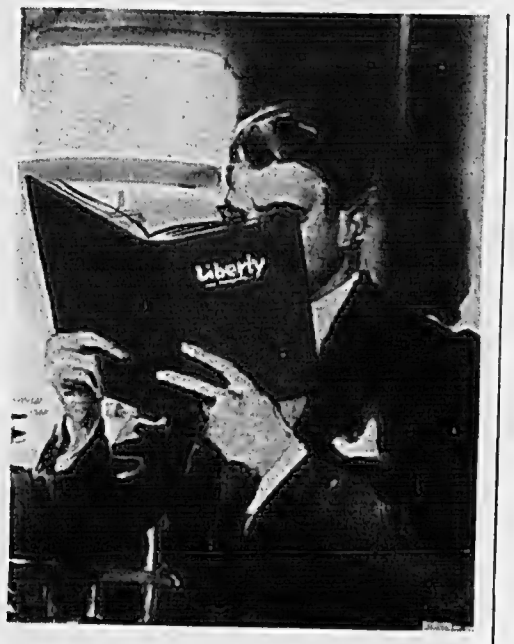

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[IT LOOKS LIKE RAIN Continued from Page Fifty-three]

shoulders of the little manager. They talked earnestly for a minute.

"It isn't—they aren't putting Barney in now? Why, that's throwing the game away," growled the Washington fans in the bleachers.

IT was Walter Johnson talking to Harris in that dugout. The Big Smoke was through. Already two of the defeats Washington had sustained could be laid at his door. The crowd howled as the famous pitcher strolled across the diamond. A has-been, a dead one, they called him.

But this veteran of a thousand ball games had two things left: a keen, cool head and his wicked fast ball. In the clear, sharp sunlight of the Polo Grounds he had been hammered and beaten. But he knew what he was doing when he asked to go in against those slugging Giants at that crucial moment.

It grows dark early near mid-October. Already Johnson had seen the long gray shadows creep over the stands and the playing field. Every minute, he realized, the weather was fighting for Washington, provided he could turn that lightning-fast ball loose upon his opponents.

The runner danced wildly up and down the third-base line, and the coaches on the sidelines shrieked for the hit that meant victory and a world's championship. But that hit was never forthcoming. Purposely, the great master passed Young. Then, warmed up, he began to swing his speed ball into action.

Kelly, the Giants' slugger, fanned on three pitched balls. Meusel grounded weakly to third, and the inning was over. And then the crowd roared its approval.

It took time and a few more innings for Washington to poke across that winning run. But once in the box, Johnson felt secure. No one in that swiftly gathering twilight could possibly judge those lightning-fast shoots. In the tenth inning he fanned Jackson; in the eleventh he fanned Kelly and Frisch. The Giants were helpless.

In the twelfth the hit that meant victory for Washington came across. The fans, not always so quick to recognize the real forger of baseball, paid their tribute to Walter Johnson, the man who thought fast enough to make the weather play for the Washington team.

So far as I am aware, no one has ever told the story of France's first victory in the final round of the Davis Cup matches at Forest Hills in 1925.

For many years the French had been sending forth teams in the contest for this great international trophy. Never had they reached the last round, never had they challenged the United States. But that year by the last day of the matches they had a two-to-one lead, with only one more victory needed to send them against the United States in the challenge round. It looked as though they had a good chance.

That last day called for two singles matches: Patterson and Anderson, the Australian veterans, against Borotra and Lacoste, respectively.

P. & A. photos

Willie Macfarlane sinking the winning putt against Bobby Jones in the National Open golf tournament of 1925. The heat was intense, but Willie kept cool. He is shown above with the cup he won.

In the morning—it was Labor Day—rain began to fall, and continued until 2 o'clock. The French suggested that the matches be postponed. The Australians insisted on playing.

Nor was their strategy hard to figure out. Anderson was reasonably sure of his match. But Patterson was afraid of Borotra. Borotra was a net player. Upon a sea of mud he would be unable to keep his footing; unable to get to the net to win points with those devastating smashes, those angled volleys which on a dry court made him unbeatable.

The referee had no recourse but to order play. There were but a handful of people in the stands. Reluctantly the French took the court, Borotra against Patterson. Yet, before he went on, the Frenchman determined on a campaign which would make the weather, now so hostile to his chances, serve under the banner of France.

Instead of storming the net at every opportunity, he stayed on the base line and chopped everything.

At best his forehand is half a chop, merely a weapon to enable him to gain the net at the shortest moment. But he stayed resolutely back, clipping every shot to Patterson's weak backhand.

THEY did not rise, those balls; they hugged the wet turf and hardly came up a foot. Patterson was surprised, then annoyed, then, when he lost the second set, dismayed, Borotra the volleyer did not volley.

At the end of the fourth set the conflict of wills had been waged and France was victorious.

Decugis, the captain of the team, and Lacoste and Brugnon, Borotra's team mates, rushed upon the court.

"*Bien joué*, Jean," they said, throwing their arms about him with Gallic enthusiasm.

"No, no, it was not I. It was the weather that won this match for us, my comrades."

I thought, as I watched this astonishing victory, of Norman Brookes and his remark about champions. Yet another champion before my eyes had won through by making the weather play upon his side.

The next time you see a champion in action, observe him closely. Wind or rain, heat or cold, dry surface or wet surface, you'll see him make the weather assist him to victory.

Perhaps, after all, that's one of the reasons why he happens to be a champion.

THE END

"Resolved, that I, Toni, being in my right mind, health, and yellow dress with the blue embroidery on it, do hereby promise to refrain from tears, tricks, or tantrums when bedtime comes around."

I Resolve!

As Dictated by TONI, JR., *to* ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Pictures by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 4 minutes 26 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

I've got a new word to add to my wo-cab-u-lar-ly which, if I do say it myself, is getting bigger and better and worser every day.

Only this one isn't a naughty word, as you might be led to suspect perhaps. I guess, though, I didn't need to warn you that way, because really I have very little op-por-tun-ity to pick up words answering such de-scrip-tion. My Mom belongs to that old-fashioned set of parents (or what we of the young generation think very old-fashioned) that still believes in chaperons for young girls.

So I'm never allowed to go into company that might teach a young girl what she oughtn't to know too soon. But I did pick up with a boy un-be-knownst to her in the park one day.

I learned "Oh, heck!" from him when I missed the ball I told him I could catch easily. When I tried that word on my Mom after she told me to pick up my toys and put them away neatly, I was sure it must be a naughtier word than I thought. I just tell you this so you can see that when you start growing a wo-cab-u-lar-ly and you're my size, you do run into troubles.

Those were the happy days when all I could say was Da-da and Goo-goo. I wonder myself sometimes what a person needs so much language for. In those good old days I could be understood per-fect-ly.

My Aunt Toni says that if a girl's wo-cab-u-lar-ly left off with Da-da and Goo-goo, her chances of winning the silver-plated wedding presents would be just as good as they are with a complete kit of words, most of which have to be dropped for baby talk anyway under mellow moons and other places bounded by rings and romance.

I don't know if that is why my Auntie agreed so heartily with the French scien-tists who said re-cent-ly that small children should be allowed to talk baby talk. These experts said that small children do not have the vocal equip-ment to make the sounds that adults do. And that when children pick out a prom-i-nent syl-lable in a long word and repeat it, they're doing the best they can.

So, if I put em-pha-sis on the middle of rez-SLEWSH-uns, the new word I started to tell you about, you'll understand why.

It's a funny word. It worries me because there are other things besides its weight and size that I don't like about it.

If it weren't the beginning of a New Year I don't suppose I would have the prob-lem of knowing what to do with it facing me. Leastwise, I never heard of it before and probably wouldn't yet if Mom hadn't told Daddy that a couple of good ones wouldn't do him any harm.

"What is a rez-SLEWSH-un?" I asked Daddy.

"It's something," says he, "the womenfolk seem to think was manufactured solely for the menfolk. While the menfolk think—"

"Yeah, what do they think?" Mom asks.

"They think," says Daddy, starting out brave, but getting cautious right away again, "they think—ahem!—they think that New Year's Day is no day for an argument, and one of them resolves right here to discontinue the subject."

"Sidestepper!" Mom says.

"Wisestepper!" Daddy answers.

"What is a rez-SLEWSH-un?" I asked Daddy again, as I find if I ask a question over and over and over again, I will get an answer.

So Daddy answered:

"A resolution is something you make and break and get more fun out of the breaking than the making."

"That's no way to answer her question," Mom objected.

"A resolution," she explained to me, "is a promise you make to yourself that you will correct some habit that isn't good for you."

"What is some-habit-not-good-for-you, Mommy?"

"Bawling you and me out the way she does, Toni," said Daddy.

"Asking too many questions is one of yours, Toni," said Mom, turning her attention to me.

"Although," she added, after calming down a minute, "I guess I'll have to take that back, because you'd never learn anything if you didn't ask them, and Heaven only knows there are many things you have to learn.

"Yes, it's all right to ask questions, Toni," Mom con-tin-ued. "But one resolution you could make would be not to say: 'Huh? Huh? Huh?' a dozen times when you do ask one."

Per-son-ally, I must say I like Daddy's idea of a rez-SLEWSH-un best—making and breaking things. If that's what it means, I'll let it into my wo-cab-u-lar-ly, but if it means having to eat up every last spoonful of apple sauce before I can have a piece of candy—then I don't think I'll let it in.

I learned "Oh, heck!" from him when I missed the ball I told him I could catch easily.

"BUT," says Mom, arguing with me in a nice, quiet voice which usually wins me over, "if it is going to make you happier, and me and everybody else, wouldn't you be willing to make a couple of nice New Year resolutions?"

"Yes, I'll make them," I told her. "But what'll I make?"

"Well, you could make them like this:

"Resolved, that I, Toni, being in my right mind, health, and yellow dress with the blue embroidery on it, do hereby promise to refrain from tears, tricks, or tantrums when bedtime comes around.

"Resolved, that I, Toni, will not have to be told every time to say 'Please.'

"Resolved, that I, Toni, will try to remember to say 'Thank you' without being reminded.

"Resolved, that I, Toni, will not stamp my foot and say '*No! I won't!*' when I know that I'll do what I'm told before I'm through.

"Resolved, that I, Toni, will be a good girl."

"Hey!" Daddy inter-rupt-ed. "What you trying to do? Resolved, yourself, Mom, that you've got a regular kid on your hands, and wings aren't wanted."

"Resolve, yourself," Mommy comes back at him, "that there's no danger of wings sprouting with you around to encourage—"

"Resolved," said Daddy, "that we speak no more about resolutions, as they always end badly unless made with *silent* determination."

But I will try to remember to say "Please" and "Thank you," and to be a good girl and make everybody happy and be happy too, so when people say "Happy New Year!" I'll be able to say, "I have one, thank you, and I wish you the same and many of them."

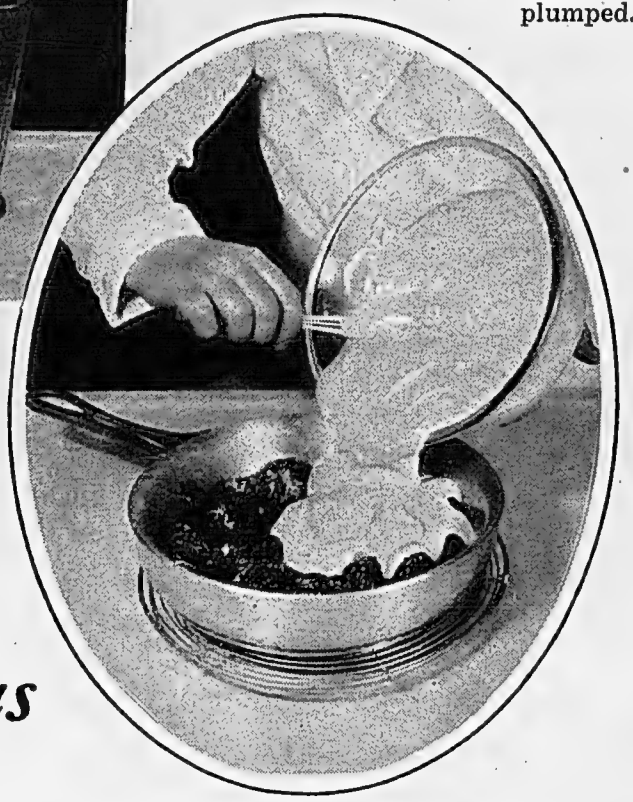
There's a brand-new baby named Teddy that I'm going to have to give some advice to next week. It's advice that some grown-ups might find useful, too.

A measured quantity of boiling water poured over the washed prunes facilitates the soaking. For superior results cover tightly and let stand.

PRUNES

Have a Place on Many Menus

By ETHEL SOMERS



Prune Upside-Down Cake, baked in the fry pan, is delightful.

POOR cooking and a stupid lack of variety in serving have made prunes unpopular in many homes.

Prunes of good quality, when rightly cooked, are truly enjoyable. Since approximately three-fourths of the edible part of the prune is a natural fruit sugar, the best development in flavor is secured by cooking them in tart combinations. Lemon or orange juice, apricots, apples, and rhubarb furnish pleasant and varied tartness.

Prunes, having been well dried to insure their keeping qualities, must be cooked in such ways as best to restore their natural juiciness and plumpness. Soaking in boiling hot water in a tightly covered kettle at least several hours or overnight provides a superior method of complete hydration.

Cooked prunes of delicate texture are commonly made so by a long, *slow* cooking, preceded by a long soaking. Another factor which will aid in bringing out their good qualities is to serve them chilled.

Prunes, being a staple fruit, offer innumerable possibilities and are deserving of special attention by the cook. They are an asset in the family menu because of their valuable body-building minerals and natural fruit sugars, together with their laxative effect.

Prune Sauce

1 pound prunes
2 cups boiling hot water (or enough to cover)
2 to 4 tablespoons sugar, as desired
2 to 4 tablespoons lemon juice, according to tartness desired, or
½ lemon, thinly sliced.

WASH the prunes carefully in cold water, rubbing well to remove any soil that may lodge in the wrinkles. Pour in cold water to cover the fruit, about 2 cups. Pour off this water and put it on to boil. Meanwhile place the prunes in a vessel which has a tight-fitting cover, the tighter the better. Pour the *boiling* hot, *measured* water over the washed prunes. Cover tightly and let stand at least several hours or overnight. Place on a very low fire or in a 250° to 275° F. oven. Cook *gently* until the prunes are tender, about 1 hour. Remove the cover and add the sugar and lemon. If the heating is not gentle or the cover tight, additional water may be necessary during the cooking. However, as little water as possible should be used so that the cooked syrup will be rich without appreciable loss of flavor from the prunes themselves.

Prune Candy

½ pound prunes soaked, or ½ pound prunes, figs, dates, and raisins
¼ pound nut meats
2 to 4 tablespoons orange juice
Confectioner's sugar

SOAK the prunes in *boiling* hot water to cover, at least overnight. Drain well. Remove the pits and chop by grinding through a food chopper, using its coarse-toothed knife. Add the nuts, cut rather than ground, as the latter presses out the flavorous nut oils. Add enough of the orange juice to make the candy hold together when kneaded. One-half to 1 teaspoon of grated orange rind may also be added for flavoring if desired. Roll to ½-inch thickness. Cut into cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar, or dip in melted chocolate.

Stuffed Prunes

½ pound prunes
¼ cup blanched almonds

COVER the prunes with boiling water and let soak 30 minutes. Drain off the water completely and place the drained prunes in the top part of a double boiler. Cover and cook over boiling water 30 to 40 minutes or until tender. Cool and remove the pits, refilling the hollows with blanched almonds. Dry the prunes in the sun or in a warm place and roll in granulated sugar.

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Prune Upside-Down Cake

1 pound prunes
2 cups boiling water
½ orange (juice and grated rind)
1 cup brown sugar
¼ to ½ cup nut meats
3 tablespoons butter

WASH the prunes and soak in boiling water in a tightly covered vessel overnight. Select the plump prunes and allow the others to soak until plumped. Place the butter in a frying pan. Arrange the nut meats artistically therein. Mix the pitted prunes, brown sugar, and grated orange rind until thoroughly blended. Add these to the hot butter in the frying pan, and let cook slowly until heated savory, about 10 minutes. Add the orange juice. Cover with ½-inch layer of Sponge-Cake mixture (see below). Place in a slow oven (325° F.) until the cake is well set in the middle, is lightly browned, and has shrunk from the edges of the pan. This will take about 30 to 40 minutes. Remove while hot to a cake service plate. Garnish with whipped cream. Individual cakes may be made by using English muffin rings as holders. Prune Cake may also be served with Orange Sauce.

Sponge-Cake Top

3 egg yolks
3 egg whites
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
1½ tablespoons lemon juice
½ cup pastry flour

BEAT the egg yolks thoroughly or until they are lemon colored. Gradually beat in ½ of the sugar, using a mechanical egg beater. Add the lemon juice and grated rind. Beat the egg whites until frothy. Add the salt. Beat until stiff. Fold the remaining half of the sugar into the egg whites. Cut and fold the flour and grated rind of lemon alternately with the whites into the beaten yolks. Fold these in by cutting and folding with a spatula or egg whisk. Pour over the hot prune mixture in the hot fry pan and bake as directed in the recipe for Upside-Down Cake.

Prune Filling

1 cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
½ cup cold water
2 egg whites
¾ cup shredded almonds
½ cup sieved cooked prunes

MIX the sugar, cream of tartar, and cold water until the sugar is dissolved. Cover and boil 5 minutes. Remove cover and boil mixture until it forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water, or cook to 240° F. Gradually pour the hot syrup over the stiffly beaten egg whites and beat continuously until the mixture holds its shape. Add the sieved fruit and shredded nuts. This may be used as a sweet filling for cookies or cake, or as a delightfully fluffy frosting on warm Cottage Pudding or Bread Pudding.

PRUNE SALAD may be made by stuffing prunes, prepared as for Stuffed Prunes (see recipe). Use any of the following stuffings: Orange marmalade, grapefruit marmalade, cottage cheese, coconut, peanut butter, cream cheese, nut meats, or candied orange peel. Arrange on lettuce and serve with Fruity French Dressing. This salad may be made more attractive if served on a thick orange slice nestled in lettuce.

FRIED PRUNES may be made by preparing the fruit as for Stuffed Prunes and filling the cavity with another pitted prune. Wrap with a slice of bacon and skewer in shape. Fry in hot deep fat (375° F.) or broil under a high-burning broiler flame, turning frequently to brown evenly. These are especially good served as a fruity accompaniment to fowl or veal.

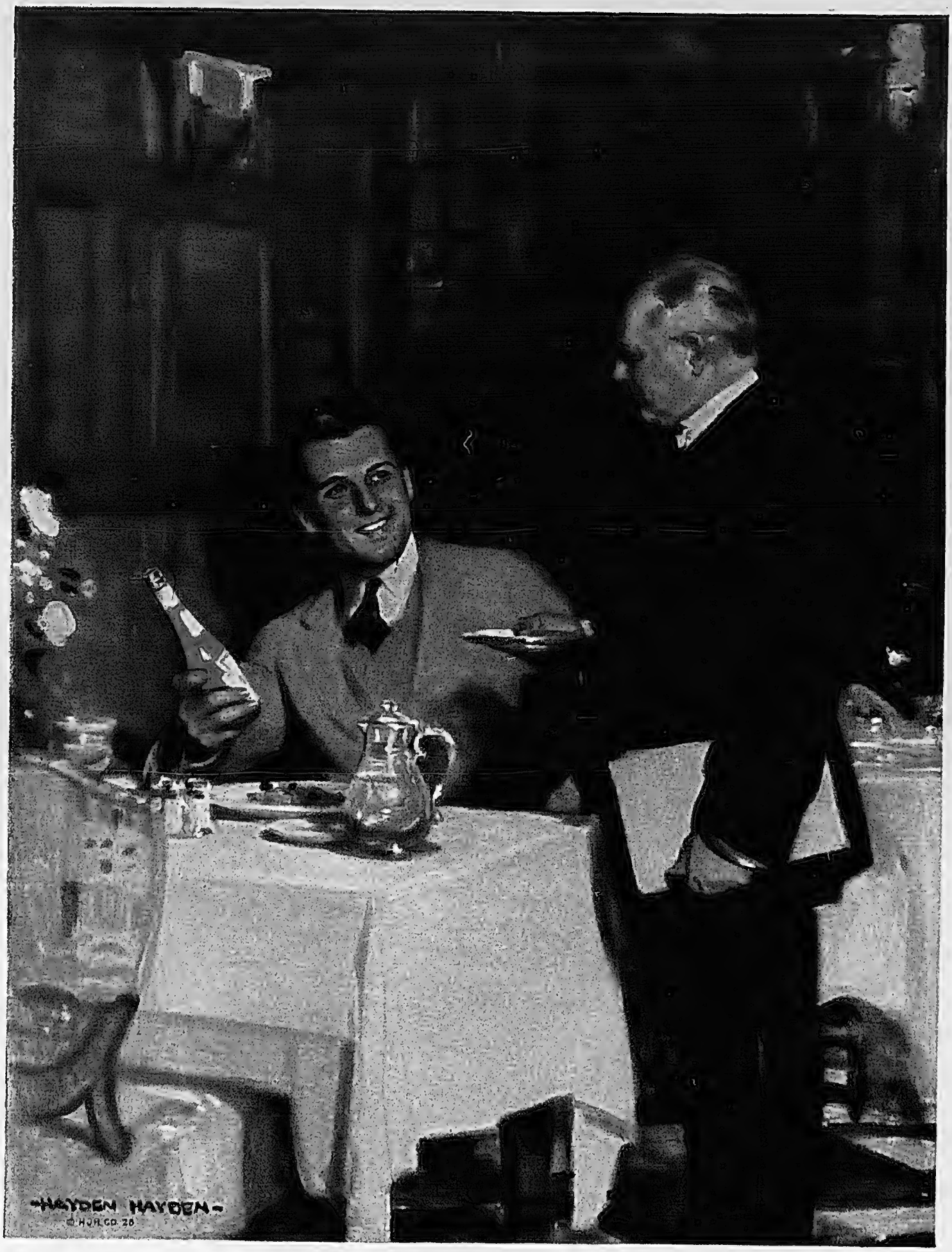
Frozen Prunes

½ pound prunes soaked, cooked, and sieved
1½ cups cream, plain or whipped, as preferred
½ cup sugar

MIX the sugar into the prunes until it is thoroughly dissolved. Pour in the whipped cream or mix in the plain cream. Pack in a mold for 3 or 4 hours until frozen, or freeze in an electric ice box. Serve garnished with orange marmalade or candied orange peel.

"THIS IS WHY"

SAID THE MAITRE D'HOTEL



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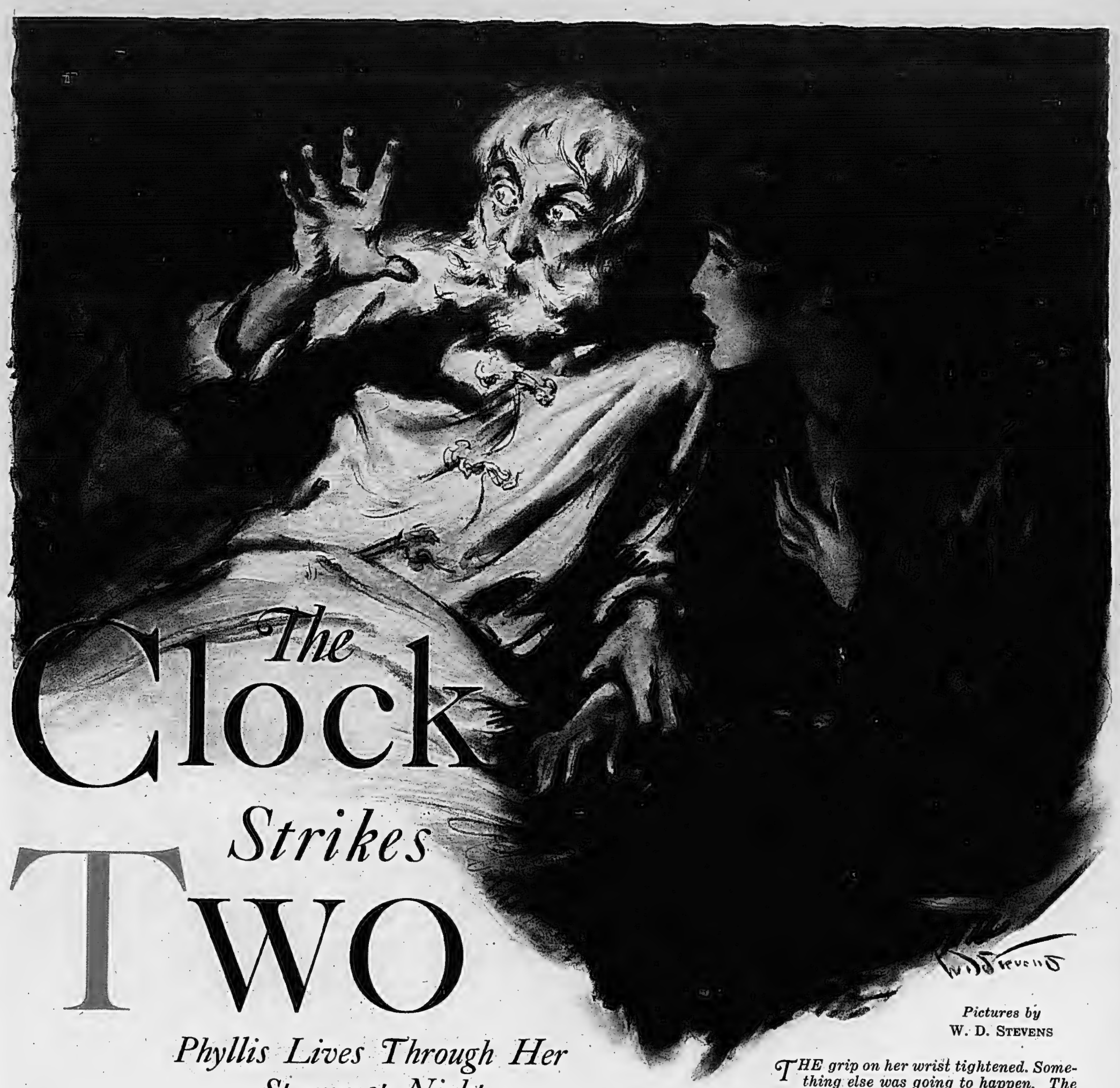

The Clock Strikes TWO

Phyllis Lives Through Her Strangest Night

Pictures by
W. D. STEVENS

THE grip on her wrist tightened. Something else was going to happen. The panic-stricken old man knew, and was waiting for it.

A Serial by

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

(Reading time: 21 minutes 30 seconds.)

PHYLLIS HALE'S first job took her into a country house full of baffling mystery. She became the private secretary to Colonel Boardman—ninety-two years old, and blind.

Astute as the old Colonel seemed, Phyllis' first impression was of one slightly touched mentally. Later she came to the conclusion that his son, Thomas, and Thomas' sons (Franklin, Charles, and Herbert) were actually trying to drive the old man mad.

Their methods were diabolical. Ghostly noises and cries reached the Colonel's ears at night. When he grew excited, Charles, who was a doctor, used a quieting hypodermic.

Haller, the Colonel's man servant, was clearly in the plot. Edith, Thomas' daughter, Phyllis was inclined to regard not as a plotter but rather as a tool of her father, her brothers, and a certain medium. Edith believed in spirits, consulted this medium, and thought herself in communication with Flora, the Colonel's daughter who, forty years before, had been killed by a fall from her balcony when attempting to elope.

The spirit of Flora, through the medium, sounded a warning against Blair Boardman.

Blair was a young man newly arrived in that part of the world. He was the son of Blair Boardman I, the Colonel's second son, now dead, who had left the country after a quarrel with his father. Young Blair was the logical heir to half the Boardman estate. But the spirit of Flora wished him never to see his grandfather! So far he never had, though he was visiting the family.

But Phyllis had talked with him alone—had been instantly taken with him and he with her.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-ONE]

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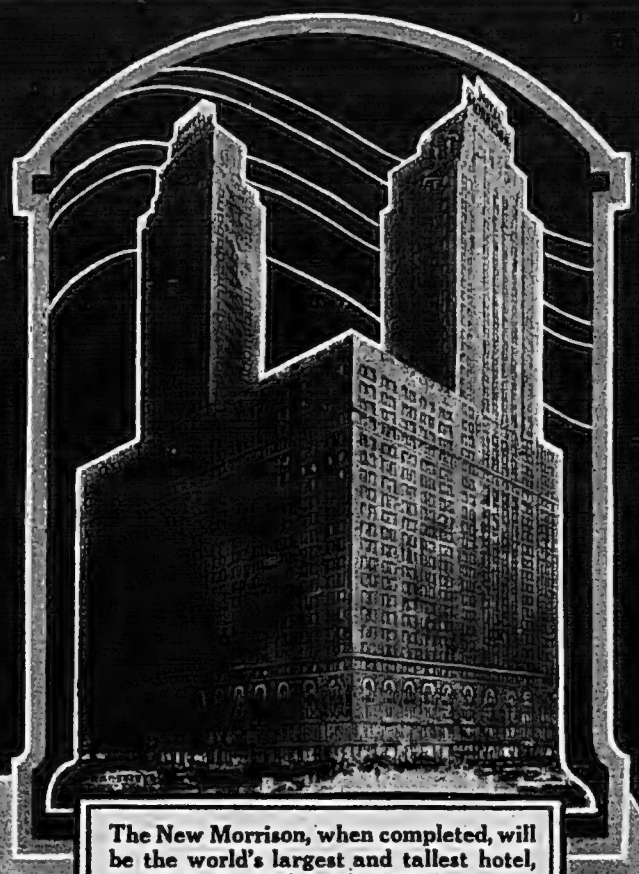

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Chicago's wholesale, retail, financial and manufacturing districts are grouped closer to the Morrison than to any other hotel. This is also true of the railroad stations and theatres, so that the Morrison is in as high favor with vacation tourists as with business travelers.

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For half a century this has been the busiest "24-hour" location in Chicago—largely through the hospitable character maintained on this spot throughout that time by the Boston Oyster House. The "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden, "Chicago's Wonder-Restaurant," has also contributed in great measure to the fame of the Clark and Madison intersection.

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Every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, and Servidor. A housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all guests enjoy the privileges of the hotel's garage. Yet $2.50 to $5 will engage rooms that would cost $5 to $8 in any other leading hotel; revenues from subleases make possible a standard of economy obtainable nowhere else.

TABLE OF RATES (Single in Each Case)

202 Rooms, $2.50	457 Rooms, $4.00	15 Rooms, $6.00
241 Rooms, $3.00	245 Rooms, $4.50	35 Rooms, $7.00
480 Rooms, $3.50	189 Rooms, $5.00	21 Rooms, $8.00

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THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
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CLARK AND MADISON STREETS
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-NINE]

He told her his theory that the noises the Colonel heard emanated from the old ice house where Herbert had a workshop, and were reproduced by a loud-speaker in the Colonel's room. Criminal business, if true!

Elizabeth, Edith's daughter, Phyllis had once seen walking toward the ice house with Herbert. Was she involved too? The girl seemed straightforward and Phyllis had helped her go to a rendezvous with her sweetheart.

Not long afterward, Dr. Charles knocked at Phyllis' door.

Part Seven

"I GATHERED from Herbert," Dr. Charles began, "that you might know something about Elizabeth. She was seen by one of the servants paddling off in the canoe quite early in the afternoon and she hasn't come back. Her mother's frantic with anxiety about her. Can you tell me anything that might relieve it?"

As so often during the past two or three days, Phyllis found herself in an ethical quandary. Was it her duty to give Elizabeth away?

"I understood," she said at last, "that she was going on an errand to the village that might take her quite a while. I don't think Mrs. Pierce need be frightened."

He was looking at her very intently. "Do you understand that she did mean to come back eventually?" he asked.

"Yes; I'm sure of it."

"You don't mean to tell me any more than that?"

"There's very little more that I could tell."

He drew a rather discouraged sort of sigh and turned away from her. It struck her that he looked tired, shaken. Something had happened to him since lunch. Blair's concession that he might, after all, be anything, up to a perfectly honest man, recurred to her.

"It ought to be easy to be loyal," she took the chance of remarking; "but I've found out lately that you don't always know whom you owe your loyalty to."

That brought him around for another keen look at her. "I think perhaps I'm beginning to understand that," he said, "better than I did this morning. And I'm not sure that I don't owe you an apology." He smiled rather wryly and added: "I'm not sure, either, that I do."

"That's exactly," she told him, with an outright smile of her own, "how I'm beginning to feel about you."

"Then perhaps I can ask a favor of you," he said. "Herbert's ill. He had a violent chill this afternoon when he came up from the lake, and he's got a high fever now. I need Haller to look after him. Edith needs attention, too. She seems absolutely terrified—over Elizabeth's disappearance, I suppose, though there may be something else behind it. I'd like you to go on watch over my grandfather. I don't think you'll need to do anything but keep an eye on him."

"I'll be glad to do that," she said, hiding her eagerness as best she could. She'd undertaken for Blair to search the old man's room for the instruments he was sure were concealed there. Dr. Charles was playing right into her hands.

"I'm ready now," she added.

"Good," he said.

Together they crossed the hall into the study.

"You can find something here to read, I dare say," he remarked, and led the way back into the Colonel's bedroom, where he turned on the light.

The old man lay there in an apparently normal sleep. The doctor, bending over, laid his fingers on the withered brown wrist, and with his other hand drew out his watch.

"I want to telephone a prescription to the village drug store," he said to Phyllis. "Look it up in the book, will you? I've forgotten the number—Canfield's."

"Shall I call it for you?" she asked.

"Yes, I wish you would. Ask for Mr. Canfield himself," he added, getting his stethoscope out of his pocket and fitting it to his ears. "I'll talk to him myself when you get him."

She got the number immediately, and Mr. Canfield himself answered. Dr. Charles hung his stethoscope around his neck and talked to him.

He gave his instructions to Canfield, hung up the receiver, and, turning back to the bed, completed his examination of the old man.

"He's coming along all right," he then assured her. "If he can have an undisturbed night I should think he would be about as good as ever in the morning. I'll have them send you up some dinner, and I'll come in later and see how you're getting on."

With that he was gone.

Was she really alone here now with the old Colonel, or was some unseen pair of eyes watching to see what she'd do?

Well, if there were a watcher, let him watch and make what he could out of what he saw. She had a job to do.

She began with a general survey of the room. A grating of some sort, Blair had suggested—a hot-air register in the floor or a ventilator in one of the walls.

There was no such thing. The room was warmed by a hot-water radiator. The surface of the walls and ceiling was unbroken. The bed was pulled out a little from the wall, and she was able to make sure that there was nothing there.

THERE was one picture—an old-fashioned steel engraving. She climbed on a chair and looked behind that. Nothing but the stains that showed it had been undisturbed for years. Under the bed, then. Blair had suggested that as a possibility. It was high, and she went under it bodily, peering between the ranks of spiral springs that upheld the mattress. Again, nothing.

She searched the bathroom, the clothes closet. Here, for an instant, she thought she'd found something;

SHE had to conquer a feeling of distaste for this part of the job. It seemed more like spying than anything she'd done yet.

but it proved to be nothing but the bell box of the telephone, and the wires from it ran unambiguously through the wall to the instrument that stood on the nightstand beside the Colonel's bed.

Well, she needn't be discouraged. She hadn't yet explored the place that Blair had regarded as likeliest of all—the old marble-topped walnut bureau with its four big drawers. She had to conquer a feeling of distaste for this part of the job. It seemed more like spying than anything she'd done yet.

It wasn't until the mere gingerly glance she had taken into each of the four drawers in turn had failed to reward her that she went at the job thoroughly. Then she left no doubts behind her. There was nothing remotely resembling what she was looking for. And a search of the night stand yielded a similar result.

Blair was wrong—that's what it came to.

And yet, if he were wrong, how could Dr. Charles have known that she had lied to him this morning? What was it the old man had heard last night? No; Blair must be right.

She went through the whole process again, this time more minutely. She turned back the rugs to see that they concealed no opening in the floor; she examined the baseboard, making sure that there was no panel that slid.

She suspended operations to eat the dinner they sent up to her on a tray. But when she had done with this and the tray had been carried off, she went on methodically and finished. Nothing!

About 9 o'clock Charles came back for another look at his grandfather.

"He's sleeping much more lightly," the doctor told her in a whisper.

He switched out the light in the bedroom and went back into the study to talk to her.

"Herbert's condition is really alarming," he said. "He's delirious now, with a temperature of over one hundred and four, and he'll have to be watched all night. I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to make your bed in here on the sofa. Grandfather can't be left altogether alone.

"It's possible that he may not wake until morning. I don't think it likely that he'll be disturbed as he was last night. But of course that's a possibility that must be reckoned with, too. If anything like that happens, I hope you'll summon me at once."

He was on the point of leaving.

"Has Elizabeth come back?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," he told her. "She turned up in time for dinner. I suppose," he added doubtfully, "she might come in to relieve you."

"Oh, that wasn't what I meant at all," Phyllis assured him. "I'd just as lief sleep here as not."

He seemed honestly relieved to hear her say that, and shook hands with her in his preoccupied fashion before he went away.

She turned on the reading light, made herself comfortable in the old gentleman's easy chair, and sat speculating for a while about what Blair was doing. Herbert's illness had probably changed his plans about trying to get into the old ice house. There would be no use in doing that unless Herbert was there.

SHE must have fallen asleep, for the next thing she knew she was sitting up, blinking at the light. There was someone knocking on the study door. She got up hastily and opened it.

Elizabeth, in her nightgown and bathrobe, was standing there. "Did I wake you up?" she asked in a whisper. "I'm terribly sorry. I saw a little streak of light under the door. I thought you were sitting up reading."

"It's all right," Phyllis told her. "I'd fallen asleep in my chair. I was glad to hear you got safely back."

"Mother was perfectly silly to be frightened," the young girl said. "I learned to paddle a canoe when I was about eight and I'm a perfectly good swimmer—almost as good," she added with a smile, "as you and Blair."

Her expressive face went sober again.

"I came to ask if I might sleep in your bed. Herbert's room's next to mine, and they're moving around in there all the time. I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind."

"Not a bit," Phyllis told her. "I'll go across with you now and get one or two things I may want, and then you can make yourself at home in there."

"Can't you stay and talk a minute?" Elizabeth asked, when Phyllis had collected her bathrobe and her bed slippers.

"A minute—or two," Phyllis told her. "I'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Sixty-one]

on watch in the other room, of course." But she sat down, anyway.

"Do you think they know," Elizabeth asked, the question giving the effect of bursting from her, "why I went to the village?"

Phyllis hadn't an answer ready, and the girl went on. "Nobody said anything, or asked me where I'd been—and that was queer in itself. And they all, even Blair, seemed to have something on their minds."

"That was Herbert, perhaps."

"No; we didn't know he was really ill then. Right after dinner Grandfather went off for a talk with mother, and Blair went straight up to his room. It all felt tight and queer—as if something was going to happen. And if it's about me—well, I want to know it now."

"I don't believe all of it's about you," Phyllis told her. "Some of it may be. Dr. Charles asked me, before you came back, if I thought you would come back 'eventually.' That looks as if he'd guessed something."

"Oh, *he's* all right," the girl said. "If he were going to do anything he'd talk to me about it. As long as it isn't Uncle Franklin—"

"What would it matter if any of them knew?"

"I told Jim I'd see him again tomorrow. He's waiting over. He wants me to go with him. I'm going to tell him tomorrow what I've made up my mind to do. Now I suppose you'll advise me not to."

"Advice isn't often much good. But here's mine, just the same: Go to Colonel Boardman tomorrow morning and tell him all about it."

"Great-grandfather!" the girl cried incredulously. "He'd kill me. Phyllis, you're crazy!"

"I don't believe I am. I think if you tell him everything he'll let you marry Jim."

"Have you any reason for a wild idea like that?"

Phyllis nodded. "He kept Flora from marrying the man she wanted. I don't believe he'd do it again. It's worth thinking over, anyhow. Good night."

SHE didn't wait for any answer. Back in the study, she undressed as much as she meant to, wrapped up in her silk bathrobe, put out the light, and lay down upon the big sofa.

The old man wasn't sleeping so quietly now in the other room. He was beginning to toss and to turn and to mutter in his sleep. He'd be waking up pretty soon.

She stole in very softly and sat down near the bed. There was enough moonlight outside dimly to see him by.

Suddenly he sat bolt upright, his eyes wide open, staring blankly. She must speak to him. It was out of a very stiff throat that she managed to say, "It's all right, Colonel Boardman. This is Phyllis."

"Be still!" he hissed. "Listen!"

She sat rigidly still, but could hear nothing. She reached out a hand to take his, in the hope of calming him. He clutched it in a grip so strong that it almost made her cry out.

"Listen!" he repeated. "It's getting louder."

And then, indeed, but very faint and far away, she could hear the slow, deliberate ticking of a great clock: louder and louder, nearer and nearer, until the menacing *cluck—cluck—cluck* of its beats a second apart was as loud as if the thing had been standing here beside the bed.

The grip on her wrist tightened. Something else was going to happen. The panic-stricken old man knew, and was waiting for it.

At last it came: a deep, musical, bell-like tone, once and then again. The clock had struck two.

Again the clutch tightened upon her wrist. The menacing ticking went on for perhaps a quarter of an eternal minute more, and then there came a woman's scream, followed by a ghastly silence. The clock ticked no more.

Phyllis' breath came back in a dry sob, astonishingly loud in the stillness.

The old man relaxed his grip on her arm and lay back against his pillows. "Were you frightened?" he asked.

"Almost to death," she whispered.

"Why? Did you see anything?"

"No; but I heard."

"Tell me exactly what you heard."

"Why, the ticking," she said; "at first so soft that I could hardly hear it, and then getting louder; and then the clock striking two; and then the scream." She added, in the clutch of a new terror: "You heard it too, didn't you?"

"That's the point," he said. "Yes, thank the Lord! I heard what you did and you heard what I did, so there's nothing to be afraid of. Last night, when I heard it, I didn't know whether anyone else could hear it.

"It was a series of sounds that I remembered, repeated exactly as I'd heard them one night long ago—forty years ago. It seemed likely that they had no existence outside my own brain. Two people, anyhow, can't have the same hallucination. So they were real sounds—nothing to frighten anybody."

"But — but what made them?" she asked. "The hall clock wasn't ticking last night, and it didn't strike two. It couldn't have come nearer, the way it did. And no one screamed." She faltered and then finished out the thought that was in her mind—"No living person."

"You think it was a ghost, eh? Well, I can't prove that it was anything else. And I don't know of any living intelligence but my own that could have repeated those sounds just as I heard them forty years ago."

SHE steadied herself with a long breath.

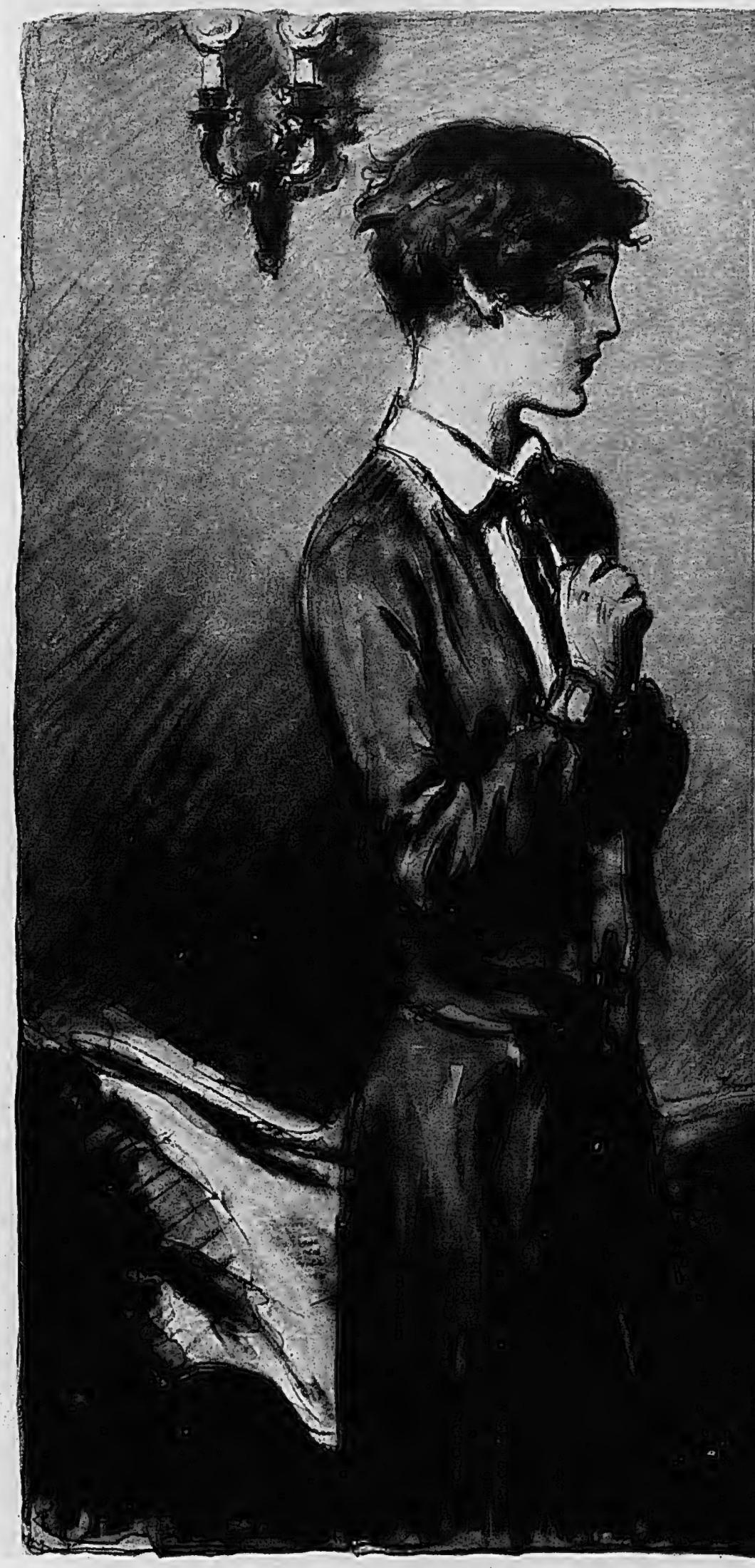
"A living person might know enough to make those sounds," she said. "He would if he'd read Flora's letter."

"Flora's letter!" The echo was almost voiceless. "What do you mean?"

"Mrs. Pierce told you about it—tried to tell you—about a letter she'd found in a yellow box in your daughter's room. She showed it to me. I think it must have been real. Written by Flora herself, I mean. It was a letter to Blair that somehow never went to Blair.

"She wrote it while she was waiting for it to be two o'clock—after you'd found her packing and locked her in her room. She had the rope all made out of her bed sheets and tied to the railing. She stopped writing it when she heard the oars of her lover's boat coming across the lake."

All the color had drained out of his face and it was shiny with sweat. He covered it with



The old man lay there in an apparently

normal sleep. "He's coming along all right," Dr. Charles assured her.

his hands and swayed forward. But when she would have gone to him he made her stay where she was.

"I'm all right," he told her. "At least, I will be in a minute. It was a true letter if it told all that. You say it was the medium who told Edith where to look for it?"

"Yes," she said. "I thought until tonight that someone had told the medium—your son, perhaps. If he had found the letter the night—the night Flora wrote it, and had lately told the others about it—Herbert and Franklin, I mean—they would have known enough to make those sounds. She spoke in the letter of hearing the clock tick and waiting for it to strike two. I don't know why they should want to do a hideous thing like that."

He sat erect again. His color had come back, but his voice sounded lifeless.

"That's plain enough," he said. "Once I began hearing voices they'd have no trouble in having me declared *insane*. Well, Thomas has overreached himself. It doesn't matter how he made his noises, so long as you heard them too."

He asked her about the ticking—how long it had been audible before the clock struck two.

"I didn't hear it as long as you did," she told him. "For quite a while after you told me to keep still and listen I didn't hear anything at all."

"It really did get louder then," he observed, "though imagination would have something to do with that. Once you begin listening intently to a thing, it sounds louder. How loud do you think the scream was?"

SHE tried to remember. "It was a loud scream," she said; "but it came faintly, as if it had happened a long way off."

"Did it sound like anyone you know?" he asked her suddenly. "Did it remind you of anyone?"

"Yes," she told him, regretting her admission. "I did think of Elizabeth."

"Where is Elizabeth now?"

"She's sleeping in my room. Herbert's very ill and the noises from his room disturbed her in her own."

"Of course you don't know that she's there now," he remarked. "Go and see. Stay long enough to make sure she's really asleep."

Elizabeth was sound asleep. She squirmed protestingly under the light Phyllis turned on, and burrowed deeper into her pillow. Phyllis watched for what seemed a long time—fifteen minutes—before she went back to the Colonel.

"She lay quiet all the time you were in there?" he asked.

"Yes," Phyllis said, "and I'm sure she's asleep."

"It doesn't matter whether she's asleep or not," he told her. "The thing came again while you were gone."

"Again!" she echoed incredulously.

"Everything. Just as we heard it before, ending with the scream."

"But I was right across the hall," she protested, "and I didn't hear a sound."

"It's strange," he admitted. "I would have said it would rouse the house."

She felt terror coming over her. The Colonel stirred restlessly and presently sat erect.

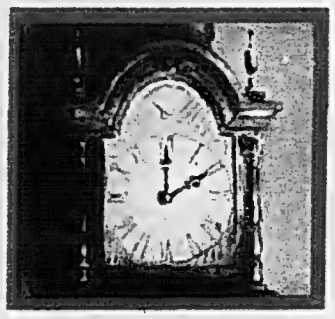
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CLOCK STRIKES TWO
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

"I'm going to get up," he announced. "I'm tired of lying in this damned bed. Find me some socks and slippers and a bathrobe. We'll go into the study to think this thing out. What time is it?"

She consulted her wrist watch and answered him, "One o'clock."

"Night or day? Night, of course, since Elizabeth's asleep in your bed. Well, it can't be helped. I'm hungry. Go down to the pantry, as soon as you've fixed me up, and bring me some crackers and milk. But find the socks and slippers first. I want to get out of this room."



Doing him these homely services, and incidentally turning on a good strong light to see by as she did them, helped to dissipate the horrors a little. But she felt, nevertheless, rather tremulous as she started off down the long corridor to raid the pantry.

The door to Herbert's room opened as she was passing, and Franklin and Dr. Charles, both fully dressed, came out, leaving the door open behind them. "Anything wrong in your department?" Charles asked.

"No," she said. "Colonel Boardman's awake and he wants something to eat. I was going down to the pantry to get him some crackers and milk. That's all right, isn't it?"

HE nodded absently. From where she stood she could see Herbert reclining, darkly flushed, upon his packed pillows, and could hear his unnatural, stertorous breathing. She had one more question to ask, so she waited.

The doctor was speaking curtly to Franklin. "The quicker you can get started, the better."

Franklin—a little reluctantly, she thought—was turning to go, when another door across the hall, the door to Mrs. Pierce's room, opened, and Thomas came out, half dressed, disheveled, and with his beautiful white hair all awry.

At the sight of them grouped about Herbert's door, he asked sharply, "Is he worse?" Then he took in Phyllis' presence and guessed at another explanation: "Is it Father? Has anything happened to him?"

Charles answered: "No, he's all right, I guess. I'm having Franklin drive over to Lafayette for a tank of oxygen. I want it handy."

"I hate driving at night," Franklin protested. "I can't see well enough."

"Do as you like about it," Charles answered. "It's half a mile to the chauffeur's house, and by the time you've waked him up and got him to dress and come up to the garage for a car, you've wasted half an hour. And that half-hour might make a lot of difference."

"Oh, all right," Franklin said; "I'll go."

He walked away down the hall toward the main staircase.

Charles perceived that Phyllis was waiting for something. "What is it, Miss Hale?"

"Was it all right to let Colonel Boardman get up? He was tired of his bed, he said, and wanted to sit in a chair in his study."

"I don't see any reason why he shouldn't," he told her. "How does he seem? Fairly normal? Not very excited?"

"I think he's all right," she said; "only very wide awake."

"Nothing has happened, I suppose? I mean nothing resembling last night's affair."

Old Thomas stood listening with an alertness he was trying to conceal. She lied, and as usual lied badly.

"No," she said; "there was nothing like that at all."

Charles turned away with an impatient shrug, which she couldn't blame him for, and went back to Herbert. She could feel Thomas' suspicious gaze boring into her as she walked away.

She was relieved to see nothing of either of them when she returned a few minutes later to the study.

She lighted the fire, which was already laid upon the hearth, drew the old man's chair around so that he faced it, and put his supper before him on a small table. Then she found a chair for herself, and waited.

He didn't say a word until he'd finished eating.

"Since it's the middle of the night and you haven't slept all day, I suppose you're wanting to go back to bed."

She assured him that she did not.

"I was hoping," she confessed, "that you'd want to sit up like this until morning. I don't know when I'll feel like going to bed again in the dark. I suppose you think I'm a dreadful coward, but it frightened me horribly, what we heard tonight."

"I was a soldier once," the old man remarked. "I don't call anyone a coward until he runs away. Tell me what's been happening in the house here since they put me to sleep."

"Blair's here," she told him. "Mr. Boardman and Franklin brought him down in a car in time for lunch. I had a long talk with him this afternoon," she added. "I heard Mr. Boardman tell Franklin that it was Herbert's job to see that we weren't left alone together. But we managed it—we swam across the lake and left him behind."

"Across the lake!" he echoed. "Wasn't that a pretty risky business at this time of the year?"

"A little, perhaps—not very. We're both good swimmers and Herbert isn't, so it got us away from him. We sat on a bank in the sun over on the other side, when we got there, and talked the whole thing out."

"You risked your lives to talk about my affairs? Fiddlesticks! Love-making, weren't you?"

"I suppose you'd say we were, a little," she admitted judicially. "But mostly we talked about you and the family and why they were afraid of Blair."

"Still like him as well as ever?" he asked.

"Better," she said firmly.

"Was that why you were so long fetching my crackers and milk?" he asked. "You stopped for a little more love-making, I suppose."

But he said it not so very ill-naturedly.

No, she said; he was the only man in the house she hadn't seen in the course of her excursion for the crackers and milk. She told of her encounter in the hall.

"Herbert's really ill, then," he commented. "No hocus-pocus about it."

"No," she said, with a shudder; "I'm sure there isn't. I saw him and I heard him breathe."

Herbert and Elizabeth—both under suspicion, according to Blair's theory, of complicity in last night's phenomena—were now definitely eliminated.

THE old man made no comment, though, to indicate that he was thinking in that direction. Instead, he startled her by saying:

"I'd like to talk to him now. Go and fetch him here, will you?"

"Blair, do you mean? Now? In the middle of the night? But he's in bed, asleep."

"There's no reason why his sleep should be sacred, is there? Go and wake him up. Tomorrow morning Charles may give me another injection of morphine and put me to sleep again. No telling what may happen."

"I don't even know where his room is," she said weakly.

"He's probably in the regular guest room. That's the one corresponding to yours, in the other wing, down at the far end."

She didn't much relish the errand. Dr. Charles was the only one of the family whose good opinion she cared anything about having; but she'd distinctly dislike being caught at Blair's door at 2 o'clock in the morning.

Her first knock was, in consequence, ridiculously faint-hearted, and she wasn't surprised that it produced no results. Then she mustered up her courage and knocked loudly.

When she had waited a minute after this second attempt, listening vainly for some sound within the room, she forgot everything in a sudden fear. Had this horrible family done anything to him?

She opened the door, went in, and switched on the light, then quickly and softly closed the door behind her.

Blair wasn't in the room. The bed hadn't been slept in.

There were no signs of a struggle in the room. Blair's dinner clothes were neatly disposed upon a chair. His pajamas were laid out upon the turned-down bed, just as a good servant would have left them. Apparently, then, instead of simply undressing, he'd changed his clothes; and he wouldn't have done that except for a voluntary excursion.

He'd told her, during their talk that afternoon, that he'd like to investigate the old ice house for himself.

SHE noted that one of the French windows was open. Beyond it she could see the wrought-iron rail of a little balcony like the one outside Flora's room. Had Blair gone the way Flora went?

There was, she realized, even before the clutch of that idea had released her heart to go racing on again, no comparison between a wiry young athlete like Blair and the Victorian young girl—in stays and crinoline, no doubt—who had made that fatal attempt to clamber down her hastily improvised rope.

All the same, she moved with something like a rush out upon the balcony and looked over. There was no crushed figure lying on the grass-grown terrace, nor was there any knotted rope of bed sheets dangling from the rail.

Something was dangling, though, and she bent down to look at it. A leather belt, which she recognized as the one Blair had worn when he played tennis. It was looped by means of its buckle around the lower bar of the railing.

Yes; hanging from the belt, he could have got his feet upon the cornice of the window below, and, steadied by it, he could, by a rather long stride, have reached a trellis beside that window.

Satisfied that she knew how he had gone and why, she let herself out of the room again and stole back to the old man's study.

She found him sitting tensely erect in his chair, and the moment she entered the room he said gruffly: "Shut that door, and the one into the bedroom too. It's drafty in here."

There was no draft that she could feel, but she obeyed as ordered, of course, without protest.

After he had heard both doors click shut, he beckoned her to come close beside him, and then instructed her, in hardly more than a whisper, to draw up a chair for herself facing both doors, as she had faced them yesterday afternoon, within reach of his hand.

"Now," he said, still almost voicelessly, "go ahead and tell me where he is and why you didn't bring him. And talk as low as you can. We've got an audience."

"Do you mean there's someone listening?"

"Trying to. He won't hear as well as he expected to, now that door's shut."

"The bedroom door? Do you mean—do you *know* that someone's in there?"

"Yes; I could hear him creaking about after you'd gone to find that young 'cousin' of yours. You'd left the hall door in there open when you went to get my supper."

"Did I? It was shut when I came back just now."

"I went in myself and shut it, and that gave me an excuse for locking it and carrying off the key. I left the study door open when I came back, so that he would go on hoping he was going to hear something and stay where he was. I didn't want him to come out until you were here to identify him.

"Now—why didn't you bring young Blair with you?"

Before Phyllis learns the whereabouts of Blair, she is to see the uncanny power of a belief in ghosts. Follow her in next week's LIBERTY.

On *the* Old Mill Pond

Sandy Has a Comedown in Lil's Estimation

A Wintry Chapter in LIBERTY'S Great Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

LIL and Sandy were spending the week-end with Ma and Pop. They'd closed their apartment (two by four) at Elkton Terrace—canceling two days' milk-and-cream order and rejoicing upon Sunday's dinner-saving!

"Let's not order ice, on account of the cold snap," Sandy had said. "And we won't have to buy sardines for Sunday night, either. We can put the thirty cents into our travel fund."

"We couldn't go very far on just fifteen cents each," Lil replied.

And that was all she said, knowing her husband's family tree was deeply rooted in the characteristic heather of Scotland! But she felt like saying: "It's too bad about you and your thirty cents gypped out of my household expenses! Gee, you smoke up that twice a day."

Then she got down their ice skates, risking her neck to climb the rickety—and often collapsible—stepladder which big-hearted Sandy had bought in a second-hand store for one dollar.

They swung open the Morses' creaky gate at suppertime, just as Ma was craning her head out of a side window to see if her nonpaying guests were anywhere in sight.

"Woo-hoo! Woo-hoo!" she called. "WOO-HOO! WOO-HOO!"

And then she yanked her head in hurriedly, ripping a new hair net on the curtain. A strange man, passing, was "woo-hooing" sheikily in reply!

Mrs. Morse never splurged on the family, so they had stew with an occasional carrot and one lone onion. Then Lil washed the dishes, while Ma caught up on some darning and listened in on the Saturday-night Visits to Famous Continental Castles with incidental music. Fancying herself a historic queen of a royal line with an unpronounceable name, her darning proved incidental, too!

There was a glorious golden moon. And the old mill pond beyond the meadow in back of the Morses' was silver-sheeted with the winter's first real ice. Skating weather!

Junior and Sandy carried paper and wood across the meadow, and a box of wienies, and made a shovel-width path for Lil through the snowy stubble. Then they blew a series of whistle wheezes to Lil through their teeth and two fingers. It sounded like the last gasps of the 8:35 freight train.

"I'll come along to watch your fancy steps," Ma said. And she added goloshes, a plaid scarf, and an old muff to her apparel.

"So will I," Pop announced. And he donned eartabs and his old furnace gloves.

Once Sandy had taken a prize for exhibition skating, and the sight of his wife's family as an admiring audience around Junior's fire appealed to his sense of the dramatic. He made believe he was at Lake Placid, showing off to New York débutantes; and then he rather fancied St. Moritz, with a regal assortment of eyes focused upon his ice-skating feats! Lil didn't say anything, but she knew all the family's eyes were looking at her.

Sandy roasted some hot dogs and then escorted his wife across the pond. It was very romantic!

"Let's wish on the different stars?" he suggested.

"We'd better watch the cracks," Lil murmured.

"No, let's look at the moon instead. 'Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear—'"

Swish—oof—kerplunk!

Sandy *did*—and how!

(*To be continued next week*)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

First Aid to Mother Nature

Jamie, age three, was trudging along the walk with a squirming, emaciated kitten in his arms. A neighbor, passing, said:

"Good morning, Jamie. What are you going to do with that kitten?"

"Doin' to make a tat out uv him," was his prompt reply.—Mrs. H. L. Peterson, 3917 Gillon Street, Dallas, Tex.

A Quick Thinker

Jane, famous for running away, was visiting her aunt, whose gate led on to the highway. After repeated warnings, her mother caught her opening the gate.

"Jane!" shouted her mother.

"I'm des' lettin' in a little fresh air," came Jane's prompt reply.—Mrs. Hubert White, 1310 Brunswick Park, Norfolk, Va.

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Hearts: 6-5-3
Diamonds: 9-4
Clubs: Q-8-4

(A) If it be held by South (Dealer).
(B) If it be held by West (Second Hand), South (Dealer) having bid one No Trump.
(C) If it be held by North (Third Hand), South and West both having passed.
(D) If it be held by North (Third Hand), South having bid one No Trump and West having passed.
(E) State in not more than 50 words which of the above four questions is the most difficult, and why?

Rules of the Contest

1. Every reader of Liberty, except employees of the Carrom Company, may enter. 2. Write your answers to the AUCTION BRIDGE questions on plain white paper, one side only, and mail them to the Carrom Company, Ludington, Michigan, not later than midnight, February 4, 1928. 3. Write your name and address plainly in the upper left hand corner of the paper. 4. Upon entering this contest you agree to abide by the decisions of MR. MILTON C. WORK, SOLE JUDGE.

Send in YOUR answer today.

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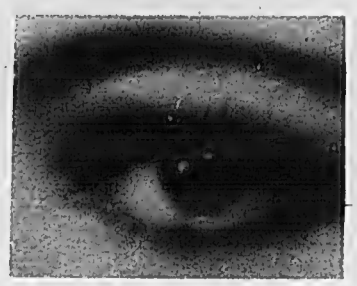
Eye, Eye, Sir



By EILEEN BOURNE

WE can forgive many faults of feature in a woman who has beautiful eyes. For they give the face its eloquence, its emotional power, and therefore its chief claim to personality. Although shape, color, and setting determine ocular beauty, perhaps expression is more significant than any other asset.

A grasping, selfish nature is almost certain to spoil handsome eyes by a hard stare and a furtive disposition, by a habit of dropped lids and a sliding glance. On the other hand, courage, humor, sweetness, and affection prove the truth of the phrase, "The eyes are the windows of the soul."

Naturally, however, the window frames are exceedingly important. You must do your bit to have beautiful brows and lashes. To train your eyebrows, you need a small, stiff brush. With it sweep all the hairs downward, and then smooth them in one curving line.

Don't thin them out! Thick brows are enchanting.

But, of course, you must eliminate those hairs which straggle down toward the lid or across the bridge of the nose. The bridge must be cleared, especially as by doing so you increase that desired space between the eyes.

As for darkening the brows, if they are very blond it is almost essential to do so. But oh, what art is required to do this well! The result absolutely must look natural, and the skin must not be touched.

Some people like a paste for this purpose; others a liquid applied with a camel's-hair brush. Whatever cosmetic you prefer, be sure to put it on only along the natural line of the brow, and, unless the hair is coal-black, use a brown tone. A brown soft pencil may be used for brows that need only a slight accentuation of shadow.

Both eyebrows and eyelashes may be encouraged to grow more luxuriantly by the application of white vaseline at night. Pulling them gently is also supposed to strengthen the hairs. I knew one girl who grew better lashes by clipping them several times, but I should never recommend so perilous a procedure.

Remember that if your eyelashes are thinning, it may be due to a general condition of malnutrition. Eat less candy and more green vegetables and fruits, and see if the condition does not improve.

One way of making the lashes look longer and the eyes more starry is to darken the ends. Even naturally dark eyelashes are lighter at their tips, and to deposit a little black there will add considerably to their appearance of length.

Out in Hollywood they are using, to facilitate this process, a cunning pair of pincers with which the celluloid queens curl back the lashes before shading them. The shading is done either with a pencil or with a brush dipped in mascaro, with which you merely touch the tips. If you brush down the entire length of the lashes, the effect is almost certain to be artificial and exaggerated.

The point is to look alluring, not ludicrous. Another reason for care is to avoid getting a drop in the eye, for it will smart terribly, and then you'll cry ebony tears, get all smudged, and probably slap the innocent bystander. So, if your hand isn't steady, you'd better play safe and use a pencil.

So much for the setting of the eyes. Now, as to intensifying the loveliness of their pigmentation—a nasty word for color, I always feel, but it sounds learned! Much can be done by right touches in the costume. A blue hat, blue earrings or scarf, or blue in the frock, especially near the neck, will markedly accentuate blue in the iris.

Certain shades of purple do the same thing. Brown tones in hat or frock soften and make velvety eyes of brown. Those of gray, on the other hand, may be made to look either blue or hazel by the tints of furs, hat brims, or jewelry.

Tan hats and furs are almost never becoming to women with pale eyes, and the lucky minx with orbs of green must be equally careful to heighten, not diminish, in the colors she wears, the ocular effect.

We are accustomed to advice regarding the value of dressing to suit the tone of the hair, but it is just as important to enhance the color of the eyes.

So far, our suggestions involve only matters of taste. Care of the eyes, on the other hand, requires intelligence and self-control. Many people think that all they have to do is to bathe the eyes after every motor trip or exposure to city dust and dirt.

Of course, occasional bathing in a solution of boracic acid is a refreshing practice. Yet eye specialists do not, as a matter of fact, advocate continuous local ablutions.

They remind you that the marvelous mechanism of the eye includes the secretion of a fluid which constantly moistens the ball and washes out foreign particles. Usually this natural prophylaxis is sufficient.

Far more important is the avoidance of strain. I've seen persons reading in a blinding glare on the beach, blinking over books in the twilight, perusing fine print while facing a window or twisted in some cramped position. Such actions are crimes! Where will you get another pair of eyes?

Not one of these careless creatures but knows perfectly well that the proper reading light is one which comes over the left shoulder, is soft rather than brilliant, and casts no reflections.

DON'T forget that the under-eyelid is very thin, and that rays flung up from glass table-tops, mirrors, or polished surfaces are exceedingly trying. You may read in bed, but you should be propped high on the pillows with a carefully adjusted light beside you.

Another favorite form of strain is to neglect the necessity of overcoming changes in the eye muscles. These proceed from any marked change in bodily condition—especially from advancing years. Probably nobody loves to put on glasses. But to wear them for reading or fine work often prevents the need for their constant use. Feminine vanity frequently resists this protective measure.

A powerful story of Henry James' depicts a handsome young woman of weak and defective vision who was so proud of the unusual beauty of her eyes that she rejected the warnings of specialists, refused to wear glasses, and as a result became stone-blind. We don't all go that far, but many of us are always pretending to see better than we do.

The woman who declares she doesn't need glasses at all is often observed struggling with the telephone book in a helplessness not disguised by her murmur, "Dear me! The light is so dim here."

The worst of making your eyes pay the price of your vanity is that your looks are often the worse for it. Eyestrain produces a habitual frown or a squint or sometimes an unpleasant nervous jerking of facial muscles. Moreover, the lids are apt to be red and the eyeballs bloodshot.

You should heed any symptom of eyestrain. Giddiness, nausea, nervousness, burning sensations in the eyeballs, pains in the head or the nerve center in the shoulder blade—here are familiar signs that you're being cruel to your two best friends and that a rebellion is starting.

Maybe you can set things right by merely wearing glasses when you are reading or working. Usually you are more or less alone then and can afford to look your second best. Besides, don't portraits in certain show windows and one's own personal observation indicate that some eyes actually look more distinguished behind glass?

And then it isn't absolutely a foregone conclusion that spectacles are the only remedy for eyestrain. Rest and care may cure you. A great deal is said nowadays about the therapeutic effect of exercises. They cannot, to be sure, be taken indiscriminately.

Before you begin throwing your eyes about in daily calisthenics, you'd better get some expert advice. But under the direction of a specialist eye exercises may help you.

Relaxation and mental training are other means which have proved amazingly successful in many cases. It is said that drill in accurate memory actually strengthens the optic nerve.

OF course, any such attempt to replace by a mental process the relief effected by a corrective lens must be taken very seriously and the effort sustained day by day.

To close the eyes, relax, and call up vividly some familiar scene, detail by detail until it lives before you, is excellent for the nerves and benefits eyes that are tired and strained.

Looking at a far horizon and at green growing things is another natural means of resting eyes wearied by close work and the everlasting black and white of the printed page. Here is just one more potent reason for cultivating an outdoor hobby and getting into parks and country.

And here, also, is one more reason for cultivating a strong body, free from poisons. Infection in the teeth and in the sinus passages is very apt to affect the power of vision. Don't let these centers of ill health remain! Be careful, too, about direct infections.

Never cast out the beam in your own eye by means of any but the most immaculate wisp of cloth. To rub the eyes with unwashed fingers or with a glove is very bad. Report the slightest inflammation or disturbance to a reliable oculist and use no drops, lotions, or remedies not recommended by an expert.

Clear, strong eyes may be enhanced by clever make-up. But such tricks should be subordinated to protecting and preserving the sight at any cost of trouble and vanity. Never forget, either, that to vitalize the inner vision gives to the face its true charm of expression. Angel eyes need no mascaro.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

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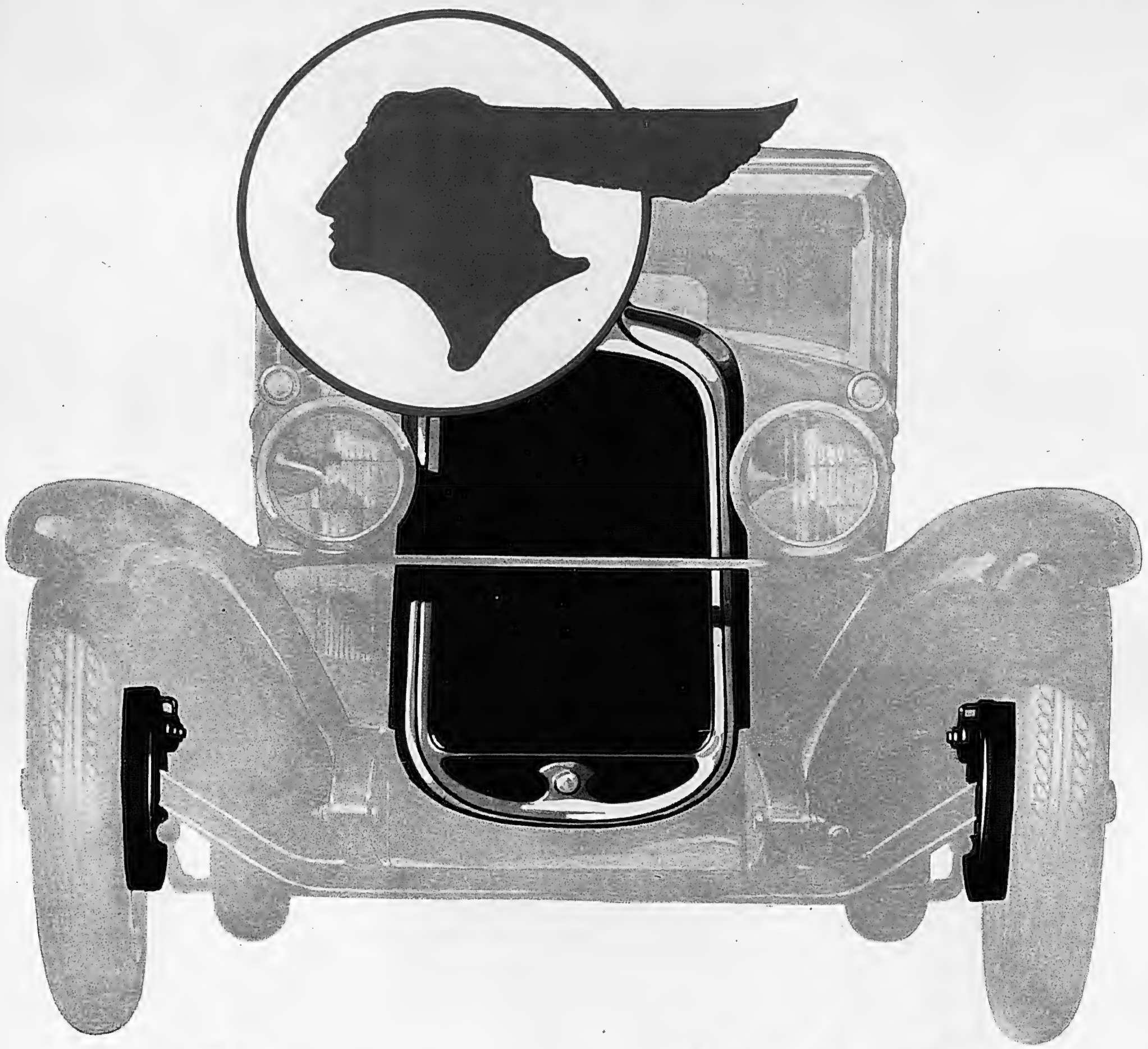

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Simple FROCKS for a ROYAL WEDDING

By Bettina Bedwell

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Princesse Anne Helen Marie of France, who became the wife of the Italian Duke of Puglia (Apulia) at Naples on last November 5, is a daughter of the Duc de Guise, Bourbon pretender to the French throne. Princesse Anne's family, directly or in its collateral branches, has been notable in Europe since the Middle Ages and, by succession, conquest, or marriage, has placed representatives on the thrones of France, Spain, and Italy, and given one queen—Henrietta, wife of Charles I—to England. The present Duc de Guise is the great-grandson of Louis Philippe, last Bourbon on the French throne.]

Paris, Dec. 11.

ALMOST every bride believes in fairy tales, even to the "forever afterward" promise of happiness. White satin, diamonds, laces, and lilies, and a Prince Charming, arrive all at once, and once to almost every woman. They attest to the truth of the good fairy legend even in a machine-made, motor-driven epoch like the present.

And once in a while it happens that the princess royal gets her fairy romance, prince and all, even as you and I. This kind of a romance actually arrived to Princesse Anne of France, daughter of the Duc de Guise, who, if the world had not been made safe for democracy, would now be King of France.

However, fortunately for Princesse Anne of France, in whose veins flows the bluest of the blue blood of Europe, the throne of the erstwhile Empire is inaccessible, and she could choose her prince from the lesser House of Savoie, formerly only vassals to the emperors of her own country. So she married the handsome young Prince Amedeo, Duke of Puglia, in the presence of most of the royalty of Europe.

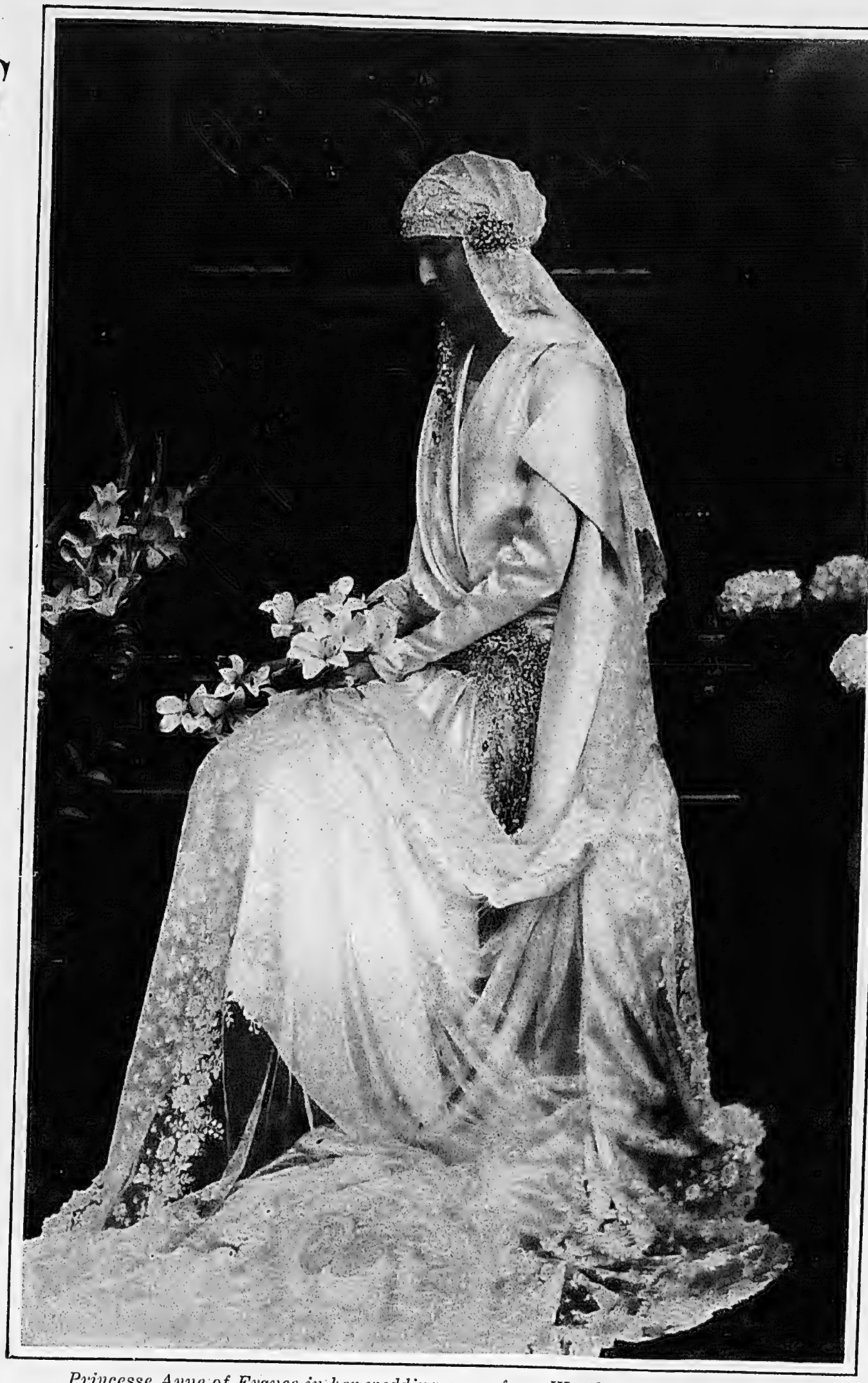
More interesting than the Prince to most of us are the clothes worn by this daughter of the Bourbons because they are of the type that might well enhance our own particular and special republican romantic brand of wedding.

Worth, who for more than a century costumed royalty, created the clothes for this latest, and maybe last, French royal marriage, following the lines of the latest modes.

Princesse Anne of France chose for her wedding dress the traditional white satin of brides, cut very simply, with a surplice bodice, long, fitted sleeves, and a long, draped skirt, with a full panel train of satin suspended from the shoulders. Her veil, of very old Chantilly lace,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

For her wedding reception and supper Princesse Anne chose this Worth gown of silver and cherry - colored lamé, with a V-shaped yoke of rhinestones.



Princesse Anne of France in her wedding gown from Worth, made of white satin, with a veil of Chantilly and a girdle and garland of orange blossoms.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

had woven in its train the coats of arms of France and Savoie, and she wore a girdle and garland of orange blossoms. The garland was held by a diadem of emeralds and diamonds. She carried a bouquet of lilies of France.

Princesse Anne's mother, the Duchesse de Guise, whom Royalists call Queen of France, wore a very smart bride's mother's gown of delicate blue-and-gold lamé, specially woven for her by the fabric makers of Lyon. Completely simple in line and detail, with a bodice tucked on the shoulders and with long, fitted sleeves and straight skirt, this is an ideal mother's frock for formal weddings.

Only the diadem, necklace, and pendant of diamonds and sapphires, once the jewels of Marie Antoinette, are exclusively regal. The pendant is fastened at the base of the deep V décolletage.

The younger sister of Princesse Anne, called, wore the gold lace frock that Fromenti has sketched for you, made on the new slanting lines of the mode, with a bolero waist, long sleeves, and a two-tier skirt dipping very low at the right side. The girdle of gold-colored satin is held in place by three roses.

Among the great ladies who followed in this famous wedding procession was Her Majesty Queen Amélie of Portugal. The costume worn by Amélie, once a reigning queen, is the gown shown in our last sketch.

This frock is made of specially woven gold and taupe lamé, with a bloused waist, long, fitted sleeves, and a skirt draped at the right side. A wide draped girdle of self-material marks a low waistline, and a full trailing panel of the lamé hangs from the right shoulder.

Princesse Françoise, the young sister of the bride, wore at the reception a frock of cyclamen velvet, with a surplice bodice and a pearl-embroidered sash.

Duchesse de Guise, mother of the bride, in her frock of blue-and-gold lamé from Worth. She is wearing jewels that once were Marie Antoinette's.

The maid-of-honor frock was of gold lace with a slanting bolero and a two-tiered skirt.

Queen Amélie of Portugal wore this frock of gold-and-taupe lamé. The trailing panel from the right shoulder may be eliminated.

Princesse Françoise, was the maid of honor at this wedding, which was celebrated in all of the splendor of the kingly days of yore. The youngest princess, as Françoise is affectionately

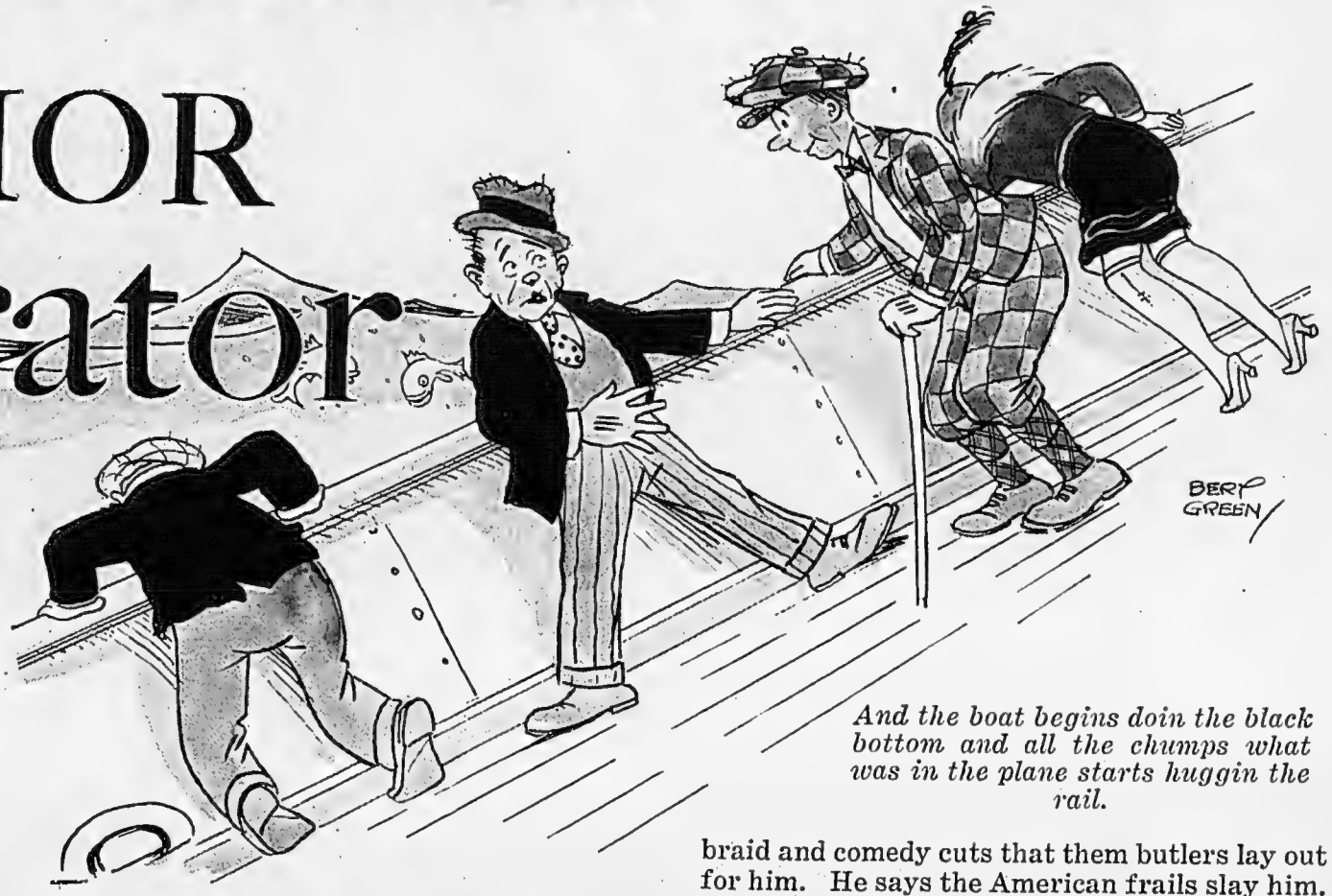
For the supper and reception which followed the wedding, Princesse Anne wore the frock sketched beside the wedding gown. The charm of this model lies in its beautiful slender lines and silver and cherry-colored lamé. The bloused waist is trimmed only with a deep V and a pendant of rhinestones. The skirt is plaited at the left side, and the hemline droops in a point at the bottom on this side.

Princesse Françoise wore for the evening the first model shown on this page, a frock of cyclamen velvet with a surplice jumper blouse tied in a sash on the left side, one loop and end of this sash being embroidered in graded pearls. The skirt is a straight-around circular model.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

He Meets Some Old-Timers in Westminster Abbey

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN



And the boat begins doin the black bottom and all the chumps what was in the plane starts huggin the rail.

(Reading time: 10 minutes 5 seconds.)

Paris, France.

DEER MARG,—

I wood have wrote you before but I met my old sweetheart what I had over in France when I was in the army. She was just comin out of the Dreary Lane Opre House in London.

Now, you dont need to go and get all jazzed up just because I met up with her, because me and her is all washed up now. And besides shes married to a deck hand on a submerine boat. Please dont go and think no evil Marg. Remember that guy Solomon had a thousand wives but he slept with his grandfather,—AND THATS ME!!

You remember me tellin you that I came over here to attend the International Bootleggers Conferince to be held at the Haig and Haig. Well, Im in Paris now writin to you. Gee its some joint. And the wimin. Sweet lady, burn my close. But I aint goin to tell you nothin about it just now. Im goin to tell you all about London and keep you all wised up on my doins so you can tell your girl friend with the crockery eye. You know shes been writin to me all the time and she told me not to crack to you because she said you wouldnt understand. Wimins funny that way. But I new that you wouldnt squark and get jalous over a gal with a china glim. She says that her old man took her down to a automobile saloon and bought her a brand new $exless $ix. Comb that out of your whiskers!

Im sendin him a package of french post cards to show to them yokels in the fire house.

Before I left London I did a bit of sight seein with the American Leagon guys and met several of the fellos that was in my outfit. Gee, we sure had a great time gettin plastered and everythin.

They took us to a place called Westminster Abbey. A sort of a church what was full of monuments and tooms and things. The guide told us that it was built in 1540 in the rain of Henry the 8th, and the place looked it. He says it used to be a great monkery, but now they got em all in the zoo. Its the place where Peter was jipped to pay Paul, you remember the poem.

The church is only five centuries old, can you trump that? Thats older then your old lady. You never saw such a wonderful place in your life, Marg. Every square inch of floor space is filled with the shassie of big shots like Sir Issac Newton the electrician, Robert Burns, poet and sigar maker, Bill Shapespeare the book agent, Oliver Cromwell, what did he do? Charles Darwin what discovered the monkey, Mary, Queen of Scotch, Queen Elizabeth, Edward the Confessor—I dont know what he confessed, but hes there with all the rest of that gang.

Then they took us over to a place called Burkingham Palace where King George hangs out. Hes the Prince of Whales old man.

The Prince sure loves to bust out the back door of the Palace and have a good time. You cant blame him Marg. Hes young and full of Scotch and rarin to go. He hates all that high hat monkey business. Hed rather get all painted up natural than doll up in the gold braid and comedy cuts that them butlers lay out for him. He says the American frails slay him.

If you had one peek at the lashes on his lamps, my photo would look to you like the portrait of a fried smelt. The Prince is soitoinly a good egg.

Every day in front of the Palace they have what they call Changin the Guard. Its a hot sight. They got a bunch of soldiers all rigged out in red flannel uniforms with enough gold brade on em to make em bowl legged. On there heads they got a big hairy hat about two feet high what looks like the half of a Russian bare. And each one of em has a big gat with the baynut all shined up.

OH, there swell. They look like elevator starters or them mugs what stand out in front of the big movie theaters. You know, them mugs what open and close the taxicrab doors and keep the customers in line while theyre tryin to get in to see the jumpin tintypes. The pump and dignity they display would rinkle your adams apple.

Half of the guard are Scotchmen. You kno, them guys what wear skirts. Pants cost jack. You should see em! On the skirts they have a thing hangin in front what looks like a whitewash brush, and on there heads they have a gadget that looks like an empty banana with ribbons stuck on it. Oh, they grab the brass ring.

After they are all lined up the band master comes out wavin a curtain pole with a ball on the end and they begin playin God Save The King.

Then they start marchin and goin threw manuvers, and a bunch of blank cartridges in kilts pull up on the end playin toons on a pair of water wings they have under there arm. They keep on blowin and squeezin as though the damned thing hurt em and the music that comes out of the hat-rack what they have tied on the top of the bladder is a sell-out. Youd think the hole bunch of em was caught under a piano. I laugh from you.

When they go threw the motions of playin they seem to suffer turrible. First they gotter get the gas bag all choked up with air. Then

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-ONE]

when they got it lookin like a 42 bust they start wistlin on a piece of gas pipe that listens like the brakes on one of Mr. Fords Ben Hers.

Listen Marg, my ear for music may be a bit sour, but if I had one of them flat-tire squeezers in my family Id draw a bead on him with shotgun, and I dont mean HOW!

Well, after the bag pipers pass bye the horse guard foller. You should lamp them! Theyre gorgous! The fellos on the horses are the snakes ear muffs. They got nickle plated hats on with feather dusters stuck in em, and their pants fit like the tites on a liverwust.

And Marg, the horses are the cats. They got more stuff on em than you could poke under a bed. Check lines and leach lines and bunt lines and reef points and bally hoo contrapshions that P. T. Barnum wooder done a hand spring for. Its all cold turkey to me but they soitoinly sit pretty.

We got nothin like that in America. What do we do when the President comes to town! We drag him offer the train, chuck him in the back of some politicians automobile what the sap public is payin for. Run him up and down Fifth Avenue like there was a four alarm fire. Take him over to some hotel and pack a lot of dry groceries in him as though it was the first feed hed had in fourteen years.

Before hes half way threw the oysters, they make him get off a speech over the mikerfone.

Then, before hes half way threw the oysters, they make him get off a speech over the mikerfone about the big reduction in taxes, when nobody can hardly pay the rent.

When hes all done they histe him back in the car, rush him threw a mad line of ginned up foreigners and he waves the brims off a half a gross of high hats. Then when he gets back to Washington, hes got to go out with the indians to get a rest.

I met a guy over in London I did a lot of pallin around with. I think he musta come from Chicago by the number of scars he had. He was travelin around with a fluff that he picked up on the Frantic Atlantic comin over.

She was all damp to me. She had a cute little mouth, just like the Yale Bowl. Aint it a scream the blanks some men draw. He told me it was love at first sight, but he musta had on smoked glasses when he grabbed a poultice like her.

How that woman could glorify the groceries would put her in Follies any day. All she did was put the bee on him and the big punk was to much in love to see it. She would be safe on a battleship. She was as affectionate as a paper napkin. She had on snake skin shoes, thats the answer.

Now I dont want you to think Marg that Im tryin to put her in the grease. I aint. But any dame with chemical hair like she gets, tarnishes me. As a ball room sensation, shes some eggplant. Well, leave us take offer her.

Listen, good lookin, Im goin to tell you about my flight from London to Paris. It was the nats instep. I wanted to get over to Paris in a hurry to arrange for a shipment of Giggle Cement, so I called up the airways to come over and get me for the hop.

Well, on the day that we took off it was turrible. Rainin and fog and blowin like hell. Gee, everybody wanted to pass the thing up but they was all afraid to squark for fear the rest of the customers would think they was yaller.

We all piled in the plane. Fourteen of us. And of course I had to go and draw the last seat where the bumps are plenty. We all sat in little wicker chairs and over our heads they had a bunch of cans filled with cotton. You stick it in your ears so you dont hear the engines so bad. Under the seats they had a little sugar bowl for each one of the passengers if he cared to get air sick.

After they got the gas burners warmed up a bit we taxied down to the end of the Croyden air field and then he give her the gun. Holy smoke! I thought the world war was in full blast the noise it was makin.

Then, oo, la, la, the crate started to rise and the buildings and people began to look the size of a full-grown June bug. Oh, no, I wasnt a bit scared. Oy, yoi, yoi, the outfit slipped and dived and went through all the motions of doin a tail spin, as we hit one fog bank and soft spot after another.

Woman, did it blow and rain! Then when we get over the middle of the English channil the fog gets so bad that you couldnter told the water from the sky. And the pilot begins to get radio messages that it was gettin worse in France.

Im lookin at the steam gage and I see the hand registerin ninty miles per hour. Then one by one the customers begin puttin the little sugar bowls on their lap and each one is playin his own toon. Oh, it was lovely.

Then the starboard washin-machine begins to get discouraged and starts missin. I take a slant at the hydrometer on the dashboard and I see the gage beginin to loose air speed, and all I can think of is crashin somebodys boodwar.

I was ready to jump out and turn to the right when I see the farms comin up to slap us in the pan. The next thing I know the pilot turned the crate around and was comin down in a place called Lymp. I guess thats why we came down.

Oh, boy, what a panic that was. When it comes to flyin, Lindy can have my dish. I think its the lowest form of bird life. I was all set for the astrial plane.

WELL, after we get back on the ground they throw us in a buss and go like the devil for the boat train. Then every body begins liein that he wasn't skeered at all and they begin packin in the food on the rattler. As soon as we get to the dock they park us on the boat and we start crossin the English channil you hear so much about. We get out in the middle and the boat begins doin the black bottom and all the chumps what was in the plane starts huggin the rail and givin up the dry groceries.

There was a little Yorkshire man ahead of me and I says to him, I says: Have you got a week stomach? And he gives me a turrible look and he says: Im throwin it as far as anybody else, aint I? Oh he had a face like a box score.

After a nice pleasant day like that we finelly arrived in Paris and I met up with a couple of the fellos that was on the plane and we selabrated. Did we hoist the bubble water?

I never saw so much shampayne in my life! I dont know how I got home Marg but I put my shirt to bed and sat in a chair all night. Oh, what a fade out I done. I had a taste the next mornin like a motormens glove. Im a set-up for that stuff. The next mug that offers me grape juice will be sellin canary birds wings at the poily gates.

Do you remember me writin you about the speakeasy I started with the Revenoo agent in New York called the Elite Flower Shop? My partner says it rates a ball park. Its a sell-out. If you remember I wrote you that I shipped 5,000 cases of "flowers" to a place in South America. But what do you think happened? The boat busted down and had to lay off Long Island for about two weeks before the rum runners could go out and save the cargo.

Oh, it must a been turrible the way them fellos must a suffered bringin in the giggle soup in them icy waters. It seems a shame that a boat cant brake down closer to shore than twelve miles. Its gettin so that an honest bootlegger has a tough time makin a livin.

Now, Marg, Im goin to tip you off to somethin very secret. Keep it under you scull and dont breath it to a sole. If you and me wernt goin to get hooked up some day I wouldnt even wise you up.

Be yourself, act dumb. Be like President Coolidge. You cant get nothin out of him with a vackum cleaner. Us fellos in this rackit got to trust our sweetharts with all this technickle stuff, and Marg if you ever give me a twist youll be gettin lumps in your mached beraders for the rest of your life.

Now heres the dopy—This is the radiogram what the captain of the ship sent out to his agent in South America:

THE DAMP STEAMSHIP CO
SANTIAGO
OFF IRISH COAST DISCOVERED VERY BAD FIRE UNDER CONTROL OFF WEST INDIAN ISLAND EXPECT TO ARRIVE SOMETIME LATE TONIGHT ALL HANDS TURNED TO AT PUMPS 5,000 GALLONS WATER PUMPED ABOARD MANY CASES OF SICKNESS BUT O K NOW

CAPTAIN BACARDI

But somehow or other our agent in New York, Marg, picked up the radio and read it like this. Read the left hand words down.

Do you get the gag,—It reads: OFF FIRE ISLAND TONIGHT 5,000 CASES.

Dont say a word about this Marg because its a private kode and you know as well as I do that I dont look so very hansum in one of them stripped uniforms.

Oh, I forgot to tell you that I got a letter from Minnie O'Toole. You remember the little blond with the tin teeth what used to run around with your girl friend with the crockery eye. She says shes goin to get married to that one armed piana tooner with the bent leg up there in Mauch Chunk.

She says shes goin to move into one of them new flats what the McNultys have. You should see the size of the rooms, Marg. The place is so small they havent even got room for a garbage can. They tell me they just kick it around until it disappears. Dont you love it.

Well, I got to go now and get into my tux. Watch for my next letter because Im goin to tell you all about Paris if I live threw it.

Remember me to your old lady and the chinese laundryman and I hope her feets better.

Wishing you the same,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. I forgot to tell you that Im goin over tonight to see the Follies Brazzier. Ill tell you about that to. Tell your old man that Im sendin him a package of french post cards to show to them yokels in the fire house.

Marg will get this bozo's next letter in a couple of weeks. It ought to be good.

The Supreme Convulsion

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following communication, concerning a story published in LIBERTY last December 3, was sent to Vox Pop. But, since it gives such a graphic picture of what was, perhaps, the supreme convulsion of Nature, we believe it deserves a place apart from the rest of the letters].

ATLANTA, GA.—The Amok Beat, by Henry Wallace Phillips: very interesting and realistic, and if you think that Mr. Phillips would be interested in the following, forward it to him.

An extract from my log and diary as an able seaman on the full-rigged ship Lillian L. Robbins of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, on a voyage from New York to Japan:

April 6, 1893. Becalmed off the N. W. coast of Java. The surf is beating on the coast with such force that we can see it and hear the roar five miles away.

April 7. Still among the islands with no winds. The water is covered with pumice stone which has come down with the tide from the Straits of Sunda. We are drifting past the island of Lampong; have been catching the pumice stone in nets and baskets all the forenoon.

We are just off the volcano Krakatoa. This is the volcano which caused such havoc in 1883, just ten years ago. There was only one man out of 40,000 who escaped with his life. He was the lighthouse keeper and lived alone in the lighthouse on a rock to the north of Krakatoa.

It was broad daylight when Krakatoa burst asunder, but in a few minutes the heavens were so filled with dust and smoke that the darkness of midnight prevailed. The lighthouse keeper was in the lighthouse lamp 130 feet above the rock, and did not know until he saw the watermark afterward that the waves had mounted nearly to the top of the lighthouse. He felt the trembling of the lighthouse, but the noise from the volcano was so terrifying and the darkness so intense that he scarcely realized the horror of it all.

In a few minutes the waves, which were 100 feet high, had swept along an entire coast line of 100 miles on both sides of the channel. Scores of populous villages were buried under the avalanche of water. Great groves of coconut palms were leveled. Promontories were carried away and new bays were dug out of the yielding soil, and everything that had been built by human hands was destroyed, with the exception of the lighthouse, and every person except the keeper.

For weeks before the eruption, or rather the explosion, the volcano had been emitting smoke and flames, and many persons went from Batavia on excursions to see it.

On the day before the explosion a certain little side-wheel steamer was carrying twenty persons besides the crew. They supposedly spent a couple of hours on the island and then steamed up the narrow bay for Lampong, and, it is supposed, anchored off the town of Telok-Beton, which was one of the largest towns on the south coast of Sumatra. They were never heard of again. It is supposed that the boat was turned over and over like an eggshell by the waves. It had the appearance of having had very rough usage when found.

It was carried on the top of the waves more than two miles into the country, over forest and jungle, and left on a level keel when the water receded. The bodies of two persons were found in the hold of the boat. It still stands there, a most curious and interesting relic of the greatest volcanic eruption of modern times.

J. E. DE BELLE.

Twenty Questions

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—During what part of the day do the greatest number of deaths occur?
A.—Between 6 P. M. and 6 A. M.

2—What college degree did Charles Lindbergh receive for his trans-Atlantic flight?
A.—M. A. S.—Master of Aeronautical Science, conferred by St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia.

3—What compensation did World War veterans receive under the Federal bonus law?
A.—One dollar a day for home service; $1.25 a day for overseas service, exclusive of the first sixty days.

4—What was Raphael's last and unfinished painting?
A.—The Transfiguration of Christ, which hangs in the Vatican.

5—How many degrees wide is each Standard Time division?
A.—Fifteen.

6—Why was William F. Cody called Buffalo Bill?
A.—Because he supplied buffalo meat to the Union Pacific Railroad construction gangs.

7—How is the idea that bad luck is attached to the number 13 commonly explained?
A.—By the fact that Christ and His disciples totaled thirteen persons and that He was betrayed by one of them.

8—Does the American flag, flying over a building under construction, signify anything other than the placing of the last girder?
A.—Usually it means that no workman has been killed during the construction period.

9—Does light have weight?
A.—According to the Einstein theory, it has. An ordinary electric lamp burning 2,000,000 years would produce about an ounce of light.

10—What has sometimes been used in place of anæsthesia in surgical operations?
A.—Hypnotism.

11—When was the slot machine first used?
A.—Anointing machines operated by coins were at the doors of many Greek temples as early as 200 B. C.

12—What two nations produce the most wheat?
A.—The United States and Russia, which in 1926 produced 832,000,000 and 790,000,000 bushels respectively.

13—Name five Presidents who were soldiers in the War of 1812.
A.—Jackson, W. H. Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Buchanan.

14—How long does it take for all of the blood in the human body to pass through the heart?
A.—One minute.

15—Do a bird's feathers affect its flying?
A.—Soft, loose-edged feathers, such as the owl's, impair speed; hard and trim plumage, like the pigeon's, aids it.

16—How many bridges were destroyed in Vermont by the recent flood?
A.—About 400.

17—How many cities did Colonel Lindbergh visit on his recent tour of the country?
A.—Eighty-two. He made 147 speeches and dropped 192 messages from his plane.

18—Where did the waltz originate?
A.—In France. It was modified in Germany and became popular throughout Europe early in the nineteenth century.

19—What insect can lay twice its own weight in eggs in a day?
A.—The queen honeybee.

20—What country had casualties in the World War approximating 95 per cent of its enlistments?
A.—Australia, which sent 329,682 troops abroad, and suffered 317,953 casualties, of whom 58,961 were killed.

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Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

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WOMEN the world over are constantly seeking greater opportunities for expression of the yearnings and talents within them. Half-puzzled, half-plaintive, they ask themselves this question—"What can I do to accomplish something worth while—to win my own way in the world?"

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Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," and full particulars about the course *before* which I have marked X:

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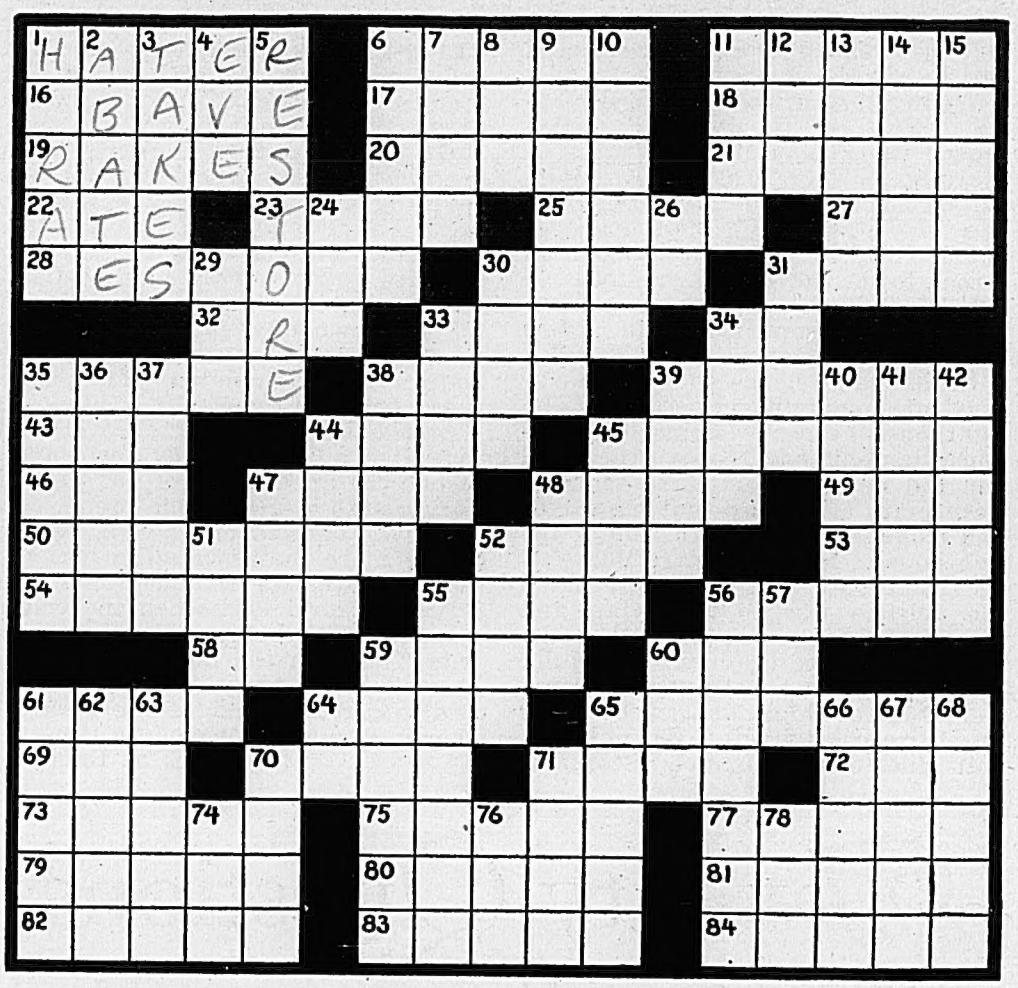
Name.....
Address.....
Present Position.....

Canadian address—International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal

UNLOCK *this* PUZZLE

THE few unusual words in this cross-word puzzle should not trouble you. All the difficult ones will develop from the solving of those that are more familiar, for the interlock is perfect—not an unkeyed letter in the lot.

Horizontal 61 may not occur to you immediately, but here's a hint: A section of London is spelled and pronounced exactly as is this sportsman's halloo.



HORIZONTAL

1 Despiser
6 Metric measure
11 Shallow vessel
16 Over
17 Blot out
18 Single
19 Companions
20 Plunge suddenly into water
21 Goes before
22 Devoured
23 Bonds
25 Bad
27 Place
28 Counselors
30 Individuals
31 Employs
32 Before
33 Pouches
34 One
35 Cleared space in a forest
38 Flower
39 Lashes, as a sail
43 Greasy liquid
44 Tense
45 Stalest
46 Wine vessel used in the Eucharist
47 Moist
48 Reared
49 Masculine proper name
50 Snickers
52 Jog
53 Japanese coin
54 Vapors
55 Entreat
56 Correct
58 Note of the scale
59 Tarry
60 Form of to be
61 Sportsman's halloo
64 Yeast
65 Beats with successive blows
69 Crude metal
70 Song
71 Persian fairy
72 Kindled
73 Unit of electrical capacity
75 Goads
77 Staff
79 Expiate
80 Belief
81 Symbol of worship among savages
82 Type of automobile
83 Remains
84 Restores (printing)

VERTICAI

1 Biblical character (Esther III. 1)
2 Lessen
3 Carries
4 Evening
5 Make restitution
6 People of ancient Media
7 God of love
8 Greek letter
9 Elemental substance
10 Passes, as a rope through a cleat
11 Sphere
12 Beverage
13 Cleansing agent (plural)
14 Endow
15 Homes of certain creatures
24 Wrath
26 Exists
29 Man's nickname
30 Hop kiln
31 Single thing
33 Liquid food
34 Dry and parched
35 Hollow-horned ruminants
36 Boundary
37 Wing-shaped
38 Thrusts violently
39 Allowance for waste
40 Stop
41 City in Germany
42 Set upright
44 Sailors
45 City in New York
47 Division of ancient Attica
48 Contemptuous name for a child
51 Food-yielding root of Hawaii
52 Cut down
55 Rampart
56 Artisans
57 Joined
59 Waistlines
60 River in Switzerland
61 Long upholstered seats
62 Declaim
63 A King of the Jews
64 The symbol for bromidium
65 Defeats
66 Exalt in spirit
67 Kind of bolt
68 Small stalks
70 Seaport of Arabia
71 To plunder
74 Collection of facts
76 Character in Spenser's Faerie Queene
78 Small child

Answer to last week's puzzle

Cold and raw the north winds blow,
The hills are bleak with pearly snow.
To pale cheeks winter brings a glow,
Double Mint helps to keep them so.
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

Always fresh.
So much is sold
It can't get old.

There is real Peppermint in WRIGLEY'S DOUBLE MINT—a new and better peppermint flavor—lasting, healthful, antiseptic.

Good for teeth, throat, stomach and digestion.

After every meal. 1-3

ATWATER KENT RADIO

Winding coils in the Atwater Kent factory—an operation almost as delicate as threading a needle, requiring sharp eyesight and nimble fingers.

It's their precision that makes your set work and keep on working

THE SECRET of Atwater Kent reliability is not alone in expert designing nor in the exacting factory and laboratory tests, but in the extreme care given to every phase of manufacturing. As we make all the parts ourselves, we are able to attain standards of precision otherwise impossible.

For instance, coil winding. As no radio set is better than its coils, we wind our own. At first, we employed men at this task. But the accurate winding of wire only 3/1000th of an inch in diameter happens to be an almost incredibly delicate operation. A hair's breadth difference in spacing might affect, if ever so little, the perfect reception you demand in your home.

So now all Atwater Kent coils are wound by women (with the help, of course, of wonderful automatic machines). Their sharper eyes, nimbler fingers, quicker reflexes, assure the rightness which every coil must have. For the same reason, you will find hundreds of women working in many other parts of this clean, bright, airy, wide-spaced modern factory. They contribute *precision*—with speed.

This is one of the ways we get that uniform accuracy which so delights the experts when they study Atwater Kent Radio—accuracy which makes the set we send to the Cook Islands in the South Seas work just as efficiently as the set in your home.

You may not *see* the difference that all our extra care makes in a radio instrument. But you *hear* it—and you feel it in freedom from service troubles.

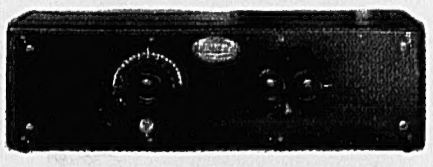
ATWATER KENT MANUFACTURING COMPANY
A. Atwater Kent, President
4749 Wissahickon Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

MODEL E RADIO SPEAKER. New method of cone suspension, found in no other speaker, makes certain the faithful reproduction of the entire range of musical tones. $24

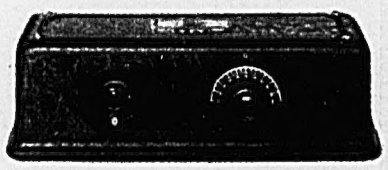
Atwater Kent Radio Hour every Sunday night on 23 associated stations

ONE Dial Receivers licensed under U. S. Patent 1,014,002

Prices slightly higher from the Rockies West



MODEL 30, a powerful ONE Dial, six-tube Receiver. The mahogany cabinet of unobtrusive beauty is the type that many people prefer. Without accessories. $65



MODEL 35, a powerful ONE Dial, six-tube Receiver with shielded cabinet, finished in two tones of brown crystalline. Ideal for a small table, window sill or bookshelf. Without accessories. $49

MODEL 33, a very powerful ONE Dial, six-tube Receiver with solid mahogany cabinet. Unusually effective where distance-getting is essential or inside antenna is necessary. Simple antenna adjustment device assures remarkable selectivity. Without accessories. $75